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SEVENTH
ANNIVERSARY
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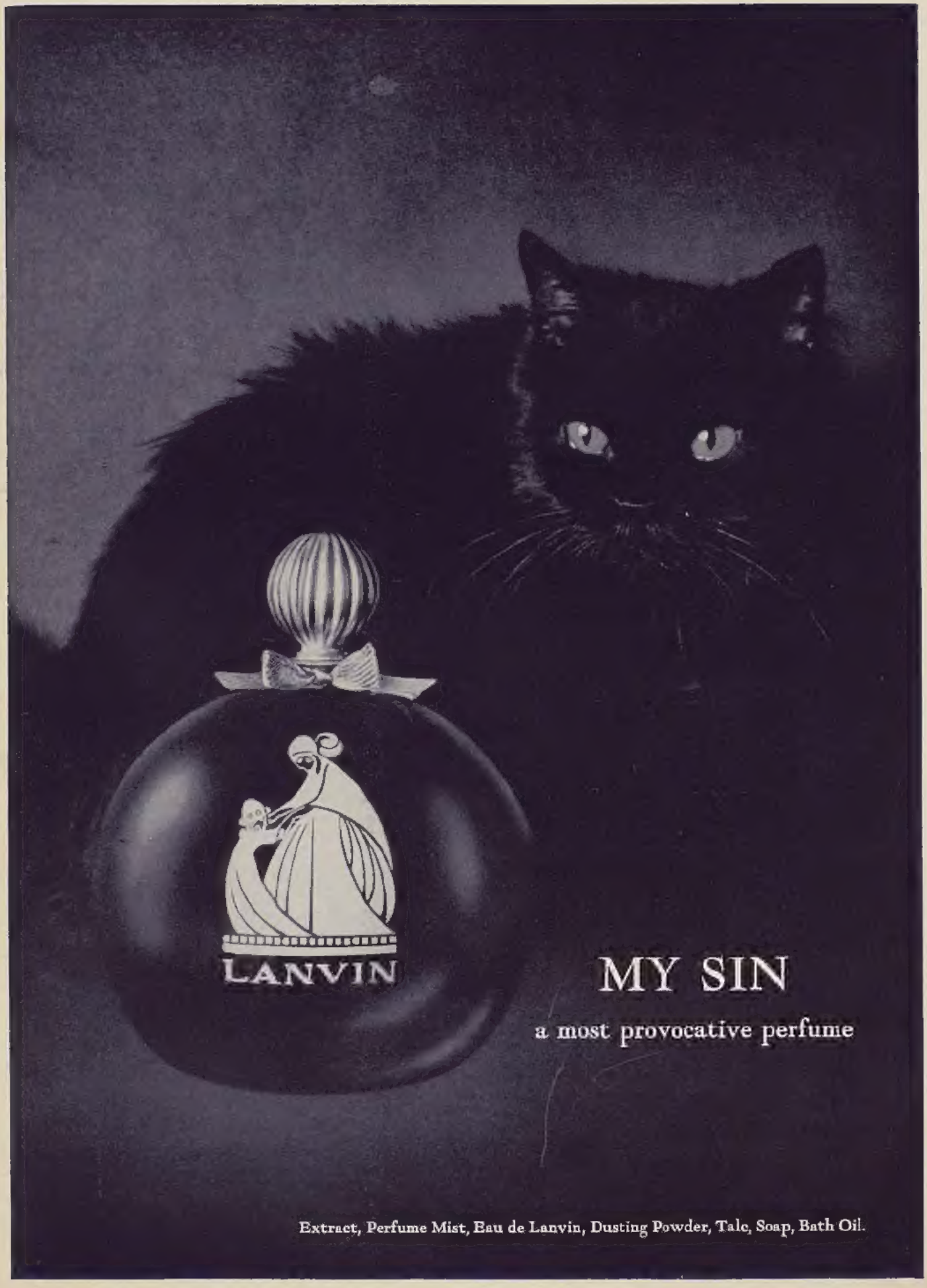
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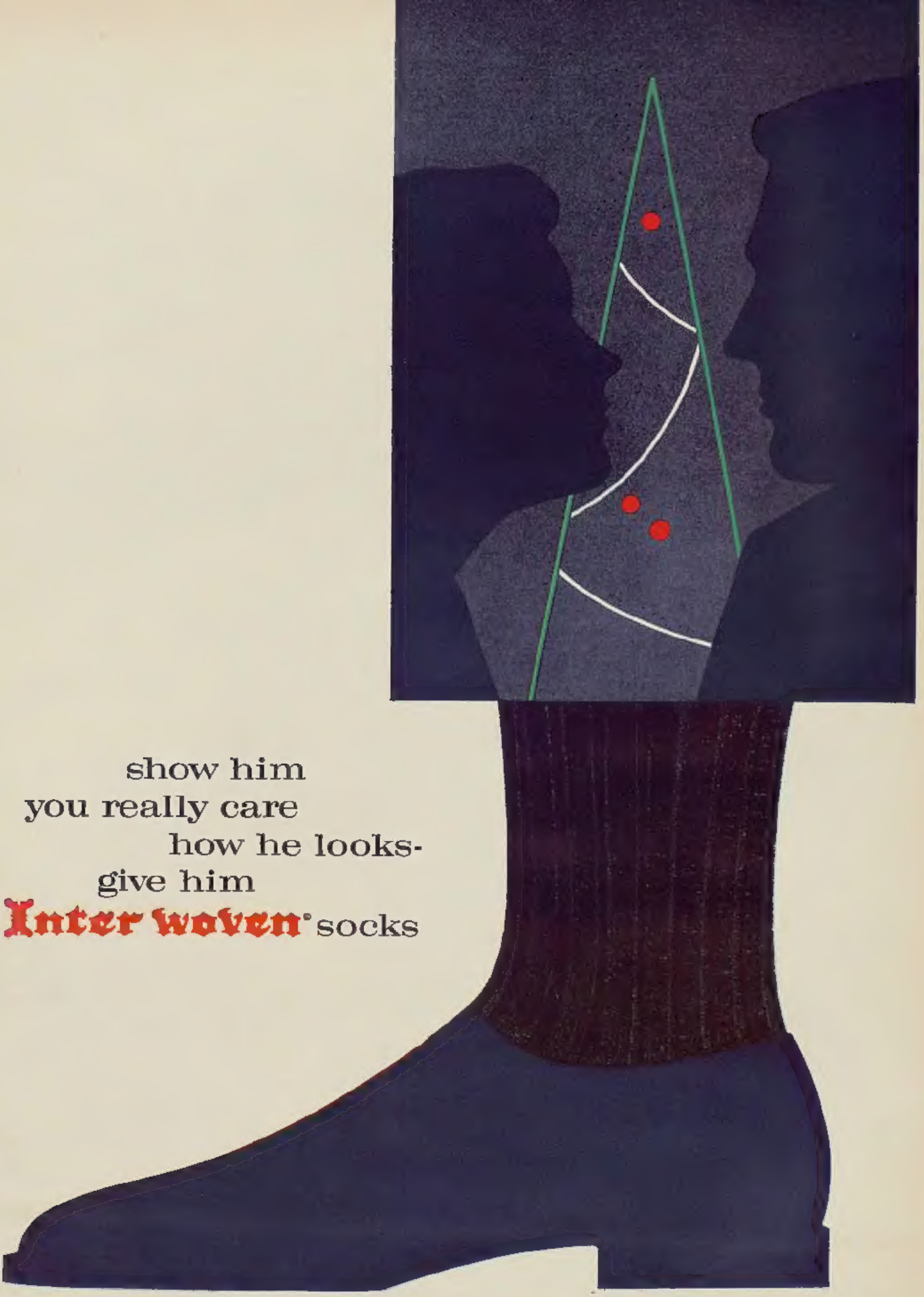

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PLAYBILL

THE CUTE CHICK popping out of the Christmas ornament on the cover of this Seventh Anniversary PLAYBOY is pert July Playmate Teddi Smith. Teddi's but a harbinger of a host of dandy diversions to be found in this goodie-packed December issue, however. To celebrate our Seventh Anniversary we've assembled a luminescent lineup of top talent and tempting fare to make the merry season still merrier. Joining the festivities is crack fictioneer Gerald Kersh, whose tale of art, genius and skulduggery, *Oalamaba*, heads up the good reading to be found inside. A rugged fellow, British-born Kersh has been a member of Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, a professional wrestler, night-club bouncer and collector of debts for a London bookie. This is his third story for PLAYBOY; more will follow soon. Keeping Kersh company this month is Ray Bradbury, whose science fiction and fantasy have garnered world-wide awards. This time around, Ray departs from the s-f kick with *Very Late in the Evening*, a tightly plotted yarn about an invitation that came fifty years too late.

Coming right on time, during the height of the Broadway theatre season, is Eric Bentley's penetrating *Letter to a Would-Be Playwright*, anent the pitfalls (and pratfalls) of scripting for the stage. Probably the most authoritative keeper of today's theatrical standards, Bentley, for most of his forty-four years, has acted, taught, directed and commented in print about goings-on behind the footlights.

The setting: Paris. The cast: columnist Herb Caen of the *San Francisco Chronicle* and Paris-based syndicated scribe Art Buchwald of the *New York Herald Tribune*. The dialog: as bright and witty as you'd expect. When Caen turned up in the City of Lights not long ago, Buchwald served as host, and the repartee (with riotous interior monolog) that took place is served up for your delight in *Visiting Fireman*. Note, please, our diplomatic handling of *L'affaire* by-line.

Included in this glittering Christmas gallery is a perceptive peek into the wild world of Billy Wilder, the many-faceted Tinseltown titan, as seen by PLAYBOY regular Richard Gehman. Hollywood is further covered, or uncovered, in our salute to *The Magnificent Marilyn* — a photo-and-text survey of the curves and career of our very first Playmate (about whom you'll learn still more in the Wilder piece). Also in the realm of perky pulchritude: a photo parade of five favorite Christmas Playmates, those misses December who have graced our gatefold in Yuletides of yore. A feast of Eden is what you'll enjoy when you flip to this month's Playmate, Carol Eden, getting all toasty warm in front of the blazing Yule log. Additional holiday cheer is proffered via *Playboy's Christmas Cards*, penned by satirist Larry Siegel and providing a pleasingly piquant relief from the saccharin staples of the genre. For what you'd like to see under your Christmas tree, take some tips from our saucy femlins displaying a handsome holiday haul, and make sure your own playmate is exposed to the informative front-of-the-book article, *Gifting the Guys*, by Fashion Director Robert L. Green.

Celebrating with us for the first time is celebrated cartoonist Eldon Dedini, one of the most sophisticated artists in the field and famed for his past work in *The New Yorker* and *Esquire*. He displays his risible wares in this issue along with regulars Erich Sokol, Jules Feiffer, Gahan Wilson, Alberto Vargas, E. Simms Campbell and Shel Silverstein, who introduces us, this month, to the maddest menagerie in or out of captivity in *Silverstein's Zoo*.

Verily, this combination Christmas and Seventh Anniversary issue runneth over with gladsome offerings, so tarry here no longer. God rest you merry, gentlemen. See you inside.

KERSH

DEDINI

BRADBURY

BENTLEY

BUCHWALD AND CAEN

vol. 7, no. 12 — december, 1960

PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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BOWS AND BOOS TOWARD MECCA

Herb Gold's *The Restless Mecca* in your September issue was a splendid article, but I think it is too bad he didn't save those three incisive paragraphs on page 118 which dealt with the beats and hipsters. They would, in the past tense, make a marvelous epitaph for the whole scurvy crowd. Cheers to a writer who views them precisely as they are. Don't let Herb Gold get away

George A. Hoyen
Missoula, Montana

As a consistent, albeit little-heard, proponent of the veritable rather than the voyeuristic Village, huzzahs for Herbert Gold for an essay that penetrates to the essence and not the excrescence.

Ellis J. Adelstein
New York, New York

I was looking forward to Herbert Gold's study of Greenwich Village, but was disappointed with the schmaltz he cranked out. Has Mr. Gold heard of the Village Independent Democrats and their campaigns against Carmine De Sapio? Where was he when sculptor Arnold Bergier and his Save the Village Committee began to fight the real estate syndicate's demolition crews? Does he know of the efforts of Villagers to get clinics for their drug addicts? What about the outstanding work of the Rev. Howard Moody at the Judson Memorial Church? Is Gold really a Villager or did he stop at the Fifth Avenue Hotel for a week to do his research?

Ray Bentley
New York, New York

Author Gold is a bona fide resident of the Village.

Herbert Gold's article is in many ways a fine one, and I congratulate him on his lerreting abilities. I can assure him, as he assured me, that the Village will survive.

Charles Van Doren
New York, New York

When Herb Gold wriggled into the very core of Greenwich Village, he called me "ubiquitous, bearded Sam Kramer." Webster says "ubiquitous" means "existing or being everywhere at the same time; omnipresent." I was surprised because that's the way I think of myself, but never thought anyone else noticed it. And with all that talk about me with cream cheese, and me with long-legged blondes, and me as a jewelry maker — it was just too much, man!

Sam Kramer
New York, New York

You show the Village as a center of beatnik activity. Gentlemen, the beat generation is dead. It was ill for some time of fallout and it finally died at a Woolworth lunch counter in North Carolina this past February. The funeral services were preached this spring at a courthouse in San Francisco. I don't know that the present intellectual ferment among young people has, or needs, a title. If it does, you might call it "the concerned generation." It is concerned about the dangers of war, the slow poisoning of our atmosphere and the denial of elementary human rights to racial and political minorities. I am looking forward to seeing more about the "concerned generation" in your pages as this exciting decade proceeds.

John Boardman
Syracuse, New York

ROCKET TO THE RENAISSANCE

It is a pity Mr. Arthur C. Clarke is a British subject, rather than an American citizen. If he were the latter, the more perceptive of you Americans might nominate him as President of the United States. Reading his *Rocket to the Renaissance* in the July PLAYBOY was like standing on the shoulders of a giant.

John Stincel
Toronto, Ontario

I read *Rocket to the Renaissance* with pleasure. If you are familiar with my *Utopia 1976*, you will realize why I concluded that maybe the planet is in a first-class mess because the poets and

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dreamers have let us down. Orwell, Huxley, and the pessimists have taken over.

Morris L. Ernst
New York, New York

I have been reading PLAYBOY ever since the first issue, and I think Arthur Clarke's *Rocket to the Renaissance* is the best yet.

Robert F. Ferrell
Stockton, California

Arthur C. Clarke's *Rocket to the Renaissance* made interesting reading. No doubt I am one of the older (although certainly not very influential) people he speaks of as agreeing with Lewis Mumford. I recognize fully the justice of what Clarke writes about the effects on the arts, letters, and man's image of himself and of the world, produced by new discoveries, by bold adventure, and by the sense of an open frontier. There is, of course, an excellent chance that radiotelescopy will teach us much about the structure of the universe. But the chance that it will put us into touch with other beings who communicate by means of symbol systems is probably one in billions of billions. It cannot be excluded as a minute probability. Indeed there are millions of such minute probabilities. But in view of the clear feasibility, and the great need, of doing what can be done by means now available to enliven and enrich and to cheer the lives of people living on the surface of the earth, there seems to me much less ground for being interested in the possibility of communicating with beings on other planets than there is for being interested, for example, in the possibility that a million monkeys playing with a million typewriters might just possibly produce by chance the content of all the books in the Library of Congress. The probability of that happening is, I believe, enormously higher than the probability of communication with distant symbol users on other planets.

(Name Withheld)
Berkeley, California

I never thought that I would find in a magazine devoted chiefly to frivolity, the most stimulating article on the challenge of the Space Age that I have ever read.

Wilfred P. Campbell
Rockville, Maryland

LIMPWRISTED PLAYBOY?

I get the impression that you fellows are a bunch of homosexuals. Your incessant, shrill emphasis on sex, especially voyeuristic fantasy sex, the frequent appearance in your pages of girl-sharing and wife-swapping gags, your pitiful defense of Don Juan and your endorsement of Don Juanism—even a novice

Vincent Price says:

"In my book, 'I Like What I Know,' you'll find I collect sensations. For instance, the art of America before Columbus will always hold historical fascination for me. We realize at once that America is not the hurly-burly youngster it is always painted to be, but has invaluable foundations in ancient time. With the art of Mexico, this is particularly true.

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headshrinker could tell you that these are the classic clinical symptoms of latent homosexuality. A *man* has many interests in addition to sex. The latent homosexual is incapable of any other interest.

Gustav Mailer
Beverly Hills, California

Among the many subjects that have always held our interest -including sex —are Æsop's famed fables. We're especially partial to the one about the fox and the sour grapes. It is our observation that a healthy and not inconsiderable interest in sex is put down most often by those who haven't had any lately

DREAR PLAYBOY

After six years and a stack of old PLAYBOYS almost fifteen inches high, I have finally concluded that I can wait no longer to register my protest against PLAYBOY'S weak link, *Dear Playboy*. Your section of letters to the editor is an unmitigated bore. Of every hundred letters, eighty-five are in praise of the magazine, ten are interesting comments, and five object to something or other, and this is the backbreaker: these last five are always answered snippily in italics. By this time you should be above this

1st Lt. David MacIsaac
Sheppard Air Force Base, Texas

In selecting letters for tone, content and subject matter, we strive to proportion those printed so they will accurately reflect the breakdown of total mail about an issue. Why don't you volunteer for outer space, MacIsaac?

CAMPBELL AND VARGAS

Your September issue is a gas What a coup E. Simms Campbell and Vargas! It's the talk of this small town My fifty-six-year-old mother has become a fan. I think it's a turning point in her life. She canceled her *Reader's Digest* and *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions.

Phil Leshin
New York New York

Shades of days gone by that should never have passed — Vargas!

Joe Stopka
New Haven, Connecticut

PRICE WAR

I enjoyed reading your September issue even if the price has gone up ten cents. Your magazine is worth much more than you are asking

William Martin
Flushing, New York

You lousy capitalistic bastards! Where do you get off with this sixty cents per copy jazz? Get hip, thieves!

J. F. Stevenson
Miami, Florida

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STRAVINSKY—A SELF-PORTRAIT

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Stravinsky: Le Sacre du Printemps Petroushka / Igor Stravinsky conducting Columbia Symphony Orchestra / DSL 300 / DSS 614

THE COWBOY AND THE HURRICANE

Brisk as a prairie breeze is AARON COPLAND's brace of ballets—"RODEO" and "BILLY THE KID," newly coupled in high-stepping performances by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. By way of further 60th birthday salute to this celebrated American composer, Bernstein, the Philharmonic and some youthful cohorts present a first recording of Copland's school opera for school children, "THE SECOND HURRICANE."

Copland: Four Dance Episodes From "Rodeo" / Billy the Kid / Leonard Bernstein conducting New York Philharmonic / ML 5575 MS 6175

FROM BACH TO BOLERO

EUGENE ORMANDY and THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA move with wonderful agility from Bach's majestic Toccatas on one new record to Ravel's turbulent "BOLERO" on another.

J. S. Bach: Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, etc / Eugene Ormandy conducting The Philadelphia Orchestra / ML 5560 / MS 6160

Ravel: Bolero; Le Tombeau de Couperin; Alborada del Gracioso ML 5569 MS 6169

THE DUKE MEETS TCHAIKOVSKY

Blithe-spirited DUKE ELLINGTON and his aide-de-camp Billy Strayhorn meet a surprising new colleague – Peter Illitch Tchaikovsky. The result is a suave and witty commentary on that hardiest of classics, "THE NUTCRACKER SUITE." In the Ellington book, "Waltz of the Flowers" becomes "Danse of the Floreadores"!

The Nutcracker Suite/Duke Ellington and his Orchestra / CL 1541 CS 8341

THE SOUND OF BROKEN MUSIC

JONATHAN and DARLENE EDWARDS, an intrepid pair of music lovers (she sings – sometimes actually on pitch, he plays – enthusiastically if not always aptly), visit Paris. The Eiffel Tower remains intact, but several monuments, such as "APRIL IN PARIS" and "PARIS IN THE SPRING," are unavoidably and hilariously crippled.

Jonathan & Darlene Edwards in Paris / CL 1513 / CS 8313

PREVIN'S BROADWAY

ANDRE PREVIN is the guide to a bright new world – the Broadway jazz scene. Pianist arranger Previn and a limber jazz trio swing subtly but powerfully in ten Broadway hit tunes.

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LAUGH COLLECTOR

Robert Legare closes his article, *Hip Wits Disc Hits*, in the September issue, with the statement that "humor has come a long way since the days when dad used to listen to laughing records." This suggests that laughing records were the apex in recorded humor half a century ago, but that is not the case. The comic monolog is as old as the phonograph itself. Len Spencer, one of the first commercial recording artists, made them as far back as 1885, and until his death in 1914 he continued to make records which were best-sellers even into the late 1920s. The years between 1900 and 1930 were a golden era for comic songs and recorded comedy in America, with such classic examples as Bert Williams' 1904 version of *Nobody*, Arthur Collins' 1907 rendition of *The Preacher and the Bear*, Billy Murray's 1909 masterpiece, *Casey Jones*, Steve Porter's numerous Irish monologs, Ada Jones' 1911 recording of *They Always Pick on Me*, Smith and Dale's *The New School Teacher*, the many wonderful songs of Aileen Stanley, Frank Crumit and those masters of satire, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, "The Happiness Boys." When I hear the sick and cynical "humor" of today, which I suppose is a sign of the times, I long for the good old days and the simple, harmless, innocent comedy of yesteryear.

Quenton Riggs
American Consulate General
APO, New York, New York

WATCH THE BIRDIE

I was terribly pleased to be included in the September issue of PLAYBOY. Your picture of me is a most trenchant study, showing all the ravages of time and trouble it took to get *Bye Bye Birdie* on.

Edward Padula
New York, New York

TAHOE BROUHAHA

JUST READ YOUR SEPTEMBER AFTER HOURS COMMENT ON STATELINE LAKE TAHOE NEVADA. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING? JUST CONCLUDED SIX WEEKS AT HARRAH'S WITH MY NEW ACT AND THIS PLACE REALLY SWINGS, AND WHEN SINATRA, DAVIS AND MARTIN DROP IN AND GET IN ON THE ACT YOU CAN BET THIS IS NO HANGOUT FOR LITTLE OL' LADIES. YOUR MAN MUST HAVE GOTTEN OFF THE PLANE IN ELKO —

RAY ANTHONY
RENO, NEVADA

NAME GAME

Saw your oddly paired couples in the July *Playboy After Hours*, and thought I'd contribute a few of my own: Grace and Dinty Moore, Florence and Ogden Mills, Gypsy Rose and Robert E. Lee, Peggy and James Joyce, Hazel and Sir

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Walter Scott, Lena and Trader Horn(e), Grandma and Robert Moses, Loretta and Brigham Young, Leonore and Charles Evans Hughes, Elaine and Sir James Barrie, Maude and Sherman Adams, Faye and Ralph Waldo Emerson, Gertrude and Jules Stein, Polly and Jacob P. Adler, Gilda and Judd Gray.

Abel Green, Editor
Variety
New York, New York

The opening portion of *Playboy After Hours* is the second thing I turn to in every issue (the Playmate being the first, of course). The July installment was especially good, I think. The miniature editorial about the inflation of job titles was inspired, and I got a large charge out of the list of improbable couples. May I add a few? Think what would happen if Dody Goodman married Truman Capote, Gypsy Rose Lee married Billy Rose, Mamie Van Doren married a certain prominent bridge expert and Jean Simmons married Orson Bean: we would have ladies named Dody Capote, Gypsy Rose Rose, Mamie Van Doren Goren, and Jean Bean.

Bill Morgan
Fredericktown, Pennsylvania

WHO NEEDS WHO NEEDS?

Permit me to take exception to your mention in the September *Playboy After Hours* column of the worthlessness of such conversational chewing gum as "the powers that be," "you do that little thing" and "lots of luck." While you may get along very nicely with a well-chosen single phrase (which I assume would be, "My apartment or yours?"), the rest of us need the psychological links with self-assurance that these clichés provide. Semanticists refer to them collectively as "verbal catharsis." They permit the nervous speaker to relax, speak a word or two without having to grope for something fresh, witty and relevant. You may continue to converse with assurance, agility and utility, but I prefer to hang onto a few conversational crutches.

S. F. Veenker
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Normal conversation would exist in a state of complete stasis without most of these clunkers . . . alas.

Dale Peters
University Park, Pennsylvania

AUTOMOTIVE SCHOOL

Even though the man who reviewed *School for Scoundrels* erred when he said Ian Carmichael drove a Jag (it was an Austin-Healey), I still think PLAYBOY's worth the extra dime.

Robert Rossi
Rochester, New York

ADVICE ON ADVISOR

You have left yourself wide open! Wait till Abigail Van Buren and Ann Landers get hold of *The Playboy Advisor*!

Lanny R. Middings
Los Angeles, California

What have you done? *The Playboy Advisor*! Such trash belongs in the lonely-hearts columns of the Sunday papers. Gentlemen, you disappoint me.

Neil L. Fraser
Atlanta, Georgia

Have just read your new feature, *The Playboy Advisor*, and have decided it is excellent - in the PLAYBOY tradition.

Ed Parsons
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Congratulations on your new addition, *The Playboy Advisor*. Your magazine is no longer just exquisite entertainment: it is an education for all of us P I T.s (Playboys In Training).

Martin R. Rubinstein
Flushing, New York

I got quite a kick out of your Dear Abby section. Telling the man who asked whether a pipe smokes best with or without a metal filter to try it both ways was a classic!

John V. Sunkenberg
West Sacramento, California

Your advice in *The Playboy Advisor* is just what your Argentine readers have been waiting for. It is a very refreshing change of pace from Dear Abby and Dear Ann Landers. We now receive the man's point of view. We must *try* to remain dominant.

Stuart Angert
Tucumán, Argentina

Re your answer to L. M. and his salad in September's *Advisor*. After spending a year interning in New York, I find that any salad served before the entree in any decent San Francisco restaurant is better than any salad served at any time in all of the better New York restaurants in which I have eaten. So who cares if you are a boob, at least you eat a better salad.

Eugene Doug, Jr., M.D.
Menlo Park, California

THE PLAYBOY CLUB

Your picture story on the club was terrific. Though my territory is in the East, I'd like to be a member for the few times I get to Chicago.

Robert A. Conn, Regional Manager
Flamingo Telefilm Sales
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

As a loyal subscriber to PLAYBOY, I would be most interested in becoming a

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member of the Playboy Club.

Roger K. Marsh, President
Air Equipment, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

If your club provides the same superior entertainment that your magazine has over the years, this writer fails to see how its key will not be the most sought-after one in the history of mankind

Arthur M Smith
The Bendix Corporation
Bayside, New York

We here in Los Angeles have been anxiously awaiting news of our own Playboy Key Club since your announcement on TV early this year. Your recent coverage in the August issue of the Chicago club opening achieved its intended effects. Our enthusiasm about PLAYBOY and its activities, high even under normal conditions, has now reached fever pitch.

George K. Peters
Los Angeles, California

Please send me the details of your New York club. If it's anything like the Chicago one illustrated in your August issue, you should be able to hang the "sold out" sign on membership the first week it is "closed" for business

William Steiner, President
William Steiner Associates, Inc.
New York, New York

So far, we've received over four hundred requests for Playboy Club franchises from around the world, plus thousands upon thousands of requests for membership. We're moving ahead as quickly as we can with plans for Playboy Clubs in major cities throughout the world including early opening dates in New York, Los Angeles, New Orleans, San Francisco, Miami, St. Louis, Kansas City, Washington, D.C., and Las Vegas. Applications for membership and further information may be obtained by writing The Playboy Club, c/o PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

CAPSULE COMMENT

As part of our silver anniversary, we are burying a time capsule which is to be opened in twenty-five years. We feel the contents of the capsule would not be complete without an issue of PLAYBOY, replete with Playmate and 1960 fashions, which are so graphically illustrated in the September issue

R H Elliott
WLEU
Erie, Pennsylvania

As the Bard said, "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." And we thank you.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

We'd like to pass along to you, verbatim, a combination season's greeting and business brochure we've received from Antofagasta, Chile: "The American and French House wish a Merry Cristmas and Happy New Years ¿to you? 42 Bella vista Street. Special place to get good divertiment and fun? . . . Where two orchestra play for you every five minutes Tipic and Hot Jazz, Fox, Rumba, Tangos, alzo free dance? . . . Girls to steal your heart away? Music to take your breath away? Romance and songs to thrill you? Yf you have a girl friend bring on, you will feel on top the world? . . . Thank s Call againg."

•

One of the numerous New York clans that gather at lunch and again at dusk to ponder the day's tribulations and the peccadilloes of friends fell to musing the other day on the United States' second-best showing in the recent summer Olympics. What would happen, they wondered, if the U.S. rounded up a team of flits and entered a limp-wrist contingent in the next Games? "Think of the events they could have just for them," said one. "How about the hundred-meter mince?" Other events that came to mind included the purse-put, the hop, skip and hug, the kiss-blowing relay, the team daisy chain, the grueling handkerchief wave, free-style twirling, and in swimming, of course, the butterfly stroke and the flutter kick. The broad jump, naturally, would have to be eliminated completely. For a grand finale in these gossamer games, there would be the selection of Best All Around Boy, to be judged on the basis of points earned, physique, and length and softness of eyelashes. We know of just the character to head up this team. He thinks drag races are run by fellows in high heels.

•

End of a story in *The Monterey Peninsula* (California) *Herald*, on the upsurge of tourist business: "They really know how to live on the Peninsula." Headline of the story immediately below: THREE CHARGED ON MORALS COUNTS.

•

Vladimir Nabokov belongs to that elite corps of writers who have contributed words to the language. His word is, of course, *nymphet*, which he claims to have coined and the exclusivity of which he has gone to court to defend. Seems a French film outfit is shooting something they plan to call *Les Nymphettes*, maintaining that the word is in the public domain. Nabokov says no: he is the "proprietor" of the word. We esteem Mr. Nabokov, but we can't help reminding him that the French film company is not calling its flick *Lolita*—which was, after all, the title of his novel. An itchy question is raised: are authors indeed the "proprietors" of words they have coined? If Cervantes, More, Swift, Rabelais, Molière, Sheridan, Čapek, Lewis, Porter, Potter and Kerouac had been as possessive as Nabokov, they would not have enriched the world's languages with *quixotic, utopia, lilliputian, gargantuan, moron, malapropism, robot, babbitry, pollyanna, oneupmanship* and *beat*.

•

Our Hollywood informant reports that he overheard the following at a recent California clambake: "They're going to give their marriage another try—for the sake of the poodle."

•

Young playwright Arthur L. Kopit's fetish for rambling titles, which we noted last month, is rivaled by author George Kirgo. Kirgo's current book, published by Simon and Schuster, is called *How to Write Ten Different Best Sellers Now in Your Spare Time and Become the First Author on Your Block Unless There's an Author Already Living on Your Block in Which Case You'll Become the Second Author on Your Block and That's Okay Too and Other Stories.*

•

A small printed card we've seen, obviously the work of a macabre wag, contains a single sentence: "It is a policy of the Atomic Energy Commission to provide every child with a hot lunch."

•

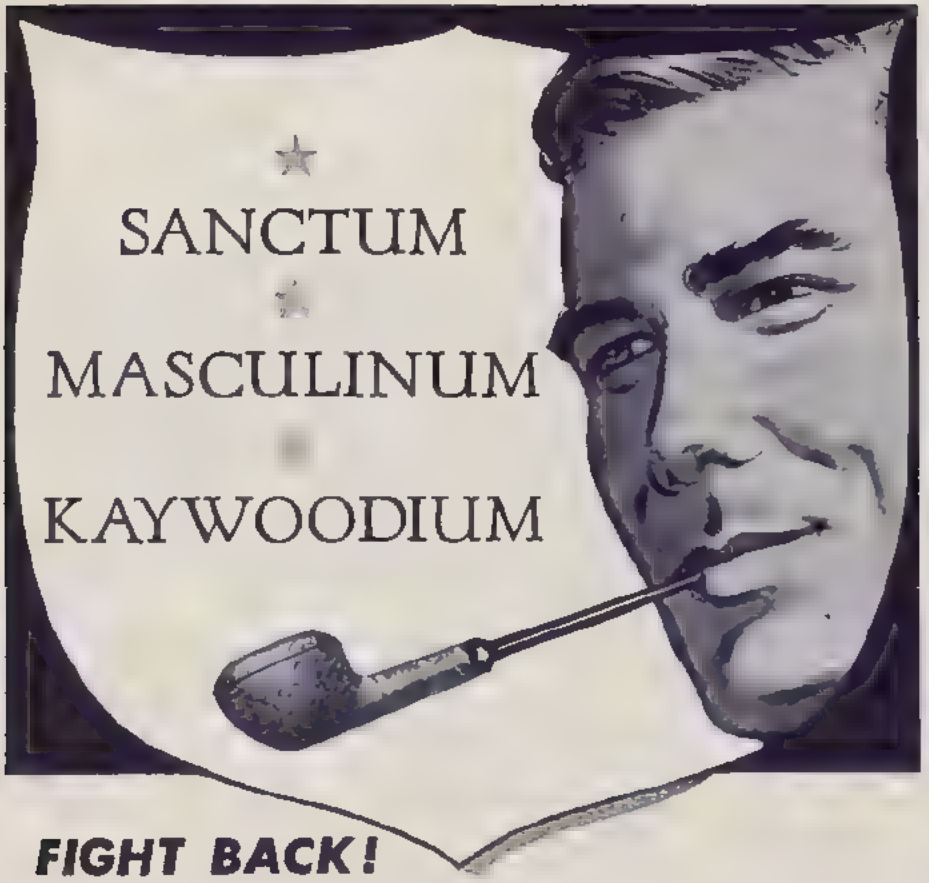
From the *Great Falls* (Montana) *Tribune*: "LOST—Tan and white altered male cat. Answers to Susie. GI 3-7108. Reward."

•

A handy, dandy little lexicon of executive-type business terms has been making the rounds, and we thought you might get a kick out of a couple, or even put them to work for you. *A Program*—Any assignment that can't be completed by one telephone call. *To Activate*—To make carbons and add more names to the memo. *Under Consideration*—Never heard of it. *Re-orientation*—Getting used to work again. *Reliable Source*—The guy you just met. *Informed Source*—The guy who told the guy you just met. *Unimpeachable Source*—The guy who started the rumor originally. *We Are Making A Survey*—We need more time to think up an answer. *Note And Initial*—Let's spread the responsibility for this. *See Me*, or *Let's Discuss*—Come on down to my office; I'm lonesome.

•

Those of you who dug Thomas Mario's recent PLAYBOY takeout on gourmet dieting (*Eat Great, Lose Weight*, August 1960) will welcome, we think, the following list of gourmet delicacies and the



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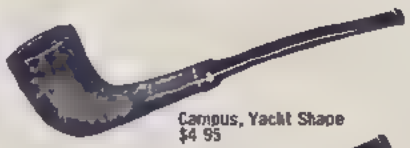
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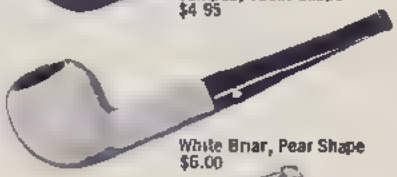
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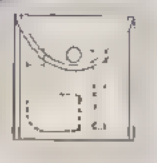
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calories therein: One jellybean, seven calories. One portion of rattlesnake meat, 200 calories. Five fried grasshoppers, 225 calories. One bowl of Chinese bird's-nest soup, a mere 75 calories Ten chocolate-covered ants, 250 cal ories. One serving of barracuda, 135 calories. One standard glass of hippo potamus milk, 80 calories. (Speaking of milk, the butterfat content of the milk of the Pacific walrus is 48 percent.)

•

From Fred Russell's *Sidelines* column in the *Nashville Banner*: "A worker at a certain filtration plant died recently. At his death it was disclosed that he had left his brain to the Vanderbilt Medical School. The school soon is expected to issue a statement of its gratification that at last the students will be able to examine a filtering man's thinker."

THEATRE

Brendan Behan's ***The Hostage*** explodes on stage with the entire cast dancing a crazy Irish jig and shortly settles down to the comparative calm of a tipsy vaudeville show The scene is a Dublin brothel peopled with whores, perverts and assorted tosspots. The plot theoretically centers on a young British soldier who is being held hostage and will be shot the next morning if the bloody English have the bad judgment to execute an I R A. killer in Belfast. But Behan, the lustiest and luckiest thing to happen to the Irish theatre since O'Casey, is no man for sticking to a story line He lets his people have their say in windy gusts of words interspersed with fine cynical songs. The dialog as well as the pungent lyrics snipe at the English, the Irish and the Americans alike, at politics and religion and, in general, at the sorry state of a world living in the shadow of the H bomb Behan has a wild talent for writing for the theatre, and Joan Littlewood brilliantly directs her original London cast to keep pace and faith with the exuberant Irishman *The Hostage* is bound to offend any number of stuffy people, but the rest of the audience will recognize this Celtic clambake as electric theatre. At the Cort, 138 West 48th Street, NYC.

•

Irma La Douce, the musical hit that has reached Broadway from Paris via a London adaptation, has just one girl in it But any others would be superfluous, since the girl in question is Elizabeth Seal. This English actress, who looks French with her bangs, her soft eyes and her saucy legs, sings like a *chanteuse* in a smoky bistro and dances like a whirlwind. Alexandre Breffort's satiric fable is all about low life in the upper reaches

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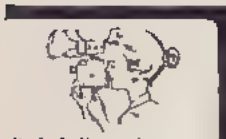
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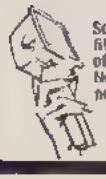
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of Montmartre. Miss Seal as Irma (pronounced "*Eer* ma") is the busiest *poule* along the Place Pigalle until she falls in love with Keith Michell, a poor but passionate young law student named Nestor-Le-Fripe. For a while Irma works overtime to keep her lover in pocket money — until he rebels at having half the neighborhood sharing her favors. Deciding that what he and Irma need is just one steady customer who will satisfy her compulsion to work, he affects beard, glasses and a middle-aged stoop, calls himself Oscar, and becomes Irma's exclusive patron. Oscar gives Irma ten thousand francs a visit; Irma gives Nestor the same ten thousand francs; Oscar is in business again. Dubious economics; and Nestor, on double assignment, begins to fray at the edges even before the money does. He becomes jealous of his own success as Oscar and decides that the bearded intruder must be done away with. This he accomplishes in a classic pantomimic spoof, and is promptly convicted of murder and hustled off to Devil's Island. Inspiration abounds in Peter Brook's direction, Onna White's choreography and Marguerite Monnot's muted music-box score. At the Plymouth, 236 West 45th Street, NYC.

RECORDINGS

There has been much talk of late concerning the alleged advent of what composer Gunther Schuller has christened a "third stream" of music, a music neither jazz nor classical but bits of both. Two recent releases bring the topic into focus, ***The Golden Striker: John Lewis Conducts Music for Brass*** (Atlantic) and ***Third Stream Music: The Modern Jazz Quartet and Guests*** (Atlantic). In this pair, the two musics are more closely and effectively interwoven than in most of the somewhat synthetic earlier efforts along these lines, such as Rolf Liebermann's *Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra*, which didn't make it either classically or as jazz. *Third Stream Music* comprises three John Lewis works, one by Jimmy Giuffre and one by Schuller. It also includes the MJQ with Giuffre's trio on two tracks, with a small chamber group on another, and with the Beaux Arts String Quartet on two more, and the result is a successful hybrid. At times the sounds are swinging, with some of the best Lewis piano and Milt Jackson vibes on record, at other moments they're indistinguishable in texture and scoring from the work of such un-jazz-involved classicists as Bartok. Does this mean a "third stream" has begun to flow? No. The point is made more clearly in *The Golden Striker*, which offers superlative Lewis writing for an eleven-piece brass section. Here the instrumentation

lends itself more completely to a jazz mood and the intermingling of the two forms is achieved with subtlety and skill But to claim that by blending the two you get a third music is like saying that in assembling a necklace on which diamonds and rubies are closely strung you come up with a third precious stone. The twain shall meet, and have met in these two albums with unprecedented success; but let's not think this makes them one, for twain they shall remain

•

We are sore afraid that in the record companies' helter-skelter scramble to attach themselves to the Berman-Newhart-Sahl-Bruce coattails, they have kept all eyes on the charts and none, apparently, on the quality of what is being currently pressed. The prospect before us is gloomy if several recordings which have recently crossed our desk are accurate harbingers of what lies ahead. First, there is ***With Tongue of Madness*** (Proscenium), expounded by Theodore, who has achieved a reputation as a purveyor of the macabre In a sense, he is the only totally sick comic on the American scene today, in that his subject matter is invariably grisly and uncompromisingly morbid. If the impression conveyed is of a low degree of levity, it is intentional. Aside from the inadequacies of his material, Theodore labors under the additional handicap of having large portions of his LP (taped before an audience in Carnegie Hall) unintelligible due to faulty pickup. The second item is ***Professor C. Northcote Parkinson Explains Parkinson's Law*** (Libraphone). The Professor's original treatise was reviewed in our November 1957 issue, and was applauded for its incisive, erudite and witty scalpeling of big business bureaucracy We must regretfully report a great deal of the book's freshness has been lost in the translation to the spoken word. Professor Parkinson's voice has a dry, semi Hitchcockian quality to it which evokes no more than a meager smile from the listener, even at the recording's high points, which are few indeed

•

What's happened to Johnny Mathis? His style has evolved into a larger-than-life self-caricature. Every one of his cute tricks has been made a little cuter, and Johnny's ethereal approach to the ballad has become positively ectoplasmic Evidence for this sorry change is to be found in a slick new album of his, replete with two—count 'em—two orchestras (Ralph Burns' and Glen Osser's), and all done up with lots of Richard Avedon photos of Mathis looking like he can't decide whether he's singing or high-jumping. Titled ***Rhythms and Ballads of Broadway*** (Columbia), it's supposed to have two LPs' worth of

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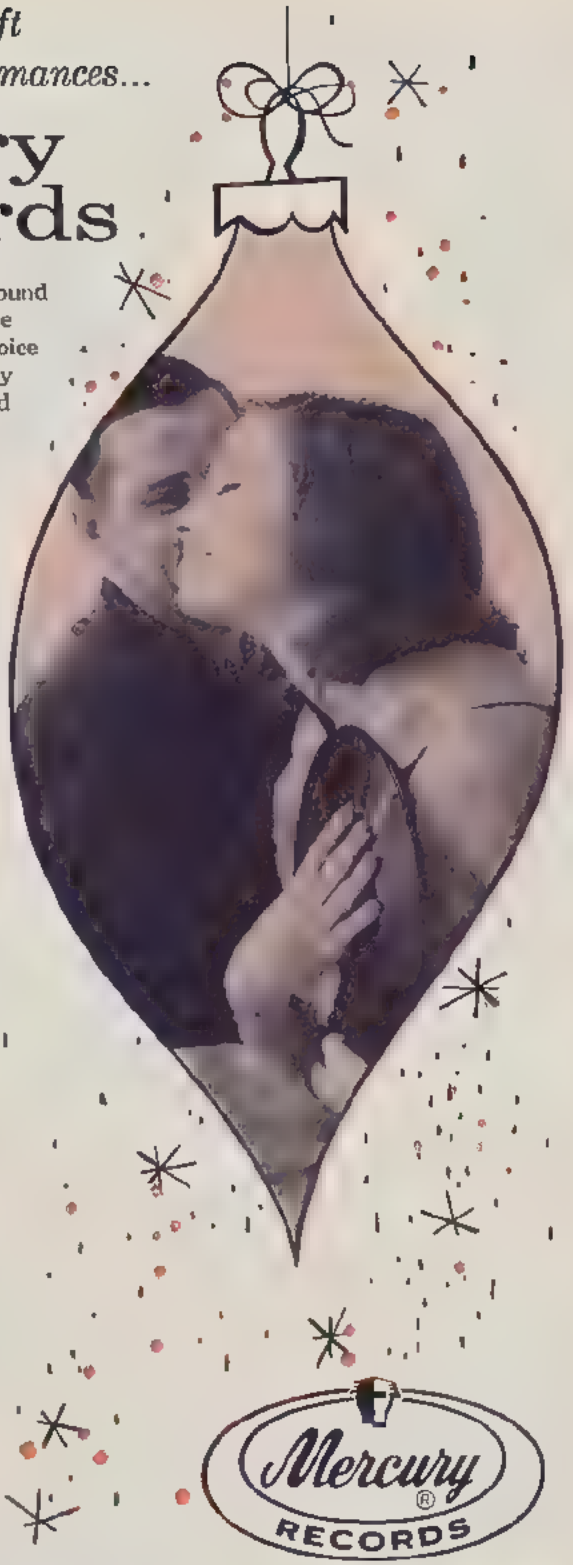

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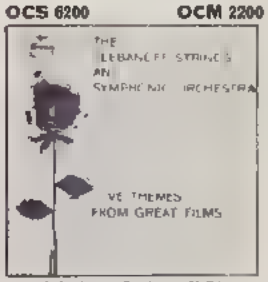

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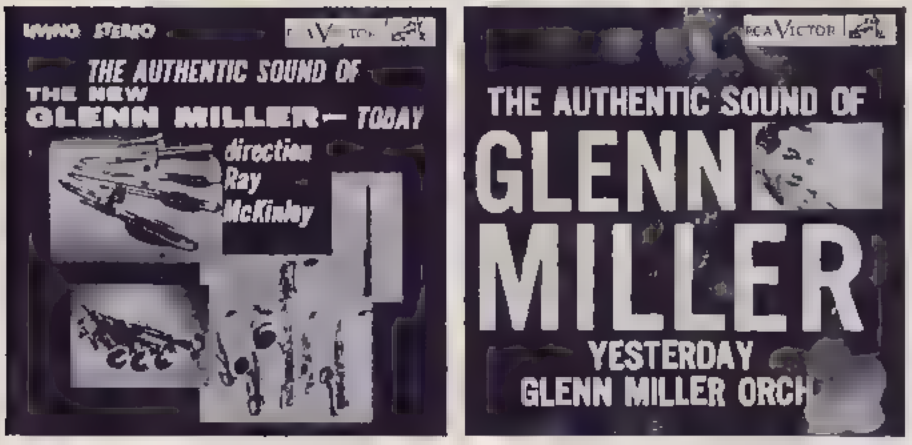

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Broadway show tunes. However, someone shipped in *Love Is a Gamble*, from the *American Motors Industrial Show*, an automotive extravaganza. On the other hand, happily, there is Johnny Nash, who sings the way Mathis should be singing. His latest LP, ***Let's Get Lost*** (ABC-Paramount), features Nash's rich tenor in close rapport with the composers of such time-tested items as *Penthouse Serenade*, *Love Nest* and *Alone Together*. As that cigarette ad says, no frills or fancy stuff, but Mr. Nash gets to the heart of the matter, which is, after all, delivering both lyrics and melody in a manner gratifying to a discerning listener's sensibilities.

•

Alas, Professor Irwin Corey lost the Presidential election, but his chew-'em-up campaign will not be forgotten. A sizable slice of his political life is preserved on ***Win with Irwin*** (Atlantic), recorded by The World's Foremost Authority at Chicago's Playboy Key Club. From a reference to Thomas Jefferson ("He opened the House of Burgesses and closed all the other houses"), the Professor moves on to considerations of Pericles and Athenian culture, Henry Clay, the Spanish American War, the point value of S-E-X in Scrabble, a proposal to tax the poor, Shakespeare on virginity ("Away with it"), Magellan ("The first man to circumcise the globe") and unrelated matters. He endorses Jewish chess — played with rabbis instead of bishops. He confronts Piltdown Man and built-up woman. He declares that childbearing is hereditary. Stirred to our soles by his pointed slogans ("Irwin will run for any party — and he'll bring his own bottle" or "Relief is just a ballot away — elect Corey — then go on relief"), we urge you to give this record a try — and we urge Irwin to give the Presidency another try in '64.

•

In our aggrieved opinion, the packagers of Pearl Bailey's latest album have done her a grave injustice in labeling it ***Naughty but Nice*** (Roulette) and putting a big "Restricted from TV and Radio Air Play" stamp across the cover; the fact is the songs contained therein are about as ribald as *Winnie the Pooh*. Pearlie Mae doesn't need the elbow-in-the-side implication that she's handling indigo material to attract buyers; the legion of Bailey admirers stretches from here to Louis Bellson. Among the Pearl-handled "blue" ballads are *They're Either Too Young or Too Old* and *Always True to You Darling in My Fashion*, which gives you some idea of just how terribly risque things get. Misnomers aside, the tunes are pleasantly relaxed, jauntily up-tempo bits of fluff, the kind that have always been the most engaging items in the Bailey bailiwick.

•

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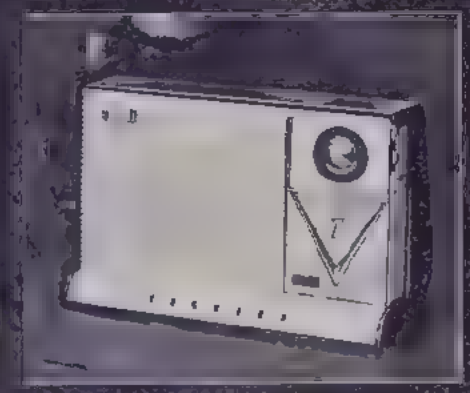

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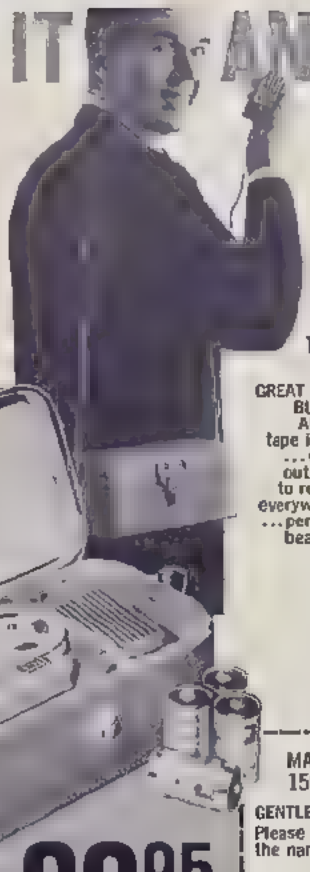

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School of Rebellion (Roulette) showcases the orchestra Bill Russo has headed in New York — in concert and at Birdland - since early 1959. The ensemble comprises twenty-one men: four trumpets, five trombones, five saxes, guitar, bass, percussion and four cellos. Russo employs — in person and at record dates — a choir formation, a left-right arrangement with rhythm section centered, creating two separate units of approximately comparable instrumentation. The two sides engage in call-and-response patterns some of the time, play in unison at others, and it's a striking setup for stereo. On the performance side, the orchestra is precise but not rigid, exciting but not frantic, in weaving through a string of Russo compositions, one by Russo student Fred Karlin and the Dizzy Gillespie staple *Manteca*, "recomposed" — Russo prefers that term to "arranged" — by the leader. A young veteran of jazz (with the Kenton band and his own groups) and classical music (his second symphony was performed by the New York Philharmonic in April 1959), Russo has found in this orchestra a flexible medium for expressing his personal view of music. His purposes, as he told us recently, are "to present the large jazz orchestra as a sonorous and buoyant tool for the composer, rather than as the loud and nervous instrument it usually is; to demonstrate a natural use of stereo techniques and to make something new and fresh without sacrificing beauty.' Jazz can use such thinking, and performances, as this

•

André Previn and his pals, drummer Shelly Manne and bassist Red Mitchell, helped lead jazz to Broadway in 1956 with a best-selling LP of *My Fair Lady* tunes. Since then, the threesome — as Previn and His Pals or Manne and His Men — has cranked out jazzified glimpses of *Li'l Abner*, *Bells Are Ringing*, *Pal Joey* and *Gigi*. The latest trio venture brings the group in touch with ***West Side Story*** (Contemporary). The Leonard Bernstein score (eight songs, including *Something's Coming*, *Gee, Officer Krupke* and *Cool*, are in this set) profits by Previn's facile fingering. Mitchell and Manne are, as usual, in top form. The Ramsey Lewis trio doesn't fare as well in its current outing, ***Stretching Out*** (Argo). Lewis, a potentially brilliant pianist, seems to have one eye on the cash register these days. Here, he ranges from the pretentious to the sublime, from a florid, heavy-handed battering to a right-hand tinkling identified with Ahmad Jamal. It's too bad, because he can whiz his way with the best of them when he's right. El Dee Young, a superb bassist, and Red Holt, a discreet drummer, are along for the bumpy ride. And speaking of rides, there's none better

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GEMS FOREVER

All the Things You Are; True Love; I Could Have Danced All Night; A Woman in Love; This Nearly Was Mine; Summertime, 6 others.

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WALTZ ENCORES

Chanmaine; Wyoming; La Ronde; Love Here Is My Heart; Lovely Lady; Moulin Rouge; Greensleeves; Lonely Ballerina, 4 others.

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SONGS TO REMEMBER

With These Hands; Faraway Places; A Very Precious Love; Jamaica Farewell; Tenderly; Blue Star; Gigi; When I Fall in Love; No Other Love; Vaya Con Dios; Two Different Worlds; Tonight.

Mono: LL 3149 Stereo: PS 193

CONCERT ENCORES

Clair de Lune; Spanish Dance; La Boutique Fantasque—Can Can; Chansen de Matin; Gypsy Airs; Song Of India; Schön Rosmarin, 3 others.

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FILM ENCORES—Vol. 1

My Foolish Heart; Love Is A Many Splendored Thing; Laura; High Noon; September Song; Three Coins in the Fountain, 6 others.

Mono: LL 1700 Stereo: PS 124

MUSIC FROM THE FILMS

Warsaw Concerto; Serenata D'Amore; Dream of Olwen; The Legend of The Glass Mountain; Story of Three Loves; Cornish Rhapsody.

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WALTZES OF IRVING BERLIN

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CONTINENTAL ENCORES

La Vie En Rose; Under Paris Skies; O Mein Papa; April in Portugal; Arrivederci Roma; Anema E Core; La Mer; Autumn Leaves; 4 others.

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DINING-DRINKING

The Cloister in Hollywood (8588 Sunset) is a haven, done up in Movieland Modern, for such *au courant* aural delights as Diahann Carroll, Della Reese and Sarah Vaughan. This king-size music conservatory was, less than two years ago, the shuttered ghost of the once-famous Mocambo. Credit for the spot's rehabilitation goes to a quartet of former Chicagoans, owners Joe Miklos, Al Loeb, Shelly Kasten and Skip Krask, who renamed and reworked the room (now painted an intimate black) into a swinging (the sound system is fi of the highest) operation. Although primarily known as a *boite* featuring the best singers in town, the club in the past has presented comics Buddy Hackett, Joey Bishop, Shecky Green and Jack E. Leonard, who have helped attract an extensive clientele of showbiz luminaries. The regulars have their own gold-labeled bottles on display in the lobby, which is fun if you enjoy looking at gold labeled bottles; we got more kicks, however, from casing the cocktail waitresses in those ever-so-tight toreador pants. The club percolates all week, with two shows a night (10:30, 12:30), three Friday and Saturday (9:30, 11:00, 12:30). Tabs vary with the cost of the entertainment; some shows have a $2.50 cover, others $3.50; occasionally, a two- or three-drink minimum will be imposed. None of the aforementioned tariffs applies in the lounge where the regularly-ensconced celebs are a show unto themselves. Manuel is the maître de, and food is available, but as we said before, the sound's the thing at The Cloister.

•

The **London Chop House** (155 West Congress) is the Cadillac of Detroit restaurants. Knowledgeable trenchermen who linger in the Motor City consider the Chop House a must, and for good reason the menu and wine list are documents intended for the most discriminating diner. The initial temptations, which no one should resist, are the hors d'oeuvres. Included are snails Bourguignonne ($1.60), Beluga caviar ($3.75) and Dublin Bay prawns in mustard sauce ($2.25). From the entree roster, try the excellent English sole amandine ($4.35), the roast prime ribs of beef ($4.95) or the breast of chicken Madras in curry sauce ($3.50); they're culinary

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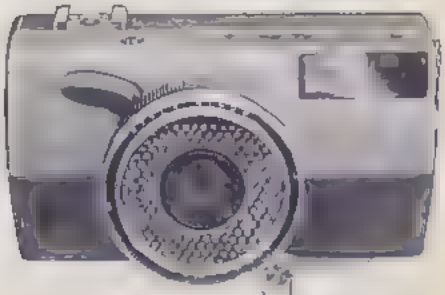

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FILMS

Spartacus is the gory story of the Roman slave by that name and of the rebellion that he led. It is also the spectacle of the year, in budget three million behind *Ben Hur*'s fifteen, but in blood several hundred gallons ahead. May we say that in the matter of gratuitous violence, we hope that this is the end. Some of the gore includes Kirk Douglas' nearly severing the tendon of a guard's leg with his teeth (the opening scene), the branding of human flesh, strangulation involving a bursting eyeball, drowning in boiling soup, stabbing in the neck, burning alive, an arm whacked off with the stump staring at us, a blade sticking out the back of one of the heroes, a vast close-up panorama of a battlefield piled high with stabbed and scorched bodies, on to the sight of six hundred massed crucifixions. *Spartacus* also involves the ultimate in beefcake competition; in fact, the proceedings often look like Muscle Beach in masquerade. In between these Great Moments the story is told of the recalcitrant slave, Kirk, who came near to toppling the Roman Empire. The rebellion is plotted at Peter Ustinov's gladiatorial school after Kirk's opponent in a fight to the death, staged for the titillation of some patricians, refuses to kill his fellow slave and instead tosses his trident at, and just misses, Laurence Olivier. On Mt. Vesuvius, Douglas builds an army from a nucleus of gladiators; this is supplemented by other slaves and the booty he picks up en route to freedom outside Italy. Meanwhile, back in the Roman Senate, cynic Charles Laughton vies with megalomaniacal Olivier for control of the army. Olivier gets it, and Douglas, tricked out of the ships in

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which his army hopes to escape, is forced to face certain defeat in an Alexander Nevsky–like battle. Olivier fails, however, in his ultimate objective, which is to kill the legend of Spartacus, and Kirk's triumph, on his cross, is to see his wife, Jean Simmons, and her new born son, both free. Thirty-one-year-old Stanley (*Paths of Glory*) Kubrick has directed Dalton Trumbo's script from the Howard Fast novel with great style and impact. Particularly well conceived are the love scenes, one of them in a tunic built for two, though they would matter more if played by a better actor than Douglas. Like Douglas, Tony Curtis (as a "singer of songs; I also juggle") is hopelessly outclassed by English actors of the calibre of Olivier, Laughton and Ustinov. As usual in this kind of epic, the spectator requires a strong stomach, eardrums not easily shattered, and buttocks not easily numbed. Bad news: Kirk is off to clobber Montezuma next; good news: Kubrick moves on to Lolita.

•

Anybody who cares about courage would like to like Dore Schary's ***Sunrise at Campobello***. It took incredible bravery as well as ambition for F.D.R. to survive the polio that struck him down in the summer of 1921 but could not prevent him, three summers later, from rising to national prominence with his nominating speech for Al Smith. It's a great story, but it's not a particularly moving film. Aside from a little sight-seeing (Campobello, the Roosevelts' Canadian summer place; their Manhattan residence; and Hyde Park), the movie offers nothing that wasn't presented more effectively on Broadway. And when it comes to the pivotal struggle between F.D.R.'s mother, who wants her son to be a country squire, and Louis Howe, his friend and advisor, who wants him to be President, the screen version becomes a gruesome caricature. As the mother, Ann Shoemaker creates a villainess who wouldn't have been taken seriously in the bygone days of melodrama. Hume Cronyn's Howe is a grotesque charade. As Eleanor, Greer Garson is long-suffering apparently due to the strain of keeping her teeth and her accent in line. Even Ralph Bellamy, striving to repeat his remarkable stage impersonation of F.D.R., seems forced and affected. Only Alan Bunce, as Al Smith, seems lifelike. Blame for all this must be laid to director Vincent Donehue, and to scripter Dore Schary, who also produced the film. Too bad.

•

Since we neglected to warn you against seeing Ross Hunter's previous production, *Portrait in Black*, we want to make sure you avoid his latest drag, ***Midnight Lace***. Making her debut in this sort of fatuity is Doris Day. She's married to Rex Harrison, who has lots of

money. Into her life comes a horror: repeated anonymous phone calls from a crank who doesn't stop at making the usual lewd suggestions, but wants to kill her, too. When the calls persist, and Scotland Yard suspects Doris is making them up, and even Rex doesn't seem to believe her—does she get anxious? Hysterical? Distraught? All this and more. She's a wreck. She almost appears twice in the same gown. But fear not, everything works out. The supporting cast includes Hermione Baddeley, Rhys Williams and other able actors. Wasted, all of them, including Harrison.

•

Since no less an authority than James T. Farrell disclaimed any responsibility for—in fact, deplored—the film version of his trilogy, ***Studs Lonigan,*** it is rather surprising to be able to say that the picture isn't bad. It's no world-beater, but it does have some of the flavor and feeling of lower-middle-class Chicago life in the Twenties. Studs' story covers the period from his high school graduation through the Crash. His loves include the girl he wanted and didn't get, the tempting teacher, then her niece. As for his three poolroom buddies, one lands in prison for rape, another is killed, and the third settles into the dreary routine of being a third rate comic. And Studs' career meanders from unemployment to dental technician to house painter and back to being unemployed. None of his dreams ("I'm gonna be important," "Something's gotta happen," "Someday I'm gonna bust loose") come true; nor are they likely to ("I try and I try, and nothing happens. I don't know"). A newcomer, Christopher Knight, makes Studs seem appealing. The style of the film is flashy, but uneven: for instance, the ersatz Kurt Weill score is audacious at first, then just obvious and finally inappropriate. But happily, director Irving Lerner often succeeds in making you wonder at the waste of this boy's life, and of all the lives his represents.

•

Studs is a masterpiece compared with ***Let No Man Write My Epitaph.*** This one is supposed to be set in Chicago, too, on West Madison, but it bears little resemblance to life in that area. Based on the same-name novel by Willard Motley (the sequel to *Knock on Any Door*), it's all about an unappealing and unreal boy living in a world he never made. Shelley Winters and Burl Ives are among the embarrassed parties in this blowout. So is Ella Fitzgerald, who wasn't even given a song worth singing.

•

Swedish director Arne Sucksdorff's first feature since *The Great Adventure* is set in central India among a beautiful people called the Murias. ***The Flute and the Arrow*** tells the story of a young man who, ostracized for marrying an out-

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sider, shames the tribe when he gives his life in killing a tiger that had been menacing the village for years. The film's stated intention is surely honorable: to show these people "as friends rather than as exotic strangers." But the story is too pat, the villagers too well-scrubbed and the photography too travelogish to succeed fully in fulfilling its aim. Surely it's a step beyond Fitzpatrick, but it's not Robert Flaherty by any means. Still, the narration is literate (by English novelist William Sansom), and the restless natives—clothed or not—are exotically enticing.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Marcel Marceau, at thirty-seven, is *the* peerless pantomimist. This was made apparent to us again when we were mesmerized by his fluid artistry at Chicago's Blackstone Theatre, during the Frenchman's latest American tour. On a stage devoid of scenery, Marceau—in a baggy sailor suit and ballet slippers—performs eight solo exercises, flowing into the roles of a billposter, carnival characters, strollers in a public garden, a china salesman, a seasick voyager, a street musician and a mask maker whose comedy mask clings stubbornly to his face despite his anguished efforts to remove it. In all of these roles, Marceau reflects his confessed concern for the lost art of Chaplin—a concern that brings to mind Aldous Huxley's comment, "Everyone's a walking farce and a walking tragedy at the same time." After more than an hour of solo effort, Marceau is joined by his Compagnie de Mime—five men and three women—for a mimodramatic version of Nikolai Gogol's short novel, *The Overcoat.* In an astonishing assertion of the power of pantomime (what Marceau terms "the universal language of gesture"), the troupe weaves the tale of the impoverished Russian clerk who yearns for a fur coat, works desperately to buy it, then loses it to thieves. The death of man's dreams and the frailties of man are the crux of Marceau's powerful appeal in the Gogol adaptation. His gaunt frame, his mobile face and his expressive hands are indispensable to the performance—as are the contributions of his troupe—but most vital to his success are a mind rich with knowing and a heart that is touched by the struggles of everyday existence.

BOOKS

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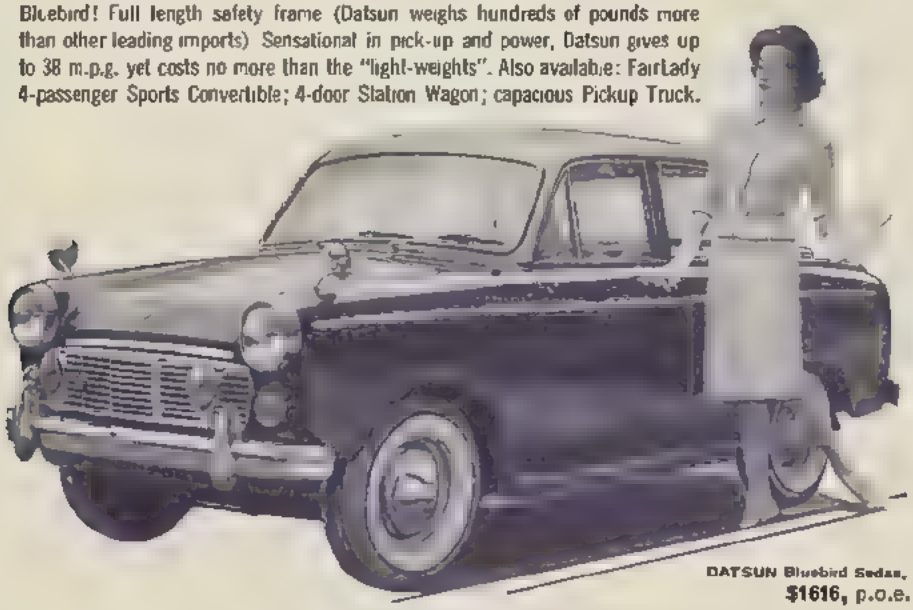

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produce art books for the gift-giving season — books to *have*, that is, as opposed to books to *read*. This year's efforts, happily, include several that are worth at least glancing through yourself before you present them to a friend. André Malraux' ***The Metamorphosis of the Gods*** (Doubleday, $20) is a sumptuous companion volume to his celebrated *The Voices of Silence*. Malraux ranges the world of culture from the Egyptians to the Renaissance, analyzing brilliantly the special place occupied by the religion-inspired art of all ages. A quite different, but equally fascinating exploration of the nature of beauty is to be found in Kenneth Clark's ***Looking at Pictures*** (Holt, $10). The lucid British critic shares his special insights into sixteen great paintings by Raphael, Rembrandt and Goya, among others. ***The History of Surrealist Painting*** (Grove, $17.50) by Marcel Jean is, claim the publishers, the first definitive such history in book form. Assisted by 386 plates, it covers the development of surrealism from Picasso through Dali. ***Picasso in Antibes*** (Pantheon, $20) by Dor de la Souchère is a magnificently illustrated study of six bountiful months in the artist's life. And finally, so fruitful is the holiday season, thirty-seven of the great man's paintings and drawings, mainly from his Cubist period, are elegantly reproduced in ***Picasso, The Early Years*** (Tudor, $7.95).

•

Speaking of gifts, several PLAYBOY perennials are freshly represented in the bookshops. Leonard Feather's second edition of ***The Encyclopedia of Jazz*** (Horizon, $15) is a 500-page total revision of all that has gone before, containing more than two thousand biographies of everybody who blows, sings or even whistles. Our Jazz Editor's impressive volume is, all modesty aside, definitely *the* reference work in the field. In ***The Classics Reclassified*** (McGraw-Hill, $2.95), Richard Armour, another familiar name, retells seven great stories, including *The Iliad*, *David Copperfield* and *Moby Dick*, as they were never told in your high school classroom. The fun is abetted by sixty-five Campbell Grant drawings. Lastly, PLAYBOY's peripatetic Shel Silverstein is offering his inimitable wares in paperback this season. ***Now Here's My Plan*** (Simon and Schuster, $1.50) shows Shel at his sometimes bizarre, sometimes whimsical, often poignant best — and includes, naturally, an ample assortment of past triumphs from these pages.

•

Women Confidential (Messner, $3.95) by Lee Mortimer argues the theory that the American male has been so beaten down by women that he is flatter than a worn-out rug. The book will disap-

point nearly everyone who tries to get through it, for whatever reason. In particular, if you skim through to find the "juicy parts" you'll spend a frustrating hour. All you'll learn, assuming you stay awake past the interminable chapters of gossip-column prose, is that a phallus is now featured at the Beaux Arts ball. For those interested, there are whorehouse directories complete with price lists, for Western Germany, France, Holland and Tokyo. Mr. Mortimer seems to believe that he is something of a thinker. Here are some samples of his out-of-this-worldly wisdom: In military and "advanced intellectual" circles normal sex activity is considered decadent, wives in the suburbs are divided into three types:

those who join committees, those who are addicted to alcohol or extramarital sex, and the "sloppy, neurotic stay-at-homes"; the country already has too many scientists and intellectuals, so no grants to education are needed; farmers all evade income taxes, live on government subsidies, and sleep with their own daughters; school teachers make up a super-privileged class; and the nation is plagued by "short-haired women and long-haired men." It is all set forth with little talent, less wit, and ineffable vulgarity.

•

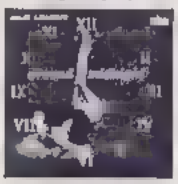
Vance Packard has again donned his helmet, taken up his spear, and charged one of the temples of our society. ***The Waste Makers*** (David McKay, $4.50) is an assault on the idols of Built-In Obsolescence and Outmoded Durability. The main shrine of the Obsolescence cult is, of course, Detroit, where automobiles are carefully engineered to fall apart every two years. But disciples are everywhere. An apparel industry executive declares, "It is our job to make women unhappy with what they have." In the housing industry, one finds a concentrated effort to make the pervasive picture window seem old fashioned. Furniture manufacturers are dedicated to "psychological obsolescence." And so on and on. Packard, as usual, writes without humor or grace of expression. But he has collected a formidable amount of evidence to support his charge that America has become a "force-fed society with a vested interest in prodigality . . ."

•

Saloon Society (Duell, Sloan & Pearce $1.95) by Bill Manville is a bright, salty charmingly designed small book that sparkles with sharp insight, a lively fancy and good writing. Manville, a *Village Voice* columnist, celebrates the joys of drinking, of being young with cash in your pocket, and of living in Greenwich Village. Delivered in short takes, without apparent continuity, this fictional

When I am in a kind of romantic, dreamy mood, anywhere Felix Slatkin goes, I want to be. The exciting sweep of his fantastic strings combined with true island music takes you swiftly and softly to the splendor of far away isles. His unusual treatment of tunes like "Moon Of Manakoora," "Sweet Leilani," and others, makes me shiver with the excitement and romance that is Hawaii. It's almost like being there yourself. Honey, if you're looking for a romantic Christmas gift—this is it. Two more guys all the gals are crazy about (me included) are Bud and Travis. They'll give you a complete evening's entertainment in their newest release, "Bud and Travis in Concert." Captured is all the excitement from their triumphant live concert. Takes two records to hold the entire concert . . . both . . . only $4.98 in monaural, $5.98 in stereo. I know you'll love them as much as I do.

Then there's Dave Barry...he really "tickles" me—amuses me, that is. Dave's new album "Laughs For Losers" has ten of his funniest routines recorded live in Las Vegas. Buy the album for your best guy or gal and listen together as Dave goes through his dissertations on "Oy Vegas," "Dishonesty Is The Best Policy," "One Man's Family For Sale," and many more. You'll love the guy for what he does to you. Now for my special guy—for someone just like you. ...I sing some of my very favorite love songs. Tunes like "The Party's Over," "Misty," and lots more are in my own album "Around Midnight." I hope you'll like it. And incidentally, dear, "Around Midnight" and all the other Liberty albums mentioned are on sale at your favorite record store.



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"diary" chronicles the doings of a group of young people who occupy a world that exists only after the second drink is down, where all that is said is delightfully on the mark, where the girls that go by are slenderer, the men wittier or more wry than any that ever lived, the projects farther out, the music louder and the pranks all carried off with style. The writing has bite to it, and the dialog is ringingly authentic. Occasionally, Manville skirts the edge of the sort of sentimentality that is palatable when taken with a little whiskey, but there is none of the mawkish, neo-Hemingway emotionalizing that passes for prose in beat circles. David Attie's evocative photographs are exactly right for the text, offering half-seen, half remembered glimpses of a hazed-over world where lovely undressed girls may appear betimes, but dimly, beyond the bent elbow of the horn rimmed creep on the next stool.

•

In laboriously surveying Norma Jean Baker's transformation into America's Love Goddess, ***Marilyn Monroe*** (Harcourt, Brace, $5.75) by Maurice Zolotow treads paths already well worn by the national magazines, Sunday supplements and fan books; a shorter tour of less familiar ground would have been more interesting. Zolotow *does* scrutinize all facets of the Monroe image, however — including her ability to antagonize practically every director under whom she's worked; her inability to be on time anywhere; her marriages and her relationship to men generally — including moguls Joseph Schenck, Harry Cohn and Darryl Zanuck; and the massive insecurity that drives her to demand more retakes than anyone else in Hollywood, a land not noted for psychologically stable citizens. Although the reader is left with the impression that Zolotow has had to work around Monroe for most of his material, the book is not without its share of pungent Monroe commentary. On whether Arthur Miller would have an active hand in Marilyn Monroe Productions: "Oh no. My company, that's business. My husband is pleasure." On her first date with Joe Di Maggio: "He struck out." On Hollywood men: "There isn't a decent man in Hollywood. They're all after one thing." Zolotow's explanation of the Monroe mystique is convincing: "Marilyn's great invention," he says, "was the playing of a frankly sexual, frankly voluptuous, frankly interested woman who was not evil, not dangerous, not destructive. . . . Because of the primal innocence inside the Venus body, she was authentic."

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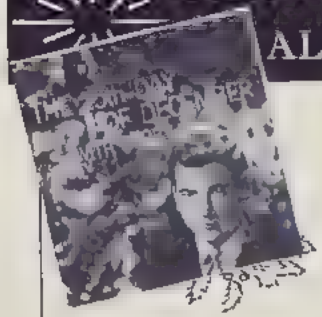

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GIFTING THE GUYS

a guide to guiding the girls toward making you happy come christmas

By ROBERT L. GREEN

THE TRICK AT CHRISTMAS is to receive for gifts the things you would choose for yourself. Somehow, someone ought to set up somewhere some sort of a registry where a man could list his name and his gift preferences so that he doesn't get what he doesn't want, or need, or perhaps even comprehend. There are few more challenging moments in a relationship than when you are forced to unwrap a gift in the presence of the giver, who is smiling in expectation of your rapture, and then, holding it in your hand, you have to all too obviously wonder what the hell it is.

We applaud the urge that sends a girl in search of an unusual gift for her guy. But we deplore the fact that, in the adventure, she may be launching herself into uncharted territory—for her. The results can be pretty depressing, even disastrous, come Christmas, as when a well-intentioned girl presents a guy who digs Swedish modern with an early American cut-glass decanter because she feels his pad lacks "warmth."

However your conscience may feel about it, cold-blooded and calculated hinting isn't going to solve the problem, either. Like so: suppose you've slyly referred to your interest in antique firearms. This hint has registered with friends and family and, as holiday shopping progresses, each of your well-wishers sees a cap-and-ball pistol and reacts accordingly. The net of the situation is that on Christmas day your digs look like a Confederate arsenal.

This example may seem extreme. It is, but the typical case may be even worse; to wit, an overflow of ties and handkerchiefs because they're "safe." And how about the insufferable urge of certain ladies who feel they must brighten your life with a "fun" present? We are too often not amused. This sort of thinking can be expressed in many ways, and one of the most discouraging is the giving of gifts known as "conversation pieces," such as a desk lamp shaped like a four-foot amoeba or a painted wastebasket depicting Vesuvius in the process of erupting. What will be said in the conversations engendered by these gifts will seldom be worth repeating.

Another horrible idea that infests the minds of maids on a Christmas shopping bender is the theory that the only gift worth buying a guy is a gadget. This theory is based on the curious assumption that if a gift is a gadget it has masculine appeal, ipso facto. Nor does the theory begin or end right there. It has some strange, Freudian connotations about virility: the more virile the guy—so the theory goes—the more complex must be the gadget. So, even though you are a man who can't operate a pencil sharpener without getting a trifle confused, you end up with a push-button bottle opener or an electronic hairbrush or a musical chronometer that plays your alma mater song. A golfer we know lives in fear every Christmas of receiving another (he already has six) of those all-in-one golf clubs that can be adjusted to fit any shot in the bag. Actually, like any serious golfer, he uses an elegant set of MacGregor Tourney irons with flame ceramic faces, a set of woods by the same manufacturer, and an Aussie red bag

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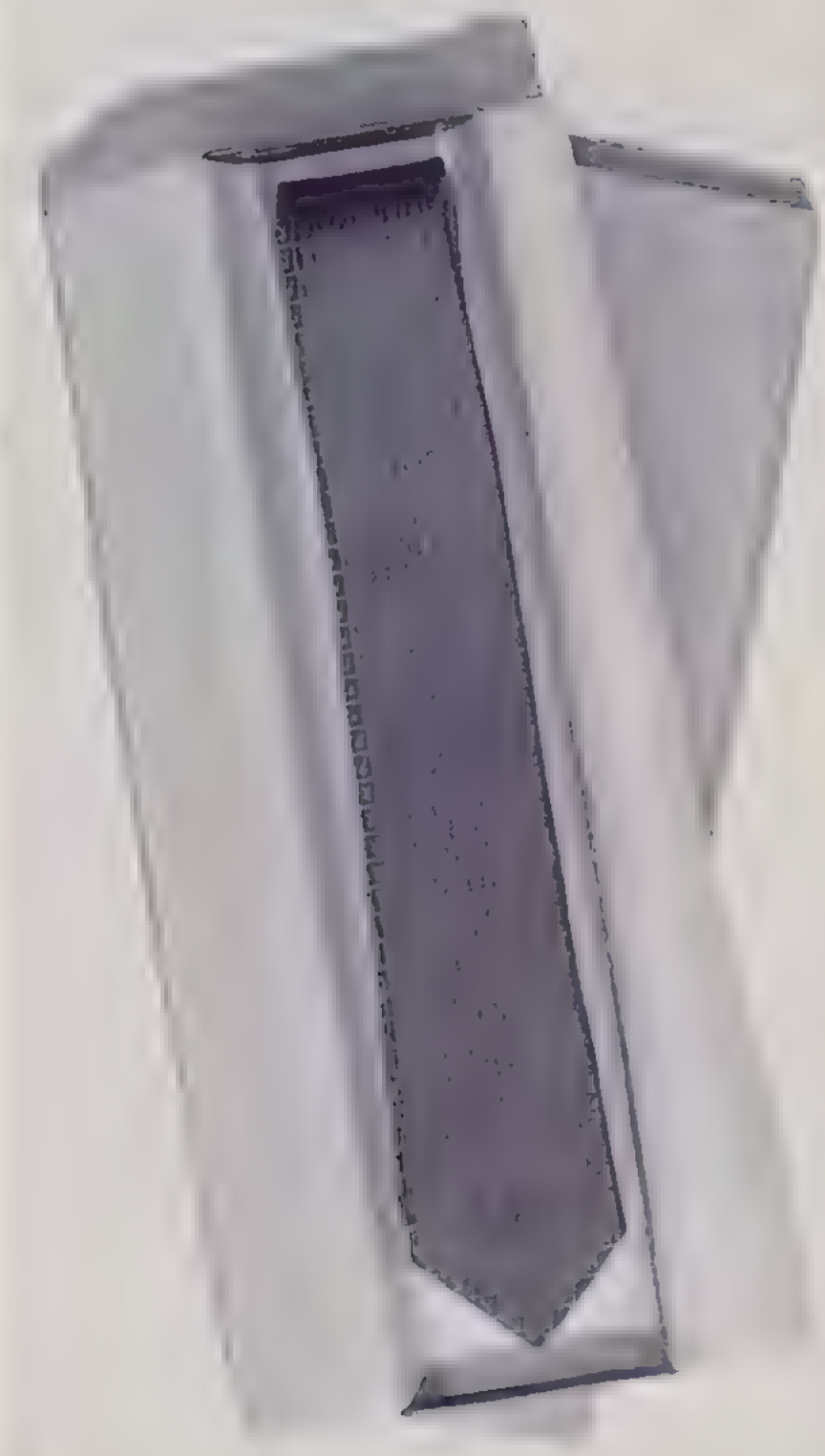

made of kangaroo hide (Woods $100, irons $155, bag $135 from any local golf-club pro shop.) If a gadget must be foisted on you, a golfer, at least let it be something a real golfer can use such as a SwingRite indoor golf trainer ($21.95). This will help you groove your swing while waiting for the snow to clear.

The ultimate disappointment, however, is reserved for the guy clothed in the myth that he is The Man Who Has Everything. Lists of gifts for this fellow appear each year. Unfortunately, the suggestions usually add up to a lot *more* of everything, most of it strictly nothing.

To help people avoid such a pitfall in gift-giving is a gift in itself. One way to do it is to make sure that the eyes of your loved ones fall on the advice contained in these pages, or the gift items pictured elsewhere in this and last month's issues. Be casual about it, but be definite, too. You too should read this article for its fruitful suggestions about what you'd like that might not otherwise occur to you and for its canny directions in assuring that your wishes be fulfilled. And don't concern yourself about feeling calculating. You'll be gifted, anyway, and you'll be gifting in return.

Obviously, the first step in getting what you want for Christmas is to learn what you want yourself. The simplest way to determine what these things are (and it's surprising how few of us really know *what* they are) is by starting with the things you genuinely need. Let's say you start with your wardrobe. Naturally it is unlikely that anybody will give you a new suit or topcoat (though a suitably huge gift certificate might net you one) but the right accessories are vitally important to supporting these basics. And these are the things people are likely to give you. (We'll tell you later how to make sure the accessories they get you *are* right.)

Next, look around your living quarters and think about all those things you have been promising yourself but haven't yet acquired. Do you collect anything? If so, what would be a worthwhile addition to your collection? How many times have you visited friends and admired their taste and the way they have done their apartments, beach houses, or mountain hideaways? Remember the things you liked the most. Look around your own pad, furthermore, and check off the things you would like to replace. By doing all this you'll be amazed at the list of possible gifts you'll amass.

If you own a sports car or a boat that is your pride and joy, then list the gifts that might make you enjoy it all the more. In what sports are you involved? Is your equipment for them still useful but, let's face it, not the very best? By

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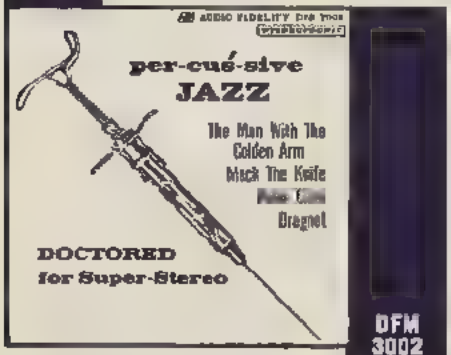

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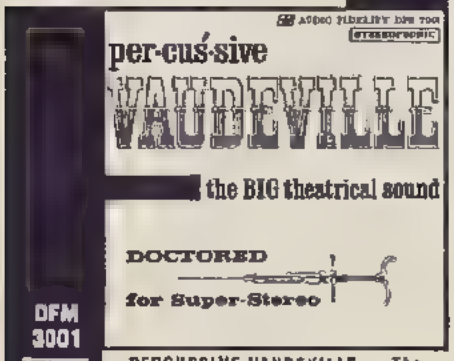

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the same token, what about your hobbies: gourmet cooking, hi-fi, photography? All are promising categories under which to list desirables.

Why not think now about your future vacation plans? Ask yourself if you have all the necessary equipment to take full advantage of the fun and sports facilities offered at a resort.

Before we get into the subject of specific gifts, however, let's take into careful consideration those persons who are likely to be giving you presents. There is, for example, the lovely who looks you smack in the eye and says, "What do you want me to give you for Christmas?" If she is smiling when she asks it, no answer will be necessary, or, if you wish, you might retort, "A portion of thyself." But if she isn't smiling just that way, there is a basic response to this approach. With as much directness and simplicity as you can muster, answer, "A case of twelve-year-old Scotch. I have plenty of soda, thanks"—or something equally endearing and precise.

If that response strikes you as being too abrupt, then pour drinks for the both of you, light the cigarettes, and talk about a number of things that might please you. With this sort of girl it's best to make sure she doesn't go overboard in the gift department, so be sure you don't imply that you'll be satisfied with only the exotic or the bizarre. Liquor in all its possible combinations, from the case of champagne to the single bottle of twenty-year-old brandy, is safe ground for her. Even though your cellar is well stocked and she has to go after the offbeat, you can steer her in the direction of an assortment of liqueurs. Leather goods are a good bet for this girl to choose, if you need, for example, a jewelry box in which to keep your hodgepodge of cuff links, studs, key chains, money clips, tie tacks, collar pins and watches. Let her feel that she is just the one to bring order into your chaotic life with a well-constructed compartmentalized, hand-tooled, plush-lined box. A fitted case that will hold your ties carefully unwrinkled while traveling may also appeal to her womanly sense of neatness. As to leather toilet kits, you might discuss offhandedly the drawbacks of kits that are actually another piece of luggage. Let her know that you have admired her elegant yet practical tastes. (Whether or not it's a valid comment, she'll get the message.) Let her know, for instance, that if she were to be choosing an overnight case for a man it should be of high quality, natural leather, simple in its fittings and of airplane weight and size, for complete comfort while traveling. Give this girl a general category that is clearly defined so that she can't really miss and go cute on you. Avoid being vague at all costs. And, above all—for your sake as well as

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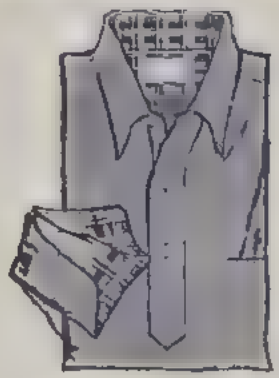

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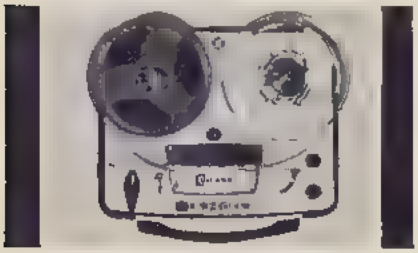

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hers — never say, "Anything you want to give me will be fine."

Some women regard interior decor as their special domain; they are usually the ones who will give you something a bit chi-chi or arty. Cope thus: at the proper moment — and it can be done casually as a conversational interlude between other activities in your flat or by direct appointment — ask her advice as to what might add to the charm of your pad. (Be careful here if you think she is looking for a husband; she may read all kinds of promises into this question.) Some discussion should reveal your wants and guide her in selection. You might start by telling her you're not satisfied with the metal sculpture standing in the corner of your living room. You already know — you make clear — that you would like a pair of carved wooden candelabra, circa Sixteenth Century, or a Steuben crystal bowl, or a classic piece of decorative silver by Paul Revere. The room could also benefit — you add, taking a long drag on your cigarette — from a mahogany, antique English clock with a dial and carrying handle of dulled brass. Or for your cocktail table, a cigarette lighter made of porcelain and leather. Or, to go with it, a leather cigarette box or something in sterling with Spanish-cedar lining to hold both king- and standard-sized smokes. You can't find anything on your desk any more, it's gotten so loused up with papers, so you have been thinking you might invest in a paperweight; say, an antique lock in brass and iron from Portugal, or a solid hunk of crystal from France, or a small piece of Egyptian stone sculpture. To complement the paperweight, you thought you might add a liqueur chest from Hong Kong that has chiseled brass fittings and drawers lined with Chinese silk brocade, a thermometer encased in a weighted glass sphere, or an early American harness ring made of iron that is coated in brass.

Speaking of how disorderly your desk is getting — you point out — look at how uneven that pile of books has become over there. Thus you have automatically brought up the subject of book ends. The only thing you have to mention now is how difficult it is to find really heavy ones that aren't bronzes of Lincoln or Rodin's *The Thinker*. Why don't they, you ask rhetorically, make book ends out of crystal blocks that weigh at least nine pounds for the pair? And as long as you are asking why they don't, you might ask why they don't invent an ice bucket made, logically enough, completely of cork so that it can be set afloat in a swimming pool? Or coasters fluted in such a way that the coaster doesn't go with your glass when you pick it up?

Now, she knows as well as you that they *do* make all these things, but if you handle the situation discreetly enough,

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says ED ROTOR, helicopter chauffeur

MISTLETOE, VA., Dec. 5—When department store Santas arrive by copter, Ed Rotor works day and night for a full week. That leaves Ed a fairly long "off-season," so with a movie projector in the nose of his rig, Ed throws aerial murals on the white walls of downtown buildings. For comfort in his windy chopper, Ed wears warm, good-looking Towne and King's half-cardigan stitch bulky with trimmed collar and border. 100% virgin wool... comes in 6 California colors... $16.95

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she will simply make a mental file of all the hints. It's almost a sure thing that one of them will materialize on Christmas day.

Because the technique is subtle, it can be used more than once. You can be reasonably sure of not getting the same gift twice if you play it right with each of the young ladies with whom you're involved. "Baby," you say as forlornly as possible, "I'll bet you could find the perfect letter opener for my mail, like in silver." That takes care of Baby. Honey is something else. "Honey," you say, using the same expression, "if you see a coffee maker in white china around that turns itself off automatically and still keeps the coffee warm when you and I throw a party here, will you let me know?" She'll let you know, all right—on Christmas day.

It may be that your identification with a hobby is so automatic in everyone's mind that inevitably their gift choices for you will fall in that field. How to help the inexperienced avoid the errors of giving the wrong version of the right thing, or repeats of what you already have or have gone beyond, is another problem. You're an amateur photographer, for instance, and high on all photo gear. Your best bet is to make a list of precisely what you want – and here you must be very specific with names, model numbers, etc. Go over the list with your contact at the photo supply store you use. Then suggest to your friends that you know the perfect salesman, in case they are planning to buy any gifts to fit in with your hobby. Build him up as a genuine source of accurate information, adding that it would be unwise to take the suggestions of anyone other than an expert. Cite an example of how dependent even you are on him. It was he, for instance, who touted you on the new Kenyon Stabilizer ($400), a compact gyroscopic instrument that does away with fuzzy pix by eliminating the vibration and wiggle in hand-held photo (and optical) equipment.

It will be wise to put all this information into the hands of your best friend and your secretary; if anyone is going to be asked, these two will be asked in strictest confidence for help in what to give you. Furthermore, the technique will work in a higher percentage of cases than you might imagine, and it applies, of course, to any sort of hobby from stereo to stamp collecting. In many cases, it is a well-nigh indispensable gambit. If hunting is your hobby, for example, who would ever guess that even though you may never get to go after elephant or rhino, what you want most for your gun rack (and to help you daydream) is a Winchester Model 70 African Rifle ($305)? Or, if you're a tinkerer by avocation, that the totable little tool kit you truly have your heart

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set on is a chrome-plated set of handy man tools in a fitted leather case, at $18.50, from Dunhill?

Or let's presume your hobby is yachting. This, as we all know, can be an expensive one so you have to make sure that the right suggestion goes to the right person. If the girl you have in mind is a working girl, she might be able to swing something along the lines of a 6-volt, sealed-beam portable searchlight by Carpenter at $28, or a self correcting ship's bell striking clock, in chrome, from M. Low, Inc., at $48.50. If she is loaded, on the other hand, she might go along with a $395 Sonar model 65 Marine radio telephone with 65 watts of power and a frequency range of 2-4.5 megacycles. If she is *really* in the chips, however, make your bid—and this will be the acid test of this technique—for the new "Lion," a 35-foot cruising sloop made in Hong Kong entirely of teak. The price is $15,000, but would probably be three times this figure if the boat were made in the United States.

Another way of making sure that the right gift is placed next to the right name on the right list is to window shop with a friend who has some influence among your other friends. This is a particularly effective gambit in the area of gourmet cooking. If the lightness of your soufflé or the bouquet of your Boeuf Bourguignon is of real meaning to you, there is an almost endless display of fascinating utensils, gadgets, cooking aids and cook books that will help you make the job more professional. Good items within a range to fit any girl's purse are omelet pans, electric blenders and mixers, broilers, tureens, electric can openers, copper molds, a duck press, chafing dishes, asparagus steamers, bouillabaisse caldrons, pastry tubes, egg poachers, whisks and cheese cutters. Everybody is a coffee connoisseur, so take a look at the wide range of espresso makers. Usually imported from Italy, they come with matching sugar bowls, coffee pitchers, after-dinner cups, trays and other accessories. One especially masculine item for the gourmet is a stainless steel chafing dish, with a teak handle, from Maison Gourmet, Ltd., at $40. Or try for a set of prosciutto ham holders made of stainless steel. These are attached to a marble base and have an ivory handled slicing knife, extra long. Another handsome suggestion is a roast beef cart complete with a serving rack and enough extra space to handle all the hot foods that go with such a meal.

In addition to the utensils, there is the food itself. Herbs, spices and oils now come in attractive Christmas packages, and so do delicacies imported from all over the world. These include everything from instant zabaglione to choc

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21

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GRODINS OF CALIFORNIA

olate-covered ants, if you can tolerate that thought.

Shopping tours of this kind shouldn't be restricted to main-drag emporia. Antique shops, art galleries, jewelry shops, side-street haberdasheries, ship's chandlers, smoke shops, importers, etc., are all worth a visit. It's up to you to take the initiative: you do the leading, but use discretion. Do not, however, be wary of men's furnishing stores simply because your window-shopping companion happens to be female. Women today buy a good eighty percent of the accessories for men—smoking jackets, robes, sweaters, mufflers, shirts, ties, etc. Most of them are strongly influenced by famous labels and handsome packaging, but they nevertheless have an undeniable eye for quality.

If you sense that your lady is a clothing shopper, take her into your confidence. At an intimate moment confess that you are ready to give up gray, brown, or black as the only answer to your choice of colors and are thinking of branching out. "What do you think I could wear that might be a bit different? I kind of go for yellow or olive – like, in a robe – but I just don't know."

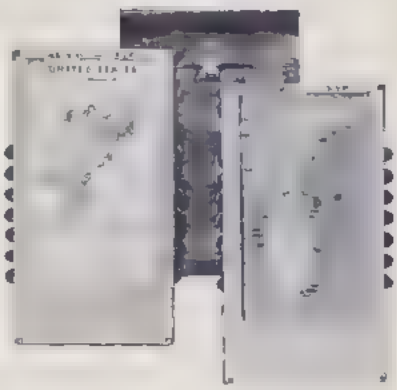
Regardless of what we all may want for Christmas, there are some things we very definitely don't want. These can be avoided by discoursing on just how horrendous the wrong gift might be. If you live in smallish digs, for instance, explain that it wouldn't be much fun to find yourself with an iron-bound sea chest from Malaya, large enough to dominate your living room.

Even if you are the man who has everything for himself, his pad, his hobbies, chances are you can find something you need at the office or studio or wherever it is you work. If it is something unusual, you can easily bring it up simply by asking someone if she has heard about it. Ask her, for example, if she has heard about the "voice caster." This ingenious device allows you to place the receiver of your phone in a cradle, dial your number, and then talk or listen with your hands free. Explain how useful it is when two or more persons want to make a conference call.

Some gifts are so different and yet so functional that it is no effort whatsoever to bring them into a conversation. Let's say that you wear sunglasses. Have you ever tried to peer through binoculars while wearing them—or had to squint after taking them off? Zeiss recently came out with a set of binoculars that, by making allowance for the bulkiness of glasses, now provides the glasses wearer with complete comfort while he's using them.

Replacing items that you need is a cinch to bring up in conversation. You simply announce in quiet exasperation that your pipe stand is falling apart,

THE PERFECT MAP for the sports car



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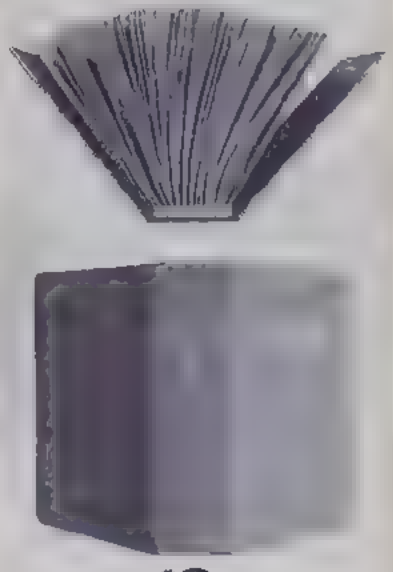

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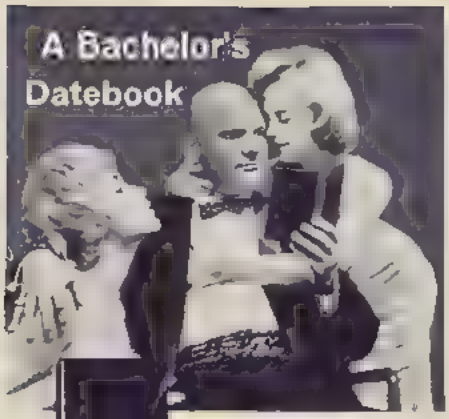

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your tobacco caddy is a victim of damp rot, your martini pitcher was broken to bits at your last party, and your house man smashes more glasses than he washes.

Take her for a spin in your sports car. Perhaps she doesn't know how busy you are and that there is now a tape recorder for dictation with a converter that can be plugged into the cigarette lighter receptacle. If you go on rallies, fill her in on the new short-wave converter that permits you to receive time signals on your car radio or the Swedish speed computer with the mechanical brain (it registers time, distance, speed and then automatically converts them into navigational information that can be read at a glance), or the set of racing goggles that has shatterproof lenses for undisturbed wide angle vision. It won't take much imagination to figure out a way to tell her about the new car gadget that has utensils for liquor and other liquids, including a percolator that plugs into your dashboard.

We've already mentioned travel and the needed accoutrements for its enjoyment. Consider, however, the possibility of hinting to a very special lass in your life of a holiday trip to the tropics—via a packaged tour, or round trip tix with stop-over privileges. Handle it right and you might just happen to find the tickets, for two, in your Christmas sock.

Sure, it's better to give than to receive. What you have to do is help her so she'll know how to do it.

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912 as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, July 2, 1946 and June 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) showing the ownership, management and circulation of PLAYBOY published monthly at Chicago, Ill. for Oct. 1, 1960. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher and Editor, Hugh M. Hefner, 1340 N. State Pkwy., Chi., Ill.; Managing Editor, Jack J. Kessie, 164 W. Burton Pl., Chi., Ill.; Business Manager, Robert S. Preuss, 607 S. 6th Ave., Maywood, Ill. 2. The owner is: HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., 232 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of the total amount of stock are: Glenn L. Hefner, 1922 N. New England, Chi., Ill.; Hugh M. Hefner, 1340 N. State Pkwy., Chi., Ill.; Keith Hefner, 177 Waverly Pl., N. Y., N. Y.; Victor A. Lownes, III, 221 E. Walton, Chi., Ill.; Arthur Paul, 168 E. Pearson, Chi., Ill.; Eldon Sellers, 2115 Greenleaf, Wilmette, Ill.; Burt Zollo, 542 Aldine, Chi., Ill. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. 5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 1,079,356. Robert S. Preuss, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1960. (SEAL) Marjorie Pitner. (My commission expires April 20, 1963.)

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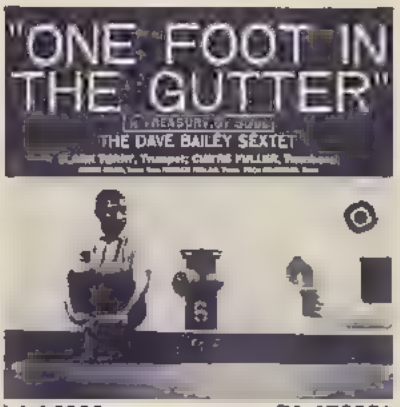

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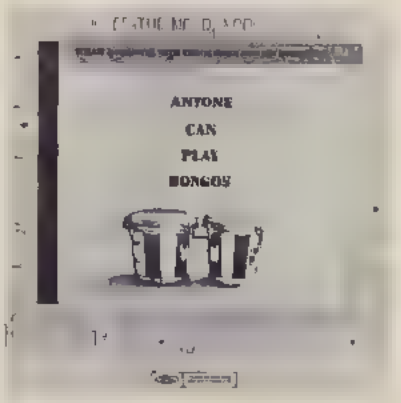

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Just a few of the stars who will entertain you this season in *Playboy's Penthouse*: Count Basie, Tony Bennett, Dave Brubeck Quartet, Lenny Bruce, Ray Charles, June Christy, Professor Irwin Corey, Sammy Davis, Jr., Phyllis Diller, Frank D'Rone, Four Freshmen, Dizzy Gillespie, Buddy Greco, Dick Haymes, Woody Herman, Ahmad Jamal Trio, Fran Jeffries, Jonah Jones Quartet, Milt Kamin, Stan Kenton, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, Jack E. Leonard, Carmen McRae, Mabel Mercer, Gary Morton, Anita O'Day, Ruth Olay, Della Reese, Carl Sandburg, Second City Revue, Bobby Short, Signatures, Nina Simone, Jeri Southern, Dakota Staton, Kirby Stone Four, Sarah Vaughan, Monique Van Vooren, Josh White, Joe Williams, Julie Wilson, Kai Winding Septet. *Playboy's Penthouse* is distributed nationally by Official Films, Inc.

PLAYBOY ON TELEVISION

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been seeing a girl fairly regularly who has all kinds of money. She's always giving me expensive gifts — gold cuff links, diamond studs, etc. The clincher was when she turned her Austin-Healey over to me. I've told her that her actions embarrass me and make me feel like a kept man. I've got a good job with an ad agency but it's still at the junior executive level and I can't reciprocate in kind just yet. She says doing these things makes her happy. I want to keep her happy but I don't know how long I can stay on the receiving end and still maintain my self respect. What do you suggest? — N. K., Miami Beach, Florida.

Since you must think a lot of this girl, and, as she says, it does make her happy to do things for you, why not make the best of it and do all you can to return her material displays of affection with the kind of kindness and thoughtfulness that money can't buy? Besides, you can always think of her generosity as a contribution toward building the American economy and a sounder distribution of wealth. It's just this sort of conspicuous consumption that our leaders in Washington are plumping for. Do your share!

I dig the latest Continental attire, but a friend tells me that Windsor knots aren't acceptable with the new suits. Is he correct? P. G., Boston, Massachusetts

Your friend is correct. Windsor knots are too wide for the slim Continental suits and smaller collar styles. Stick to a narrow tie with a regular four in-hand knot for your Continental wardrobe.

How about a statement-to-end-all statements on the correct mixing of a martini? Once and for all, what does PLAYBOY suggest as *the* proportion of gin to vermouth? — C. P., Providence, Rhode Island.

Purists will say three parts gin to one part dry vermouth — and insist that any other potation made of these ingredients is not a martini unless the proportion is preserved. By us, this is like affecting a quill pen for office use. Today's tastes (with which we go along) call for the six-to-one or eight-to-one "martini" (which we'll put in quotes this once, as a tribute to our elders). It's not enough to merely dump the ingredients into a mixing glass and stir with ice. For a wizard potation, use only a top-grade London distilled dry gin plus bone-dry French vermouth, stir for at least one minute. Use only new cubes, hard and fresh, not wet and weepy, or you'll get dilution. And the more ice you use when you stir, the less dilution you'll have, since the mixture will get almost as cold as the ice that much faster. Make sure your glasses have been pre-chilled before you pour; despite the growing popularity of that barbarism — the stuffed olive in a martini — we say give the whole olive notion the go-by; garnish with naught save a thin twist of lemon peel or a dash of orange bitters. Serve cold as the winds of Alaska.

Not long ago I met an attractive, intelligent girl at a party given by one of the country clubs nearby. I liked her and decided to see her again. When I picked her up at her apartment on our first date, I had the pleasure of meeting her roommate, who really overwhelmed me, and now I feel I prefer the roommate. Is there a tactful, diplomatic way of switching, or am I doomed to disappointment? — E. G., Boston, Massachusetts

Doomed you are not. There are several methods of extrication. The first possibility is to get a couple of your friends to ask Girl Number One out. Once she's accepted you can then feel free to date Girl Number Two. This is obviously a relationship which has not had time to coagulate, so there should be no pangs of conscience on either side. A somewhat lengthier approach but one which might produce interesting results would be to persuade Girl Number One to take an apartment by herself. This will also leave Girl Number Two all by her lonesome. At which time you can date One, Two, or both. Divide and conquer, we say.

What is the most expensive automobile ever built? — J. R., Seattle, Washington.

Probably a Rolls-Royce custom built for an Indian maharajah, but Rolls won't tell. Reportedly, the Duke of Windsor had a Rolls built for him in 1934 that cost in the neighborhood of $100,000. For the public record, the most costly auto ever assembled is a Type 41 Bugatti, built in the late Twenties for $43,000 (it's now in the Ford Museum in Detroit).

Why is it that FM is far better than AM broadcasting in terms of high fidelity? — R. B., Cicero, Illinois.

Two reasons. First, AM frequency response is restricted by the Federal Communications Commission to a 30-7500 cps range (when the range exceeds that, the station spreads out on the broadcast band, causing interference with adjacent stations); the FCC level for FM frequency response is 50-15,000 cps, a minimum quality standard (often exceeded by FM stations having first-rate sound equipment) easily maintained because of the FCC's policy of locating FM frequencies sufficiently apart on the dial to prevent interference. Second, AM is susceptible to atmospheric noises, while FM is practically insensitive to such disturbances.

Do a few favorite antique items have an appropriate place in an apartment that's furnished in a basically contemporary manner? — N. S., Salt Lake City, Utah

Of course. The clean, functional lines of your modern furniture will be neatly accented by the presence of more rounded and ornamented pieces from earlier periods.

I consider my code of moral conduct about par, and am generally in possession of a clear conscience, but I need an objective suggestion for a course of action on the following: My best friend recently broke the news to me that he'd met the "girl of his dreams" — a beautiful, sweet kid, a wonderful conversationalist, etc. — and that they were making big plans for the future. We all got together for dinner one night and it seemed to me that his chick was sending off a warm glow in my direction. I put it down to the soft music and hard liquor. Several evenings later, I encountered same female, sans friend, decorating one of the swingingest bars in town. After a few drinks, she told me what dark, smoldering eyes I had and made me one of the frankest propositions I've ever received from an amateur. I declined politely at the time, but am now going through some soul-searching second thoughts on the subject. Should I have taken her up on it or told her to get lost? Should I wise up my friend or should I just keep quiet? — J. B., Chicago, Illinois.

Take her up on it, tell your friend, and let the chippies fall where they may.

What's the difference between a motet and a madrigal? — J. S., Norfolk, Virginia.

Both are polyphonic compositions for voices and, apart from subtle variations, there's just one basic difference: the motet is always set to a religious text; the madrigal to a secular one.

All reasonable questions — from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette — will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on this page each month.

fiction By GERALD KERSH

OALÁMAOÁ

IN ANY CIRCUMSTANCES my friend Karmesin is rather better than life-size, but when the weather turns chilly and he puts on his winter overcoat, passers-by sometimes run around the block simply for the wonder of seeing him a second time, advancing in all his outrageous majesty. For in this coat, which is of some moth-eaten blackish-gray fur, with his great red face and his mustache which, like the philosopher Nietzsche's, hangs down in corkscrew curls, he has something of the air of a hard-up Jove wrapped in his last leaky thundercloud.

"Oh, let people look," he said to me, "they will never see a coat like this again. It is the last."

"Too bad," I said.

"Yes. It is made of the fur of the Mongolian Syrax. This pelt was taken off an extinct beast found frozen along with the mammoths in the Siberian snows." He shot his cuffs. "You know, consider-

even genius can have a rotten spot: the trick

is in finding it

ing it is forty-seven-thousand years old, it is not very much the worse for wear."

Now Karmesin has been described as either the greatest crook or the greatest liar the world has ever known. But how is it possible to reconcile the evident penniless ness of this remarkable man with his accounts of his unfailing success as a master thief? And, if you know Karmesin, you ask yourself, "How is it possible that such a man could condescend to lie?" *Mongolian Syrax*, for example! There was no mention of any such beast, extinct or otherwise, in any available reference-work. No furrier had ever heard of such a creature. Yet I still feel in my heart that somehow or other the authorities must be wrong. "Look at the Piltdown Skull," I say to myself "Oh, surely, there must have been one — just *one* — Mongolian Syrax!"

Such is the power of the man.

He rolled himself a cigarette fat as a cheroot, and put it between his lips. Under that portentous mustache it looked no bigger than a thermometer.

He said, "I once made a little money out of a kind of overcoats. I cannot bother to recall the exact amount. Tens of thousands — there are people nowadays to whom it would be a small fortune, I hear. Offer me a cup of coffee and I will tell you about it."

In the café Karmesin settled himself comfortably, pocketed four lumps of sugar and some toothpicks, and went on:

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The overcoats to which I refer (said Karmesin) were, in fact, coats of paint, and the cloth was second hand canvas. Yes, they were pictures, supposed to be the work of the French artist Paul Gaugum. Even the likes of you, my friend, will have heard of Gauguin, since I am told that both Mr. George Sanders and Sir Laurence Olivier have portrayed him in *The Moon and Sixpence*. As a character, Gauguin cannot miss with the general public: he deserted his family, swindled his friends, thrashed his mistresses, and (to paraphrase Mr. Longfellow) departing left behind him toothmarks in the hands that fed him.

But he painted some quite decorative pictures in the South Seas. They make suburban homes look artistic, especially in light oak frames. And although he was poor in his unsavory lifetime, some time after his death his pictures became immensely valuable. So, since his brushwork is not too difficult to imitate, the faking of Gauguins was, until recently, something like a little industry in itself. For example, I knew an innkeeper near Arles who made twenty million francs by selling a Gauguin portrait of his grandfather, purported to have been left by the painter in lieu of cash for an unsettled bill. The innkeeper sold two hundred and eighty of these "originals" before he retired — used to buy them by the dozen from a dealer in Marseilles; nail one over a hole in the chicken coop, and wait for a tourist to "discover" it.

You see, even if your sucker can be persuaded that he has been caught, he can generally be relied on to keep his mouth shut. He loathes being revealed as a fool. That is why so few clever fakers of works of art are exposed in their lifetimes.

But by about 1945 mere copies of famous paintings by Paul Gauguin became a drug on the market. By that date, it has been calculated, more than five million dollars had been spent on spurious originals of one canvas alone, the one named *Te Po*. It was necessary to discover a hitherto unheard-of Gauguin picture. I gave only a passing thought to the matter, being occupied with more lucrative affairs just then. But as luck would have it, I ran into an impecunious painter named Molosso — and here, if you like, was an extraordinary type! He was, in a way, a little like the Dutch hero, Van Meegeren, who painted pictures alleged to be by old Dutch masters with such consummate skill, and such scientific meticulousness, that he fooled all the German experts, and got undisclosed millions out of such collectors as the Reichsmarshal Goering. Van Meegeren reproduced the same pigments that the old masters had used, ground out of identical earths and jewels in the same kind of mortars with exactly similar pestles; and he applied his paint with hair-for-hair reconstructions of the old brushes, upon genuine but worthless contemporary canvases, copying the strokes of the great artists to the tiniest capillary, with an exquisite perfection of microscopic skill that has never been equaled.

Or perhaps it has? What Van Meegeren did, might not someone else have done? Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, in the Louvre, is alleged by some experts to be a fake. Believe me, my young friend, some strange stories might come out if some of our famous art galleries were carefully examined today!

Well, my little Molosso was a lesser Van Meegeren. I really marvel at this kind of man — I am lost in wonder, that one who can paint a new picture as superbly as, say, Vermeer would have painted it if he had chosen the subject, should not elect to be a great genius in his own right. Why didn't this titanic faker Van Meegeren cry, "But *I* am the master!" I can only assume that his genius was not strong enough; it had its rotten spot, and poverty found it, so that he argued, "Why should I go hungry as Van Meegeren, when I can drink champagne by pretending to be Vermeer?" So he faked, and Goering was fooled, and it was a great joke. But it was also a pitiful tragedy, an Allegory of Genius Strangled by Greed. The great soul takes the rough road.

Little Molosso started to paint with a high spirit and a light heart. But your true artist must be made of tough stuff, and Molosso wanted heart. A great man can whitewash a barn for a bit of bread without losing the glory and the dream; but when Molosso learned that the world preferred to spend its money on greeting cards rather than canvases, he drifted into the position of a disgruntled mediocrity who enjoyed being what they call "misunderstood." He would have gone to the dogs completely but for his wife, a cheerful little woman, who adored him and took his ill-treatment of her as a matter of course. And in abusing her Molosso could feel as a hungry genius is romantically supposed to feel — that if he had been a man like Gauguin, with spirit enough to leave her abruptly with a parting punch in the jaw, he might have been recognized as great. As it was, he was kind enough to stay married to her and let her work for him.

For her sake I decided to make Molosso rich.

The idea came to me suddenly one evening after I had walked home with him from the printer's office at which, I being there on business, he had scraped an acquaintance with me. I was amused by his preposterous virulence — it broke out when we were passing a print-seller's shop. Rembrandt painted with mud, he shouted, Da Vinci was a plumber, Van Gogh painted in Braille for the blind, and as for Gauguin — *bah!* — he, Molosso, had painted better when he was eighteen!

"And if you don't believe me, come upstairs and I'll prove it," he said.

Having time to kill, I went to see what he had to show. And indeed, Molosso really did have a most peculiar talent. Alas, it was a talent without soul! He was so empty of original spirit that he almost frightened me. How shall I put it? If you asked him to depict, for instance, a landscape he had seen, he would stand helpless, paralyzed, while the paint dried on his palette. But if you said, "Molosso, paint me a landscape as Salvator Rosa, or Turner, or Van Gogh *might* have painted it," why, then he would go to work at once, with tremendous energy, and the results would have been astonishing — if he had not tired of the game in the middle.

Since we had been talking of Gauguin, he pulled out a half-finished canvas, saying, "There. Painted when I was eighteen. I'd thought of passing it off as genuine to some fat pig of a collector, just to show my disdain for collectors in general, and that leprous charlatan of a Gauguin in particular. But I thought, oh what the devil, they are beneath my

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"And to think, Santa, that I didn't believe in you!"

Spécialités

food **BY THOMAS MARIO**

FACING THE FACT that the superiority of Parisian restaurants and their various specialties has become, to a degree, a gastronomic cliché, we're just back from having spent a few happy weeks touring less-well known but equally laudable edifices of gourmandise in other parts of the Continent — with the thought that certain of their *pieces de résistance* might make welcome and unique additions to your

cullings from a cook's tour of estimable european cuisines

culinary repertory, as well as proving a welcome change from the mystique of French *haute cuisine.*

Our journey may seem like a very easy and attractive way to disguise pleasure as work—and pleasure it was. But just as surely, it was not a simple matter of taking notes to garner the recipes which ensue. Consider: any epicure worth his truffles has undoubtedly faced

the following frustrating experience. Having just finished a magnificent spread in one of the great restaurants of Europe, he is particularly impressed by, say, a superb pâté of duckling. After paying sincerest compliments to the chef (and the check to the management), he then asks the chef if he may have the recipe for the pâté "Ah, my dear sir," says the chef, "you must simply remember two things. First, make sure that your *mirepoix* is thoroughly browned, and then do not use your game essence until it's been despumated for at least three hours." After dropping this gem of culinary enlightenment, he expresses his thanks and turns to the comforting surroundings of his salamanders and casseroles. No surprise, when you stop to consider that the ingredients of a special recipe constitute the backbone of a great chef's livelihood, and he is understandably hesitant about parting with all the details.

That polite brush-off is S.O.P., but — by various forms of cajolery which cannot be divulged herein — we persuaded a number of gifted chefs to part with their prize recipes. These were not only the cream of their cuisine, but were also deemed (by the chefs and by us) first rate for American bachelors to whip up in their own digs stateside. Furthermore, each dish has been adapted for foodstuffs easily available in your corner supermart. Finally, we not only eschewed the tourist-infested Parisian eateries on our tour of exploration, but also quite a few others whose reputations (and whose menus) have become standard table talk in America, preferring to ferret out more esoteric spots for you to name-drop as you serve forth their finest feasts prepared by you, the knowledgeable host.

Our first stop, the Aviz Hotel restaurant in Lisbon, proves that Portugal offers the gourmet a great deal more than port wine. The Aviz bakes a magnificent casserole of duck and rice, another of fried pork and clams, and best of all — the *Langosta Suada a Moda de Peniche*, lobster "sweated" (*suada*) as they do it in Peniche, a small, busy fishing port famed for its crustaceans. *Suada* refers to the slow steaming that takes place while the lobster simmers with a rich tomato sauce in a covered pot.

STEAMED LOBSTER PENICHE
(Serves two)

2 1¾- to 2-lb. live lobsters
2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup olive oil
⅛ cup dry white wine
¼ cup port wine
½ cup tomato paste
2 medium-size onions, finely chopped
2 teaspoons paprika
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon salt
Dash cayenne pepper
2 tablespoons minced parsley

Each lobster is cut into pieces before cooking. If a fish dealer does this, cook as soon as possible after cutting. To perform the operation yourself, use a heavy French knife. Cut each lobster into four or five pieces, splitting the underbelly for easy eating. Cut the head in two lengthwise and remove the sac in back of the head. Crack the claws. Save all the liquid that runs out of the lobster during the cutting. Heat the butter and olive oil in a deep heavy pan or Dutch oven. When the pan is hot, add the lobster. Add all other ingredients including the liquid from the lobster. Cover tightly, and cook at high heat until the mixture boils vigorously. Lower heat and continue to cook at a steady simmer, 25 to 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. To serve, place the lobster pieces on a warm platter and pour the pan juices over them. In Portugal the lobster is garnished with triangles of thickly sliced bread fried until brown in peanut oil. These croutons are often given a light rub with garlic. Fluffy white rice is usually served as an accompaniment.

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Consommé Farley is a French soup named after an Irishman prepared by a German living in Madrid. If this emphasizes the international character of most fine Continental cuisine, it doesn't detract from the fact that consommé Farley is a wonderfully bracing broth little known yet worthy of fame. The food impresario who presents this dish is Otto Horcher, whose famed restaurant was founded in Berlin in 1904 and transplanted to Madrid before World War II. Here you will also find the national soup of Spain, Gazpacho, reciped in PLAYBOY (*All Shook Up*, June 1958), and a delicate veal scaloppine with fried bananas and Spanish rice flavored with saffron. At Horcher's a beef press is used to extract the meat juice for the consommé. The electric blender does an equally good job.

CONSOMMÉ FARLEY
(Serves two)

6 ozs. round steak
10½-oz. can undiluted consommé
2 egg yolks
⅓ cup heavy sweet cream
⅓ cup very dry sherry
Salt, white pepper, cayenne pepper

Cut the steak into ½-in. cubes. Heat a heavy cast-iron pan or electric skillet set at 400°. Pan broil the meat, with no added fat, until browned but still pink inside. Place the meat in an electric blender, add 1 cup cold water, and blend at high speed for 2 minutes. Pour the resultant fluid through a large wire strainer into the top half of a double boiler. Add the consommé. In a mixing bowl beat the egg yolks, heavy cream and sherry. Add this mixture to the consommé and place over boiling water, stirring frequently, until soup is hot. Add salt and white pepper to taste, plus a dash of cayenne pepper. Serve with toasted French bread.

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If you're ever in doubt about the excellence of a foreign restaurant, there's one salient test question which will yield a verdict. Do the native gourmets eat there? The illustrious restaurant of Vincent Sabatini in Florence, Italy, is noted for the fact that it not only draws its clientele from the most demanding visitors from all over the world but also the most fastidious and informed of native epicures. Here President Gronchi comes to eat the dried codfish à la Florentine, the tripe and the Tuscany beans. Here Orson Welles once ordered a mountain of green lasagna for a party of friends. When his guests failed to show up, he slowly and methodically, all by himself, packed away every last piece of pasta — or so the legend has it.

The veal dish that follows should be served steaming hot in a shallow casserole. At Sabatini's the veal is wrapped in heavy brown paper, sealed with egg white. On this side of the pond aluminum foil is more practical. The foil should not be opened until the veal reaches the dining table.

LOMBATINA AL CARTOCCIO (VEAL IN A PAPER CASE)
(Serves four)

1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons minced onion
¼ lb. sliced fresh mushrooms
⅛ teaspoon oregano
8-oz. can Italian-style plum tomatoes
Salt, pepper
1 lb. Italian-style veal cutlets, divided into 4 portions
¼ lb. chicken livers
Flour
1 egg, beaten
¼ cup salad oil
½ cup dry marsala wine or dry sherry
4 large slices prosciutto ham
¼ lb. sliced Swiss cheese

Melt the butter in a small saucepan. Add the onions, mushrooms and oregano, and sauté until onions are yellow. Add tomatoes, and simmer slowly, stirring frequently, until tomatoes are reduced to a thick paste. Salt and pepper. Set aside. Season cutlets and chicken livers with salt and pepper, then dip them in flour. Add 2 tablespoons water to the beaten egg. Dip cutlets and chicken livers in egg. Preheat an electric skillet to 350°. Add oil to skillet, and sauté cutlets and chicken livers until light brown. Remove them from the pan, and throw off the fat. Return cut-

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VERY LATE IN THE EVENING

YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT when I tell you I waited more than sixty years for a murder, hoped as only a woman can hope that it might happen, and didn't move a finger to stop it when it finally drew near. Anna Marie, I thought, you can't stand guard forever. Murder, when ten thousand days have passed, is more than a surprise, it is a miracle.

"Hold on! Don't let me fall!"

Mrs. Harrison's voice.

Did I ever, in half a century, hear it whisper? Was it always screaming, shrieking, demanding, threatening?

Yes, always.

"Come along, Mother. There you are, Mother."

Her son Roger's voice.

Did I ever in all the years hear it rise above a murmur, protest, or even faintly birdlike, argue?

No. Always the loving monotone.

This morning, no different than any other of their first mornings, they arrived in their great black hearse for their annual Green Bay summer. There he was, thrusting his hand in to hoist the window dummy after him, an ancient sachet of bones and talcum dust that was named, surely for some terrible practical joke, Mother.

"Easy does it, Mother."

"You're bruising my arm!"

"Sorry, Mother."

I watched from a window of the lake pavilion as he trundled her off down the path in her wheelchair, her thrusting her cane like a musket ahead to blast any fates or furies they might meet out of the way.

"Careful, don't run me in the flowers, thank God we'd sense not to go to Paris after all. You'd've had me in that nasty traffic. You're not disappointed?"

"No, Mother."

"We'll see Paris next year . . ."

Next year . . . next year . . . no year at all, I heard someone murmur. Myself, gripping the window sill. For almost seventy years I had heard her promise that to the boy, boy-man, man, man-grasshopper, and the now livid male praying mantis that he was, pushing his eternally cold and fur-wrapped woman past the hotel verandas where, in another age, paper fans had fluttered like oriental butterflies in the hands of

basking ladies.

"There, Mother, inside the cottage," his faint voice fading still more, forever young when he was old, forever old when he was very young.

How old is she now? I wondered. Ninety-eight, yes, ninety-nine wicked years old. She seemed like a horror film repeated each year because the hotel entertainment fund could not afford to buy a new one to run in the moth flaked evenings.

So, through all the repetitions of arrivals and departures, my mind ran back to when the foundations of the Green Bay Hotel were freshly poured and the parasols were new leaf green and lemon gold that summer of 1890 when I first saw Roger who was five, but whose eyes already were old and wise and tired.

He stood on the pavilion grass looking at the sun and the bright pennants as I came up to him.

"Hello," I said.

He simply looked at me.

I hesitated, tagged him, and ran.

He did not move.

I came back and tagged him again.

He looked at the place where I had touched him, on the shoulder, and was about to run after me when her voice came from a distance.

"Roger, don't dirty your clothes!"

And he walked slowly away toward his cottage, not looking back.

That was the day I started to hate him.

Parasols have come and gone in a thousand summer colors, whole flights of butterfly fans have blown away on August winds, the pavilion has burnt and been built again in the selfsame size and shape, the lake has dried like a plum in its basin, and my hatred, like these things, came and went, grew very large, stopped still for love, returned, then diminished with the years.

I remember when he was seven, them driving by in their horse carriage, his hair long, brushing his poutish, shrugging shoulders. They were holding hands and she was saying, "If you're very good this summer, next year we'll go to London. Or the year after that, at the latest."

And my watching their faces, comparing their eyes, their ears, their mouths, so when he came in for a soda pop one noon that summer I walked straight up to him and cried:

"She's not your mother!"

"What!" He looked around in panic, as if she might be near.

"She's not your aunt or your grandma, either!" I cried. "She's a witch that stole you when you were a baby. You don't know who your mama is or your pa. You don't look anything like her. She's holding you for a million ransom which

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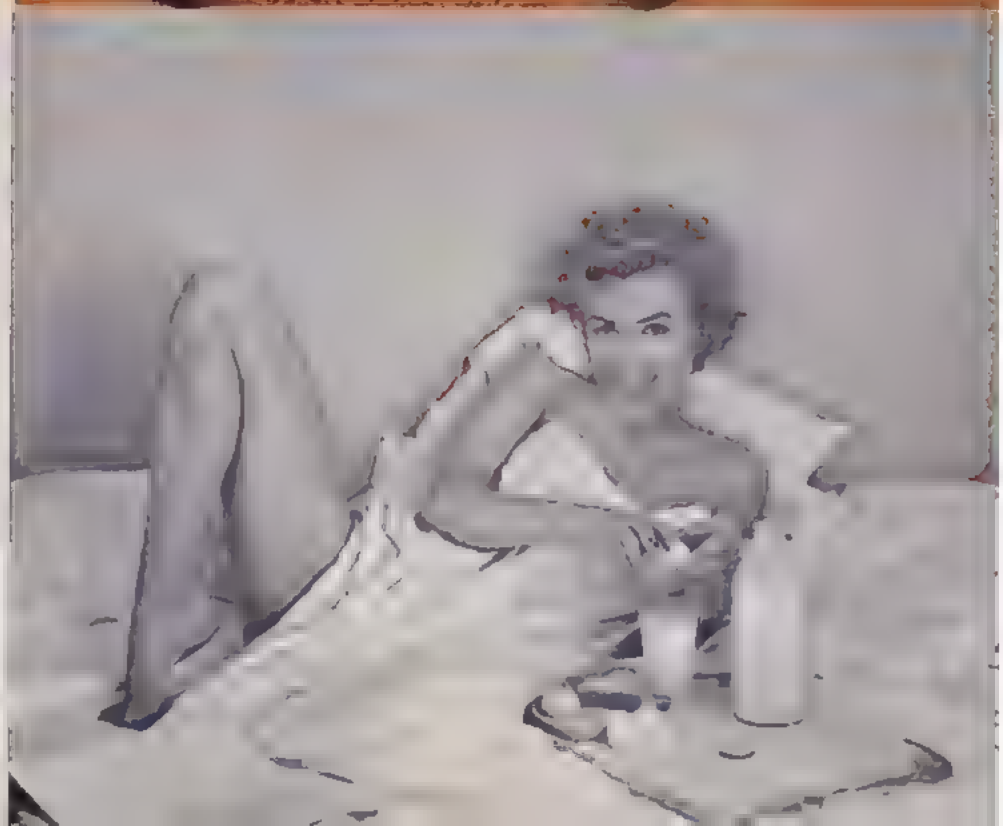
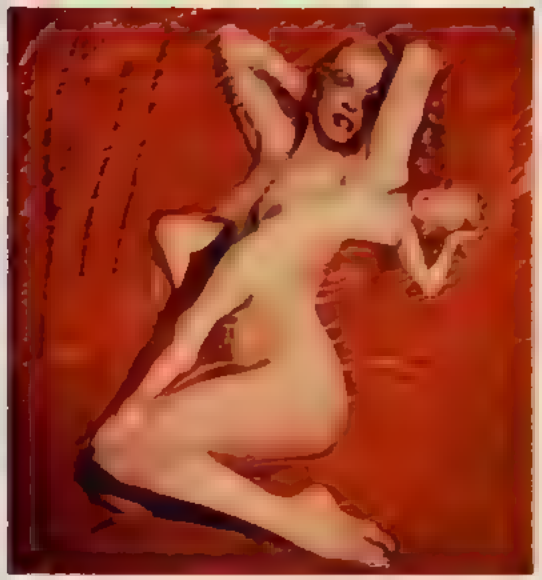
her invitation to the party was slow in coming—about half a century

a pictorial toast to playboy's very first playmate

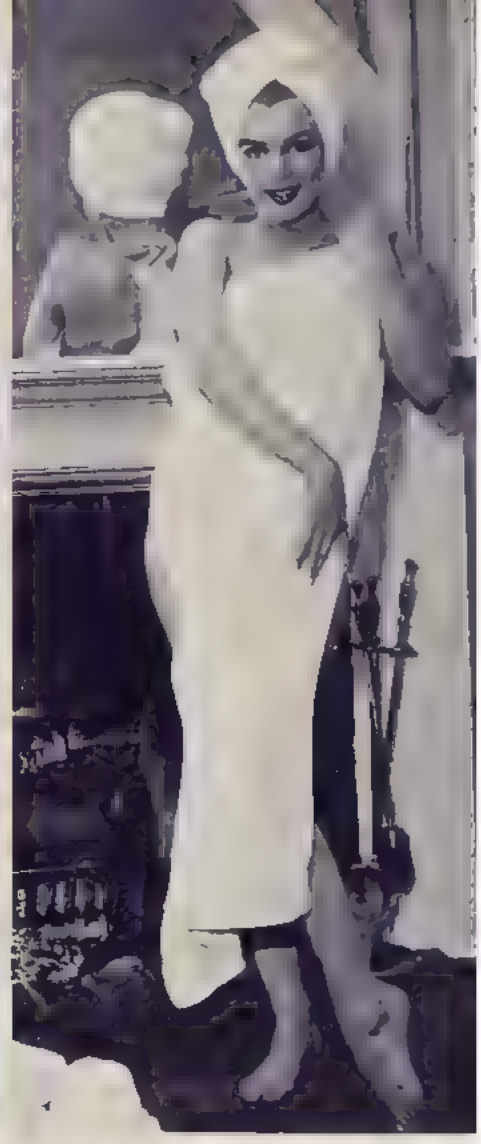
THE MAGNIFICENT MARILYN



EVERY GENERATION has its sweetheart, its dream girl, its Love Goddess, and ours is particularly blessed. What good fortune to be alive in a time when prigs and prudes have met their comeuppance and have been properly put down. The sensual charms of Marilyn, tastefully displayed, have crisped and spiced the air, and reduced unseemly modesty to an absurdity. Our Marilyn is the Compleat Goddess, delightful to behold and fascinating to ponder. Her story is a scenario rich in clichés dear to Hollywood, yet demonstrably true: a tale of a child shunted from home to home in her tender years, seeking affection and love; then bursting forth in the full bloom of womanhood to become our primary Sex Symbol, and on to further glories as the top female box-office attraction and ultimate distinction as an actress and comedienne of highest merit. Even her few critics agree she has earned the right to fits of feminine pique and artistic temper with the startling talent she displays in two current money



Above left: the famous calendar shot which shot Marilyn to fame. It was taken during a session in which photographer Tom Kelley, understandably rattled, forgot to change film between poses, resulting in the accompanying double exposure. Right: another pin-up from the time when Norma Jean Baker was changing her name and personality to Marilyn Monroe. Below left: André de Dienes pictured the new MM as a star who likes to sleep in the raw. Asked, "Don't you put anything on when you go to bed?" Marilyn is quoted as saying, "Just the radio." Below and on following spread, Milton Greene dramatizes her blonde beauty against stark black.



Above left: Marilyn dazzled guests at a New York masquerade ball when she arrived in this costume looking happy and radiant, though she'd just walked out on her studio after having become the hottest property in pictures—in both senses of hot—and her marriage to Di Maggio was on the rocks. Right: Marilyn, terry clothed and sudsy fresh, was photographed by André de Dienes as part of shooting which included breakfast-in-bed picture on the previous spread. This was early in her career, shortly after her triumph as the good bad girl in *The Asphalt Jungle*. Marilyn is the first actress to continue posing for provocative pix after she was firmly established as a star.

Marilyn, in the snazzy beach garb of the Twenties, rehearses for *Some Like It Hot*, with Jack Lemmon and director Billy Wilder. One of the most successful comedies ever made, it was Marilyn's twenty-third film. At right, she clowns with England's Frankie Vaughan, in a couch scene from *Let's Make Love*, another one of MM's box-office smashes.

makers, *Some Like It Hot* and the more recent *Let's Make Love*. We have Marilyn to thank, believes comic Lenny Bruce, for the increasingly accepted notion that it's in proper good taste for a girl to pose in the nude for photographs of the Playmate type. Since she appeared as our very first Playmate, Marilyn has achieved truly tremendous success. Her marriage to Joe Di Maggio proved she was acceptable to the All American male, and the merger of these champions of both of America's favorite pastimes was properly celebrated. Marilyn's next marriage to the distinguished author Arthur Miller and a baptism by immersion in the world of letters gave her a new status and appreciation among the literati. Now her name is a household word, bandied about on TV's "family shows," and she suffers the unconscious indignity of a million grotesque imitations, essayed by upstarts who wiggle and sigh, and thus profane a golden one, our Marilyn Monroe.

"It's me, dear, open up."

"Just a minute, dear."

la pluma was a brave, love-directed abscess of beauty

father brother and the cool colony

fiction By ROGER PRICE

THE LAST I HEARD, PHIL BOTEIN WENT BACK TO CITY COLLEGE to work on his law degree, which is just as well because no one in the Village trusts him any more. They don't put him down, I mean, they just don't trust him. But it's always that way when a cat tries to swing with the political bit. He gets to be a Big Liberal and that means trouble every time.

Like when Phil first got to La Pluma he came on real cool. He was a tall, skinnay fellow with big eyes who was hung up on helping other people. He'd offer you his last benny or fix your hi-fi or loan you his chick — you know, a religious type. But what happened at La Pluma was all his fault. You probably read about it in the newspapers, but nothing that was true. I mean, what really happened wasn't in the papers.

Three years ago La Pluma was nothing but this run-down motel on the road between L.A. and San Diego. It wasn't even a real motel but what they used to call "Auto Cabins," a bunch of little shacks set about fifteen feet apart behind a gas station with a gravel driveway. It was run by an old character who wore a long, gunny-sack robe and called himself "Father Brother," who had inherited it along with half a mile of property between the road and the coast.

Well, one day Danny Simonelli, and Lenny Maytag and the Gypsy and another chick named Arlene stopped there to try and con the old man out of some gas. They were on their way to Mexico with a bunch of weather balloons they'd bought at an Army surplus store for twenty cents apiece. Danny had been studying wind currents and had worked out this scheme. They were going down to Chihuahua Province and float pot back over the border. He figured if they tied fifteen pounds to each balloon and sent them up at the end of March, the wind currents would float them over Denver in exactly three weeks. Then there was this cat in Denver, Tommy Gilooly, who used to be a gunner in the Air Force who says he can fly a plane, so they were going to steal a Cub, or maybe an Aeronca, and go up and grab the balloons with a hook the way the Air Force does with satellites. I guess you really can learn a lot of useful stuff, like they say, in the service.

What happened was they get to talking to this Father Brother and find out he's an old-time Southern California type. He used to be a spiritualist and a vegetarian and he was a Bishop in the neo-Vedanta Meditators and an Apocalyptic Martyr and a judo expert and a Yogi Disciple and an Anti-Immersionist and he played the guitar and knew all the words to *Joe Hill* and had been eating Amanita mushrooms and inhaling nitrous oxide for kicks back in 1925. He had been like ahead of his time. He was hip before there was any scene for it.

Naturally, in no time he and Danny are discussing Zen and Love Discipline and Bird Parker and first thing you know he's breaking out a jug of wine and cooking up a pan of fried beans and inviting them to stay over in one of the motel cabins as his guests.

The next day everyone makes it to the beach and there's more fried beans and wine and discussions and pretty soon a week goes by and Danny sends a card to L.A. and invites Duke Noonan and Big Carlo down and they show up with Little Bird and two more swinging chicks and Father Brother is happy as a bug. No one ever rents his busted-up old cabins

anyway, and he really digs the bit.

He springs for a whole barrel of muscatel and more beans and spaghetti and tells Little Bird to send for her sister, and she comes out with a car full of hipsters from Chicago and they invite their friends and Tommy Gilooly makes it in and pretty soon there's a cool colony there with bongo beach parties and poetry readings every night. It's a big rolling ball.

No one gets to Mexico that summer at all. Around the middle of June when I moved in there must have been eighty, eighty-five cats at La Pluma including five artists who'd brought their wives and kids. They'd built themselves fancy pads out of old signboards and lumber they'd swiped from a new development in Oceanside and painted them with big purple and yellow flowers. New pads were going up along the beach every day and in no time it gets to be a real beat settlement, and Father Brother is like a mayor or a social director. Owen McGee called it "A brave and love-directed abscess of beauty on the soon extincted, billboarded, deodorized corpse of society." Owen was a poet.

Naturally it takes bread to buy supplies for this group, and that's where the tourists came in. All over Southern California in the summer there's these people from the Midwest who drive around trying to find something cheap to look at. When they'd see all the pads, they'd stop for gas and anyone who was goofing would offer to guide them around for a couple of bucks and turn the money over to Father.

Everybody helped. One night Big Carlo stole a trailer truck and went to San Diego and came back with a load of garbage cans. The painters decorated them with flowers and we put them on sale. Owen McGee and Pinto wrote up some special dirty poems, like extra honest, and got them mimeographed and the farmers would grab them up at fifty cents each.

With this kind of action going on it wasn't long until one of the Los Angeles papers heard about it and ran a story on the place. They called it "Beatnikville" and said it was an "outgrowth of bohemianism" and a hotbed of free love and vivisection and was ruining real estate values — the kind of jazz they always print. What happens after the story comes out is business picks up like five hundred percent.

It keeps up, so we start charging thirty-five cents admission and Father builds a shed by the gas station and puts in hot dogs and pop.

And Charley Rasputin puts up a sign which he says is a bug for the whole world, the ultimate rejection of true hip acceptance. The sign says BEATNIKVILLE and in no time there's more newspaper stories and editorials and a magazine spread and La Pluma has become a place the tourists have got to see like Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm and the trained whales.

Everyone is getting kicks putting them on. You know, we give them these far-out stories about the wild life we lead and they eat it up.

Because of all the publicity, the settlement is growing. Hipsters are dropping in from all over, even Canada, and building more pads. Father Brother is taking in a lot of loot but he's putting it all back into the place. He has a big shed put up with a kitchen in it which we call the poetry hall, and he buys a second-hand piano and a set of community bongos and hires his own private connection to bring in peyote and mescaline. Harry Fagin has been sculpting a twenty-foot-high head of Ezra Pound out of a rock down by the beach, so he builds another fence around that and charges the sight-seers an extra two bits to go in and look at it. It was a gas.

Father walks around in his gunnysack robe and discusses things with the tourists. He really puts them on selling them what he calls "Hip Cigarettes." He winks and the squares giggle and sneak him half a buck apiece for them. They're just plain old rotten Mexican cigarettes he gets in Tia Juana five hundred for a dollar.

But the biggest put-on was the Zen lecture. Father would get the tourists inside the poetry hall — for an extra two bits each — and Johnny Otawari would talk to them for fifteen minutes in Japanese. In all the time he ran it, not one tourist ever complained. In fact, one lady from Iowa wrote back and said it had cured her arthritis.

It was a real community. We even had our own doctor, "Poppo" Wollen, even though he only came down on weekends because he had to report to his parole officer in L.A. every Monday. There was a cool dentist and even a psychiatrist with a degree and everything. The psychiatrist wouldn't treat anyone, but if you bugged him long enough he'd tell you *his* problems, which was sort of therapy, in a way, I guess.

By the next spring, it was the most. We'd sit around all day and read quarterlies and discuss life plans and music and cars, and then at night we'd make it over to the poetry hall and have wine and hero sandwiches and beans and spaghetti and listen to Lee Leroy and his combo and sing folk songs and play the bongos and on Saturdays there'd be mescaline all around. It was a gas, a real Shangri-La.

But what the hell. Like you learn in Zen, life is a wheel. In June this George Smith showed up.

He pulls up in a 1953 Ford and says is there a place he can live in and

(continued on page 128)

attire

TROPIC TOPIC

enter the batik dinner jacket for that formal affair

WHITHER THIS WINTER? Whether you take the salubrious air of Palm Springs or Palm Beach, the South Pacific or South America, bet on a batik dinner jacket to focus the right kind of attention on your formal wear. The batik cotton jacket is a blend of tones that creates the cool, elegant look so right under a tropical moon, for cruise or resort wear. The new batiks are subtle enough for the right-thinking chap who eschews anything gaudy, yet unique enough to set him apart from the black-for-fall-and-winter, white for spring-and-summer tradition. Teamed with tropical-weight black trousers and complemented by classic black tie, cummerbund and pleated white shirt, the batik jacket is impressively contemporary. Once you're inside one, you'll dig mightily the easy drape of the shawl collar, the convenience and casual look of the single-button closure, the natural shoulders and the center vent in the back — all combining to create a silhouette that's correct wherever the trade winds blow. Our guy wears an American natural-cotton batik formal jacket, with flap pockets, by Lord West, $42.50. His lightweight Dacron and cotton shirt, with medium-spread collar, French cuffs, is by Excello, $13. The silk cummerbund, three-pleated, with inside pockets, is by George W. Heller, $13.50; the tie, also by Heller, is $3. The pearl shell cuff-link and stud set, 12k gold filled, are by Ralph Destino, $22.50.

Playboy's Christmas Cards

missives and missiles for the jolly season

verse

By LARRY SIEGEL

TO A CUCKOLD

The tree is lit
And there you sit,
A figure mankind scorns.
Alas, your wife, your love, your life,
Who usually adorns
The scene, is penned
Up with sick friend,
Whose health compounds
By leaps and bounds . . .
Now, chum, to bed,
Nightcap on head,
With special holes for horns.

A MERRY CREDIT CARD CHRISTMAS

(A lilting, carol-like greeting)

Do the town with cards of credit,
Fa-la-la-la-la, and rub-a-dub-dub.
Sign for peace on earth, then spread it,
American Express and Diners' Club.
But should bombs send life a-wiltin',
Fa-la-la-la-la, my friend, be staunch.
Sign for Heav'n through Conrad Hilton.
Rent a little harp and go Carte Blanche.

TO A RAT PACK

'Tis New Year's Eve, welcome
To my humble abode.
Let high water or hell come,
Tonight, we'll explode
On spirits and sundry
Bright liquids of fire.
We'll keep going till Mundry,
Or till we expire.
And as we get stiffer,
Our cry will ring clear:
"Why should this night differ
From the others all year?"

TO A LADY OF THE MORNING

You, on my bed there garmentless,
We've met somewhere—wait, let me guess...
Paris? Vegas? The Panama Isthmus?
Well no matter—Merry Christmas.
Whate'er we did during mem'ry's gap,
How would you like a morningcap?

To An Itchy-Palmed Elevator Operator

Your behavior Vulish
Is ghoulish.

"What! You mean I still don't get the job?!"

personality **By RICHARD GEHMAN**

FRIEDMAN

CHARMING BILLY

hollywood's hottest writer-director-producer, wilder is the wildest

ONE NIGHT Jack Lemmon was sitting in Dominick's, a Hollywood restaurant, when he was approached by a man with a face like a persimmon ripening in the sun.

"I have an idea for a picture I would like you to play in," the man said.

"Sit down," the actor said.

"I haven't got time now," the man said, "but I will tell you what it is about. It is about two men on the lam from gangsters, running for their lives, and they dress up in girls' clothes and join an all-girl orchestra."

Later, Lemmon said, "If anybody else had said that, I would have run like a jack rabbit. Go in *drag*? Since it was Billy Wilder, I said, 'Fine. I'll do it if I'm free to do it, and if I'm not free I'll get free.' " The film was *Some Like It Hot*, conceived by Billy Wilder, written by Billy Wilder, produced by Billy Wilder, directed by Billy Wilder, promoted by Billy Wilder, and forgotten by Billy Wilder as soon as it was finished, for by then Billy Wilder was thinking about a new film with Lemmon to be called *The Apartment*, which appears in fair shape to break the box-office record of *Hot*, the biggest-grossing comedy of all time. In September the figures on *Hot* showed that it had pulled in fourteen million clameroos, as they say there in that land of vodka and honey.

Marilyn Monroe, the Number One box-office attraction in the world, had never gone into a project until she had read the script and had it redone to her own special measurements. But she too agreed to go into *Hot* after hearing a couple of sentences from Wilder. So did Tony Curtis, another high-priced property. So did Shirley MacLaine agree to go into *The Apartment* when she heard Wilder's one-line summary, which was, "This is about a young fellow who gets ahead in a big company by lending his apartment to executives for that grand old American folk ritual, the afternoon shack-up."

These people even Miss Monroe, who has had numerous volcanic clashes with Wilder—are all attracted to this man perhaps in large measure because he makes films that reflect our time in all its floundering comedy and pain, and he makes them with a wry and tough-minded attitude that cuts into the heart of all pretense and posturing. When Citizen Mike Romanoff, ex-prince, ex-impostor, den father to Those Who Count in the Industry, says, "Billy Wilder is the most unusual and amusing man in Hollywood," he is not saying enough. He could go further. Billy Wilder is the most versatile and perhaps the most brilliant writer-director-producer alive, as well as a *bon vivant*, a generous gentleman and cautious gambler ($100 a night and quit). He is one of those rare human beings who, by washing his glum cynicism with streaks of light and hopefulness, and by annealing himself to principle when nearly everybody else seems determined to abandon it, makes an increasingly important contribution to our filmic entertainment.

Wilder also is known for his ability to toss off sharp, perceptive lines that are, in their own way, as funny and cynical as his movies. He sputters them forth in an accent revelatory of his early days in Germany; he is a poor

man's Rilke who seems to stumble upon his observations as the poet discovered images. Many of them begin slowly, almost solemnly, and wind up quickly and devastatingly. Speaking of *Suddenly, Last Summer*, the first American picture to deal with contemporary cannibalism, he once assured me that it was bound to be a financial failure.

"The first thing you learn in Hollywood," Wilder said, his eyes glinting with a wicked luminosity behind his spectacles, "is that you must not offend pressure groups. Don't offend the Catholics, the Jews, the Protestants, the Seventh Day Adventists, the dentists, the Rotarians, or any other group. That picture will flop because it offends the vegetarians."

Tony Curtis told me, "Billy Wilder is something else again." This is a remarkable statement for an actor to make, for all actors are a little nuts, all actors have monstrous egos, and all actors are convinced that they do not really need directors. Curtis is all actor. His *shtick* (an old burlesque word for a personal idiosyncrasy or bit of business) is wearing tight, Continental-style clothes, some of which he designs himself. ("Tony's pants look as though someone dipped him in India ink up to his waist," Wilder once said.)

One day on the set of *Some*, there arose a question of billing which involved Curtis' not having his name in the big type size called for by his contract. He went to Wilder and squawked. Wilder listened to him patiently, then said, "The trouble with you, Tony, is that you're only interested in little pants and big billing."

Curtis, telling this, roars and says, "I *kvel* when I think of that. Do you know what *kvel* is? It's a Yiddish word meaning I like flipped. I feel about that man the way I feel about my poor dead father, rest his soul."

Everybody in Hollywood *kvels* when Wilder's name is mentioned. People on all levels love him - the high-spirited Sinatra Clan, of which he is a part-time member; the upper-register industry social crowd, such as the William Goetzes, the Gary Coopers and the Ira Gershwins; and the prop men, the electricians and the wardrobe ladies. This is all the more significant when one considers that Wilder has taken Hollywood only on his own terms. His tongue can be sulfuric and he has never failed to use it on those needing a burning. He has invariably clung to what he believes is right. "He's always been the way he is today," says Walter Reisch, the writer, who knew Wilder more than thirty-five years ago in Vienna.

"He was never sentimental, he was always fearless, even when he had nothing. He was sassy and aggressive — he would rather have lost a job than compromise or say yes. And he did lose jobs. He made himself unpopular in the early days — he was overbearing and arrogant, and still is today, in some ways — but even when he told them to go to hell, they always came back to him."

Wilder still strikes some people as being a "mean" man, among them George Axelrod, who wrote *The Seven Year Itch* as a play and then worked on the movie version with Wilder. When Axelrod reported to Wilder he had the original playscript under his arm.

"I thought we might use this as a guide," he said. "Fine," said Wilder, dropping it to the floor. "We'll use it as a doorstop."

Axelrod was not too offended by this acerb dismissal because he admires Wilder's ability to cross-cut the bole of any situation and extract the meaningful sap within. (He can also hack up a whole country in one slash, as he did when he told columnist Art Buchwald, "France is a place where the money falls apart in your hand and you can't tear the toilet paper.")

Wilder doesn't spare friends. One of his closest is Otto Preminger, who is Jewish but resembles a Central Casting Nazi (in fact, he played a Nazi for Wilder in *Stalag 17*). Preminger has an explosive temper; once he tried to get an actor to calm down by pasting his face against the man's and shouting at the top of his lungs, "RELAX!" Sometimes, when Preminger is embroiled with a studio mogul, Wilder is called in as referee. This happened one day when Preminger was quarreling with Sam Goldwyn and yelling like a bull.

"Calm down, Otto," said Wilder. "I'm not going to fight with you — I've still got relatives in Germany." (Actually, Billy's father died in Berlin in 1927. His mother, it was believed, was one of the millions of Jewish victims of the Nazis. Wilder tried unsuccessfully to find some trace of her after World War II. His total lack of banal sentimentality may be seen in his ability to joke about the Nazis with Preminger.) Some time later, after Preminger had left Hollywood temporarily, Wilder was asked where he had gone. "His summer home—in Belsen," Wilder said.

Not even Wilder's wife escapes his satiric quips. Mrs. Wilder, the former Audrey Young, lived in the Pico–La Brea district when he was courting her. That is not the best section in the Los Angeles area, but she gamely referred to it as "East Beverly Hills." When Wilder first learned where she was living, he said to her, "I'd worship the ground you walk on, if you lived in a better neighborhood."

On their first wedding anniversary, Mrs. Wilder, who is fifteen years younger than Billy, got up in the morning and found him reading *The Hollywood Reporter* at breakfast. He did not look up as she came dewy-eyed into the room.

"Do you know what day this is, dear?" she asked.

"June thirtieth," Wilder said.

"It's our first anniversary," she said, pouting.

"Please," Wilder said, grimacing, "not while I'm eating."

Wilder travels a good deal when he is exploiting a new film, and Mrs. Wilder, as many wives do, usually gives him a list of gifts to bring back. When he was going to Paris last year, she said she wanted some Charvet ties for a friend of hers to give her husband for his birthday. "And," she added, "ever since I first went to Paris, I've wanted a bidet of my own." Wilder frowned and said he might have trouble getting a bidet without wrenching it out of a Paris hotel bathroom. Nevertheless, he would try.

A few days later a cable came back. CHARVET TIES ON WAY, it said. BUT BIDET IMPOSSIBLE OBTAIN. SUGGEST HANDSTAND IN SHOWER.

Many of Wilder's one-line nifties are directed at women and some critics have noted a strong anti-female undercurrent in many of Wilder's films. He denies that this is so, but his cracks about women are repeated over and over. Hal Wallis, the producer, is married to Louise Fazenda, the silent film actress; Wilder one night referred to Wallis as "The Prisoner of Fazenda."

Some of Wilder's most anti-female comments were directed against Marilyn Monroe during the shooting of *Some Like It Hot* and just afterward. As is M.M.'s wont, she kept Tony Curtis and the other stars in a state of nerves — by failing to show up, by showing up late, and by being high-handed when she did show up.

Asked if he would ever make a picture with Monroe again, Wilder said, "In the United States, I'd hate it. In Paris, it might not be so bad — while we were waiting, we could all take painting lessons on the side."

Monroe, hearing this, became furious and began retorting in interviews. In New York, a friend tried to get her to call Wilder and make peace. When they put the call through, Mrs. Wilder answered. "Marilyn wants to make up with Billy," the friend said. "Billy isn't here," Mrs. Wilder said. "Marilyn will talk to you, Audrey," the buddy said, single-mindedly.

The famous breathy voice came on the wire. It began sweetly. "Hello, Audrey? I just want to tell you [pause] that I think [pause] your husband [pause]" And then those slowly-grinding brain-wheels went into reverse: "is the worst son of a bitch who ever lived, and he

(continued on page 90)

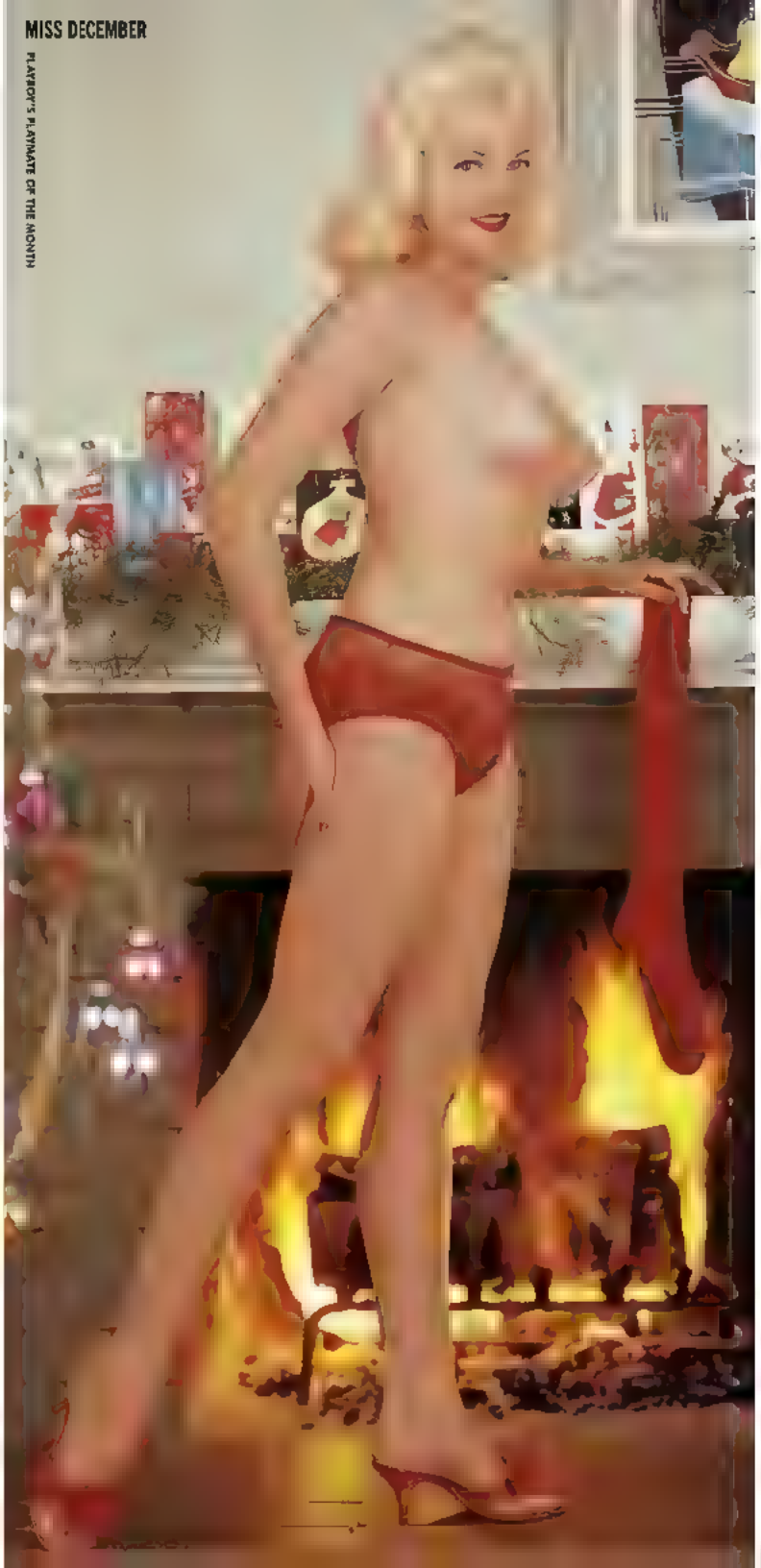
The Couple

LOUISE –
YES ERNIE –
HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN NOW? SINCE WE WERE MARRIED?
WHAT? SIX YEARS? SEVEN? WHEN EXACTLY WAS IT, ERNIE?
LET'S SEE – WAS IT BEFORE OR AFTER "I LOVE LUCY" CAME ON?
I THINK IT WAS BETWEEN "I LOVE LUCY" AND "THE DANNY THOMAS SHOW", ERNIE. ISN'T THAT RIGHT?
OH YEAH – BECAUSE I REMEMBER THE NIGHT OF OUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY. I STILL WARM AT THE GLOW OF IT, LOUISE.
YEAH MARY MARTIN. "PETER PAN."
AND SHORTLY AFTER THAT OUR LITTLE WENDY WAS BORN –
I REMEMBER – "ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS" –
THOSE WERE BEAUTIFUL YEARS, LOUISE. I STILL WARM AT THE GLOW OF THOSE YEARS, LOUISE.
WHERE DO YOU THINK IT BEGAN TO GO WRONG, ERNIE?
I DON'T KNOW – I'VE THOUGHT A LOT ABOUT IT – DO YOU THINK IT WAS "GUNSMOKE"?
I WISH I KNEW, ERNIE. OR MAYBE IT WAS "HAVE GUN – WILL TRAVEL." IT JUST NEVER WAS THE SAME AFTER PALADIN AND MARSHAL DILLON, ERNIE.
DON'T CRY LOUISE. WHEN VIOLENCE ENTERS YOUR LIFE I GUESS THE WHOLE PATTERN OF EXISTENCE CHANGES.
I DON'T BELIEVE I CAN EVER FORGIVE "PETER GUNN", ERNIE.
DON'T CAST BLAME, MY DARLING. REALITY IS CRUEL! THAT'S ONE LESSON I'VE LEARNED FROM "THE UNTOUCHABLES"
I DIDN'T KNOW LIFE COULD BE THAT WAY! ARE WE READY FOR THAT SORT OF WORLD, ERNIE?
WHAT CAN WE DO BUT FACE IT BRAVELY AND TRY TO PREPARE WENDY – WHAT'S ON NEXT?
"BONANZA"
JULES FEIFFER

Christmas Carol

IT IS NEWS TO NOBODY that the editors of this journal are dedicated indoor men, especially when the winds of winter blow. Save for some skiing, we're frankly loath to poke about in the cold, feeling firmly that ice in all its forms belongs only in a drink. It took a blonde, bubbly, blue-eyed bundle by the name of Carol Eden to set up some doubts in our mind. Carol's an unabashedly outdoor miss who loves to frolic in the white, flaky stuff, and even got us to thinking that building a snowman might be fun, maybe even tossing a snowball or two — as long as she would play too. But we finally snapped out of it and realized that our predilection for the great indoors was the correct one after all. So we invited Carol to step inside and become our Playmate for the Yuletide, get all warm and cuddly by the fire, hang up her Christmas stocking and wait for Santa.

frolicking in the snow or basking by the fire's glow, our playmate's a winter wonder


MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Snow bunny Carol Eden has no trouble making a snowman — or making him melt, for that matter. Apple-cheeked and cutely-clad, Carol pats her latest snow sculpture, then playfully wings a snowball in our photographer's direction. Inside, Carol finds the fireside a delightful contrast to the nippy December air, and an ideal place to wrap the bounty this bountiful beauty will give to some fortunate fellow this Christmas day.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM GRAHAM

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Hollywood marriages are evidently losing their reputation for brevity: we've just heard about a producer who liked one of his wives so well that he decided to hold her over for a second week.

To most couples, curbing their emotions means parking.

Whether or not a girl can be had for a song depends on a man's pitch.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *experience* as the wonderful knowledge that enables you to recognize a mistake when you make it again.

A wife made to order can't compare with a ready maid.

The girl who will go to a man's apartment to see his etchings may not know anything about art, but she knows what she likes.

Anxious to be on time for his date, Carl nevertheless dropped into a drugstore to make a hasty purchase. The druggist gave him a knowing smile, so Carl gave him a run-down on the expectations he had for the evening.

"I met this girl at a party last week," he explained. "A real hot number. Her folks are going to the opera tonight and it will be just the two of us with the whole apartment to ourselves."

Carl was greeted with a warm hug at the door by Nancy, his date. They settled on the couch and turned on the TV. Her folks would be leaving in a few minutes, she explained. Her father wasn't home from work yet and as soon as he arrived, the parents would be departing for dinner and the opera.

Nancy's father arrived soon after and she introduced both parents to Carl.

"Say, why don't Nancy and I join you this evening?" Carl suggested.

"Oh, you children don't want to be spending your evening with us old folks," said Nancy's mother.

"Sure we do," said Carl, before the flabbergasted Nancy could say a word.

"I didn't know you liked opera," said the bewildered Nancy to her date as he helped her on with her coat.

"No," said Carl, "and I didn't know your father was a druggist either."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *manic depressive* as a person whose philosophy is: easy glum, easy glow.

The reason the modern girl's bathing suit is real cool is that most of it is real gone.

A millionaire we know has filled his swimming pool with martinis. He claims it's impossible to drown, since the deeper you sink, the higher you get.

Girls who think they will hate themselves in the morning should learn to sleep till noon.

One of the recent cases investigated by the Director of Internal Revenue was that of a young girl who listed her apartment rent as "expenses incurred while entertaining clients."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"And now, lest we forget whose birthday it is tonight, a medley of Christmas carols."

"Ho, ho, ho!"

23 PAT O'BRIEN MOVIES

it was a new bit for the guy on the ledge

fiction By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

THIS ONE TIME THERE WAS NO AGONIZING WAIT for patrol cars to filter through jammed midtown traffic. And no one in the crowd had cause to remark, "Just try to get a cop when you need one." In fact, there wasn't any crowd. The police got there before one had time to gather, and within seven minutes after the young man had taken his place on the sixteenth-story hotel-room ledge, a patrolman named Goldman with warm eyes and curly hair was out on the ledge with him, just four feet away.

The young man was thin and muscular and his back was curved into a question mark. He wore a flapping T-shirt with one large hole in the center. Beneath the T shirt a square patch of bandages showed. It was a gray day in March, the first time the wind had blown seriously and it seemed to be making up for all the other windless days of the month. The patrolman slouched back casually against the building wall, took off his hat and, making a pained face, scratched his head with one finger. Then he lit a cigarette.

"All right," said the young man, "let me tell you right now, I know the whole bit. I mean the casual thing you're pulling with the head-scratching and the we're-just-two-fellows-out-here-having-a-chat routine. I've seen it in a million Pat O'Brien movies. They picked you because you're a family man and you know I have a family and that's the way to work it with me, right? First I get a cigarette to relax me, then I hear about your kids, and we go into a little life-can be-beautiful, right? If I act real serious, then you say, 'I dare you to jump, show off. If you really wanted to jump, you'd have done it long ago.' Right? All right, let me tell *you* something. I'm going. I'm not showing off, I'm not waiting for any crowds. You got an empty house or standing room only, I'm going. Twenty minutes go by on the clock, and I'm off this ledge like a shot. Give me that 'Go ahead and jump' routine and I'm not waiting the twenty."

The patrolman scratched his head again and said, "No, I'm not going to tell you to go ahead and jump because . . ."

"I'm too bright," said the young man. "Because I got too good a head on my shoulders, right? And any guy with such brains shouldn't be getting ready to take a dry dive, right? Oh you're cute, very cute. How many times have they sent you out on these? You must be the champ of the whole police department. With the kindness and the head-scratching. Give me a little life-can be-beautiful."

"I didn't say it can be beautiful," said the patrolman, loosening his tie. "You did. Most of the time it stinks."

"Excellent con," said the young man. "Everybody takes the good with the bad, but the chickens commit suicide, right? You plunge for the concrete and all you're proving is what a coward you are, right? You really are the cutest in the business. How many Pat O'Brien movies did you sit through to pick up this jazz, twenty-three? And look how long you've kept me out here, too. Let me tell you something so you don't feel too cute. You haven't kept me out here one second more than I want to be here. I told you. Twenty minutes, and I'm flying. Twenty minutes and I go for that sweet old concrete."

A crowd began to form now, not a giant milling crowd, but a scraggly one that really didn't seem satisfied with what was going on above. Officer Goldman spun his cap on one finger and said, "You *are* bright. I don't care what you say, you're a bright guy. And a lot of what you say makes sense."

"Do you want to do me a favor?" said the young man, hooked over in the question mark and leaning toward the patrolman. Do

EICHELBAUM

you want to do one thing for me, drop the casual routine. The head-scratching, the yawning, the hat-spinning. It doesn't go. Don't you think I know it's right out of the old Pat O'Brien manual? Relax him. Yawn it up a little bit. Act like the one thing in the world you absolutely don't care about is whether he plunges or not. Try it next time, ace. You care. You got to care. What have you got, twenty-four straight? I go off this ledge, and there goes your record. Nobody, not Pee Wee Reese or Benny Kid Paret, likes to blow a contest after twenty-four straight."

"Of course I care," said the patrolman, clamping his cap hard on his head now in the wind. "But I can't help it if I'm casual. I *am* casual. If I acted tense and excited, *then* I'd be acting phony."

The police lieutenant who was conducting the operation called Officer Goldman back through the hotel window and, for three minutes, while the young man hung crooked on the ledge, they conferred and then Goldman crept back out again.

" 'Do you think you can handle this one?' " said the young man. "Isn't that what they asked? 'You don't seem to be getting anywhere with him. Maybe there's a personality clash.' Isn't that it? Isn't that what they said? All right, look, after I dive, you tell them you were as good as anybody they could have sent out. And your record still stands, because this guy was different and nobody could have grabbed him. If you want I'll write out a little note saying this is not to count on Officer what?"

"Officer Goldman," said the patrolman.

"On Officer Goldman's record. Because this guy was different. Nobody could have grabbed him."

"I don't think you're so different," said the patrolman, looking up and studying the gray sky.

"Good move that sky bit," said the young man. "Instead of looking down at the crowd, look up. Get his mind on onward and upward things. Sneak in a little God when he's not looking. Twenty-four straight. You must have two hundred and twenty-four straight. I don't think I'm very different either," said the young man. "I don't say I have more troubles than your last twenty-four guys. The only thing that makes me different is that I'm stepping out into the air. You can pass me kid pictures from now till kingdom come. You can get my guard up or down and you can cigarette me until you're blind, but when that buzzer rings, I'm saying goodbye to you and hello to the pavement."

"What kind of troubles?" asked the patrolman, lighting a cigarette and not looking at the young man.

"Draw him out," said the man. "Very sneakily, get him to talk about himself and then suggest that things are always darkest before the dawn. All right, save your breath. I'll draw myself out. I don't have time to wait for your Pat O'Brien routine. My stomach's the main thing. It's been knotted up since I was ten. Six operations, and last year I started getting tired all the time, no energy—so they took out a coil of it longer than the telephone wire from here to Philadelphia. I went for another year. I'm twenty-nine now, and now I'm tired again. The thing I do is prune trees and I had a good business going. I did giant estates, but now I'm too tired and I haven't got the strength to get up on anything. My stomach's the size of an aspirin box now and there isn't much more can come out. I've got four kids and my wife's a bum. You bring her out here to plead with me and I'm off this ledge before you can sneeze. I've always got to go out and bring her back from places. I'm too tired now to keep grabbing her by the neck. So now she can come collect me off the sidewalk with a spoon. All right now, you tell me all the beautiful things I got to look forward to."

The patrolman loosened his collar and bit speculatively on a fingernail.

"All right, quit the collar routine. That means we're settling down for a long stay. You know just how long it's going to be. We're clear on that, I hope. But let's say I were to step back through the window now and let's say with my stomach I had another seven years coming to me. I mean you just tell me some beautiful reasons to stay alive the seven. Television shows? The joy of changing a diaper? I can see my wife a few times? Suppose you just tell me."

"I don't say there are that many joys," said the patrolman, soft blue eyes directly on the young man now. "You're right, I have been out on quite a few of these cases in the past. It wasn't twenty-four, but the last guys I had out here, *believe* me, had as much aggravation as you do, but I was able to convince them of the one thing I believe. Whether you have six months, one year, six years, or thirty, you're better off living. Being dead is no bargain."

"Well thank you," said the young man, bowing deeper into his question mark. "At least we're not being casual. At least we're getting right down to it. Thank you for that. It doesn't make any difference though. I mean what you're saying is just words. You're helping me pass twenty minutes. You could be reciting the Declaration of Independence. You're helping me pass my last twenty minutes on earth, Officer Goldman, and that's the end of your streak."

The police officer threw his cigarette down on the ledge, ground it out deliberately with his foot and then kicked it down at the crowd which seemed now to be more respectable in size.

"Now, look, let me tell you something," he said.

"You can tell me anything, Pat, but if that buzzer rings, I'll cut you off in mid-sentence. If you're telling a joke and she sounds, I don't wait for the punch line. You tell that to the sergeant."

"Let me tell you something," said the patrolman, his face more stern than it had been. "I never got sore up here on one of these ledges, because, like you say, it pays off in casualness and I have a record to preserve. But you get me sore not because you're on any ledge but because you're so damned smug. You have all the answers. Now listen, I have to whisper some of this, because if anyone hears it I'm off the force."

"Good bit," said the young man. "You worked it right in there. Do you want us to put our heads together maybe so I can hear you whisper?"

"I'll smack you in the mouth," said the patrolman.

"You'll never get close enough," said the man. "I thought we got that straight."

"All right," said the patrolman, breathing heavily. "Let me get myself together. I'm going to talk low and you can believe this or not because I don't care very much about you any more."

"Good bit," said the man. "You better hurry, though. I'm not waiting for any punch lines."

"I have the kind of heart that if the wind changes direction too quickly, it can stop on a dime and they carry me off away in a box. I've been living with that kind of heart for nine years and nobody in the department knows it. This is just the right kind of work for me, isn't it? Climbing out on ledges to grab guys. But I have two years more to retirement, and I'm not *letting* it stop. You have to go out and grab your wife by the neck. I'm divorced fifteen years and I have nobody to go out and grab. Four kids? I have one son and he's with his mother. Do you know what I think of him? It's like a religion and he's the one you're supposed to worship. He stays away from me like the plague. He's supposed to visit me every six months. I haven't seen him in two years. There's just one thing. I happen to think life is worth living. You have a short time to live and a helluva long time to be dead.'

The patrolman lowered his head and the young man began to rub his arms as though the cold bothered him. "So what are you going to do when you retire?" he asked.

"I have a little place paid for in

(concluded on page 148)

Merry Christmas!

gifts

playboy's frolicsome femlins present a handsome holiday haul

Offering gladsome gifties to fill your Christmas stocking as engagingly as she fills her own, our saucy femlin stands atop a Seeger carryall in natural tanned cowhide, $115. Clockwise from the carryall: the companion overnighter, with portfolio, $120. Swank's electric putt returns your golf ball to you after you've holed out, $14.95. Presentation putter boasts a head of solid silver, from Tiffany's, $140. In the leather case that can be hung from your belt is a miraculous collapsible fishing rod, Austrian made for Country Loft, $80. Edward Hyams' *The Wine Country of France*, Lippincott, $4.50, John S. Potter's *The Treasure Diver's Guide*, Doubleday, $9.95, and Cary Middlecoff's *Master Guide to Golf*, Prentice-Hall, $10, make first-rate reading and gifting. The robe is kimono style, of imported silk, from Countess Mara, $45. And, lastly, the hefty Kabul door knocker is handmade from hollow cast brass, by Beemak, and is yours for $51.

ABOVE, left: Hickok's travel kit is of imported water buffalo hide, includes shaving gear, $5.95. Solid brass eight-piece bar-tool set, by Maxwell-Phillip, $92.50. Our perky femlin holds high the pure-silk tie by Gollieni of Milan, $7.50. Luxor's gift traveling alarm clock runs for 8 days, dial shows time in major cities of world, leather case, $100. Chanel men's cologne, $13.50, 16-oz. bottle; Newport toilet water, by Caswell Massey, $6.50, 8-oz. bottle. Dunhill's cigarette case in alligator, $27.50. Remington's new cordless Lektronic shaver can be recharged from any AC outlet, $35.95. Cartier's 18k gold cuff links are edged with blue sapphires, $695. BELOW, left: cork ashtray and lighter from United States Luggage and Leather, $18. The Kaywoodie matched-grain pipes in leather case, $150. Tiffany's 18k handsomely masculine woven gold cigarette case, $1725. Leather cigar holder is by Dunhill, $10. The miniature ship's binnacle, in heavy brass, holds cigarettes, has removable lighter, by Loyal, $59.95.

ABOVE, left: an imported rosewood chest, contents of which constitute a portable gaming table, $125. Next are natural-bristle hair brushes by Kent of London, $80. The stainless steel duck press is mounted on a 12-inch oak base, by Burgill, $75. The pigskin-clad silver-plated flask is imported from England by Dunhill, $16.50; the solid sterling 8-oz. flask, with attached cap, is $70. The imported umbrella has a sterling silver and ebony crook handle, $90. BELOW, left: yachtsmen can take their bearings with a transistor radio direction-finder by Sperry Piedmont, $249. The Aztec chess set, handmade from sun-hardened clay, is by Inca Imports, $160. Capehart's 8 transistor radio with leather carrying case, $49.50. Battaglia's 18k gold dress watch is from Italy, $100. The Riso 3D binoculars are 7 x 40 power and periscopic, by Scopus, $145. Sleeveless camel's-hair and wool pullover, by Cox Moore, is $13.50. The Telex Dyna-Twin headset for hi-fi listening in private, either stereo or monophonic, $24.60.

ABOVE, left: neither the feminin nor the whiskey is included in the portable bar, but six each of shot glasses, and high- and low-ball glasses go along, plus cocktail shaker, bar tool and the stainless steel serving troy, by A. Golewski & Sons, $65. Atop the bar, Hickok's zipper manicure kit with brush, $15.95. The TelExecutive portable speech prompter, with case, operates at whatever speed the speaker desires, by Telit Industries, $169.50. BELOW, left: Christmas delights arrayed on a rich and shaggy Ryo woolen rug from Finland, imported by Bonniers, $475. Bonniers also imports from Sweden the 17-inch Bonvita opalescent lamp, $35. From His Rolfs, the alligator wallet at $50, the Sportsmen's watch by Elgin, combining a money clip with a 17-jewel timepiece, $29.95. The Patek Philippe clock is powered by outdoor or indoor light, captured on a photoelectric cell, gilded case, hands and hour markers, from Tiffony's, $850. An elegant, outsized doorknob of brass, with lock and key, from Beemok, $230.

ABOVE/ left: Easter Island head on a walnut base is from Modecraft, $26. The imported muffler of wool and cashmere is from Handcraft, $5; the saddle-color deerskin gloves are by Fownes, $6.50. On the tripod, from Intercontinental Marketing Corp., $21.95, is a Kodak Reflex 8 with zoom lens, $190. The Auto Nikkor telephoto zoom lens, mounted on the Nikon, is the first for a 35mm still camera; its focal length is 85mm to 250mm, $595; the Nikon camera alone, $220. In the gadget bag by Perrin & Company, $36.50, is a Yashica Model 8E movie camera, with zoom lens, $109.95. BELOW, left: an Italian ashtray, $15, hurricane lamp at right, $17.50, both imported by Raymor. Ram's-horn cigar clipper, by Iwan Ries, $15. Globe-shaped transistor radio by Trans-World Industries, $50. Suitcase with special suit holder by Platt Luggage, $85. Motorola's 19-inch TV plays on AC or batteries, $365. Bulova electric transistor wrist watch, $395. Sheaffer's PFM V pen and pencil set, $35.

LAST CHANCE
ALAZON
250 MI
SOKOL

humor

By ART BUCHWALD and HERB CAEN

or HERB CAEN and ART BUCHWALD

VISITING FIREMAN

the bard of the bay meets the poet of paris in the city of lights

The love of one newspaper columnist for another is well known; it is one of the glories of the profession. Therefore, when Herb Caen, columnist for the "San Francisco Chronicle," went to Paris recently, he could hardly wait to see his old friend, Art Buchwald, Paris columnist for the "New York Herald Tribune." What they said to each other — and what they were thinking in their secret thoughts — went approximately as follows:

BUCHWALD

Hi Herb, old buddy! It's great to see you!

(Already I've got a terrible feeling he's gonna want me to take him to the Lido, Maxim's and the Tour d'Argent.)

CAEN

Artur, *mon ami, mon cher, mon vieux!* You look like a million — dollars, not francs!

(I wonder if he's found any places in Paris besides the Lido, Maxim's and Tour d'Argent after twelve years here.)

BUCHWALD

How's the old column going in San Francisco?

(Might as well get right to it. All he ever looks me up for are story ideas and personalities.)

CAEN

Pretty good. Still getting away with it.

(Trade talk, trade talk. Can't he realize I came here to meet a few French girls?)

BUCHWALD

I'm glad you wrote me you were coming because I have a list of pretty good names you can interview — y'know, De Gaulle, Malraux, like that. And I dug up a few people from San Francisco to give you a local angle. Uh — the column still is only — uh — local, isn't it?

(You'd think all I hadda do is dig up stories for him. I've got a column to write, too. Syndicated.)

CAEN

Yeah, it's still local — I prefer it that way. And thanks for the ideas. Good of you.

(Boy, he's square as a bear. I get to Paris once every four years and he's fixing me up with people from San Francisco. I wonder if I should just come right out and ask him about the girls.)

BUCHWALD

I was just thinking, there might be a good story in the Hotel California on the Rue de Berri. I mean the idea of you coming to Paris and winding up at a place called the California is a pretty funny situation, don't you think?

(He's probably dumb enough to buy it.)

CAEN

It kills me. I *never* would've thought of that.

(I think I'll just tell him I'm sick and find my own chicks.)

BUCHWALD

Meanwhile, let's go out to dinner tonight. I'll give you a real Cook's tour of Paris — just the two of us. We can move faster that way and you'll see more places.

(If I had any sense I'd have fixed him up with a dame in the first place, and I could be home reading a book.)

CAEN

That sounds wonderful. Let's go.

(I can't believe a guy could live in Paris for twelve years and be so stupid.)

BUCHWALD

After all, San Francisco is a nice little town — but you've gotta admit Paris has the restaurants.

(I'll never forget the last meal I had in Frisco. I was sick for a week.)

CAEN

That's one thing you've got, all right — great eating places.

(After twelve years, I'll bet the Tour d'Argent is still the only place where he

(continued on page 120)

CHARMING BILLY *(continued from page 70)*

can go and ——" She ended with a phrase familiar to us all but unprintable on these pages. Then, abruptly, the wheels shifted into politeness and gentility again. "And [pause] my very best to you, Audrey," Marilyn finished.

Wilder was philosophical when he heard about it. "She is a very great actress," he said. "Better Marilyn late than most of the others on time."

After the picture was released to critical raves, including some comments that it was Marilyn's best performance, tempers cooled somewhat. Both have said publicly that they would be more than delighted to make a film together again.

Conceivably, only someone as temperamental as Monroe could have caused any commotion at all on a Wilder set, for despite his bluntness and his unfettered language (he uses four-letter words the way most of us use prepositions), and despite what seems to be a snarling contempt for the human race, he is a kind and patient director. Shirley MacLaine has said that she learned more from him than from anybody else in Hollywood.

In a sense this is odd, for although Wilder always knows where he is going in every script, he is not always sure how he is going to get there. Ordinarily he improvises the dialog on a day-to-day basis. When he and Ernest Lehman wrote *Sabrina*, they conceived one part originally for Cary Grant, who, after agreeing to play it, changed his mind. The only other actor of stature available was Humphrey Bogart.

At once, Lehman and Wilder began rewriting in a frenzy, fixing Grant's scenes for Bogart. They would stay up most of each night getting a few pages together for the next day.

One afternoon, midway in the shooting, Wilder went to Doane Harrison, his favorite film cutter and right-hand man, and said, "Please get the electricians to invent some complicated lighting effects for the next scene. Get them to do something that will take some time."

Wilder is known for his economy, and the remark puzzled Harrison. "What for?"

"We haven't got the dialog written yet," Wilder said.

A similar situation developed on the set of *The Apartment*. "We wrote the last four scenes in the last four days and nights before shooting," says I.A.L. Diamond, Wilder's collaborator on the film.

Wilder believes that last-minute work on the script affords him a flexibility that helps the actors develop truer interpretations of their parts. He is also convinced that he can only work effectively with a collaborator, for although he has been in this country for twenty-six years, he still believes his English is not as good as it should be. One can only wonder what epigrams he would coin if his language measured up to his standards, for many of his ad-libs are classics: it was he, not Robert Benchley, who said, "Let me get out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini." This has been in print many times, always attributed to Benchley. Other Wilderisms are too typical of his unique humor to be attributed to anyone else, such as one uttered during the filming of *Sunset Boulevard*. Wilder came to a scene in which there was to be a funeral for Gloria Swanson's pet monkey. "How do you see this scene?" asked the assistant director. "Oh," Wilder said, shrugging, "the usual monkey funeral."

Wilder's impatience with trivia — and his combination of corrosive wit and wry amusement at human foibles — stem to a very real degree from his experiences as a young man in post–World War I Berlin. That was a city of dreary disillusionment and cynicism which produced the savage art of George Grosz and the savagely angry poetry and plays of Bertolt Brecht. Berlin was a place of disenchantment in which the majority of intellectuals could only reflect bitterly upon man's essential, constitutional foolishness. It took a tough-minded, resilient spirit to merely survive.

Into this atmosphere arrived young Billy Wilder, born in Vienna, on June 22, 1906, son of Max Wilder, who flitted from business to business: owner of a trout hatchery, proprietor of a watch factory, operator of restaurants, exporter of leather handbags — in short, says Wilder, "A dreamer, never very successful at any one thing, always going into something else." The boy, christened Samuel, was called "Billy" because his mother wanted him to have an American name.

Wilder's father, hoping Billy would be a lawyer, sent him for eight years to the *Real Gymnasium*, where he absorbed Latin and Greek and chafed to get out into the world. At his father's insistence he went next to the University of Vienna, but lasted there less than a year. He got a job as a reporter on a newspaper where he was paid space rates, that is, according to the amount of material he was able to get into print.

Soon he was doing fairly well. Part of his success was due to the fact that there were so many famous and talented people in Vienna at the time. "One year they were preparing a Christmas edition of the paper, and my job was to get messages from well-known people," Wilder recalls. "In a single morning I interviewed Sigmund Freud, his colleague Alfred Adler, the playwright and novelist Arthur Schnitzler, and the composer Richard Strauss. In *one* morning."

Paul Whiteman was responsible for Wilder's deserting Vienna for Berlin. Whiteman went to Vienna with his huge "symphonic jazz" orchestra, and Wilder reviewed the concert for his newspaper. Whiteman was so pleased with the review that he called Wilder and asked him to go to Berlin to write another review of Whiteman's forthcoming appearance there. When Wilder's editor refused to pay his expenses, Whiteman said he would sponsor him. Wilder went along to Berlin, became enchanted with the city, and never went back to Vienna.

In Berlin he got another newspaper space-rates job and augmented his income by hiring out as a tea-time dancing partner for unescorted women in hotels and restaurants. One day he ran into Robert Siodmak, the director, who knew a man who had five thousand reichsmarks floating around and wanted to make a film. Wilder was hired to write it. The film, *People on Sunday*, became a minor classic, and Wilder today is pleased to recollect that it is in the permanent film collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. He had another reason to be pleased with it then, for it plunged him into the German film industry, at that time the second largest in the world. During the next few years he wrote fifty-odd films of his own and worked on at least as many more. He made money and spent it all. In 1933, when he was twenty-seven, fairly well-known, but inconveniently Jewish, he moved to Paris. He got off the train carrying one suitcase and a rolled-up bunch of canvases, for he already had begun to collect paintings. He checked them in the station and rushed to the tennis matches to watch the great Fred Perry and Bunny Austin wrest the Davis Cup from the French. (By then he was mad about sports, too. Today, apart from making films, fine art and sports are still Wilder's principal delights. His apartment is full of Picassos, Rouaults, Dufys, and other famous modernists, and his head is full of such statistics as how many bases Lou Gehrig stole, a collection which affords him nearly as much pleasure as his paintings and sculpture do.)

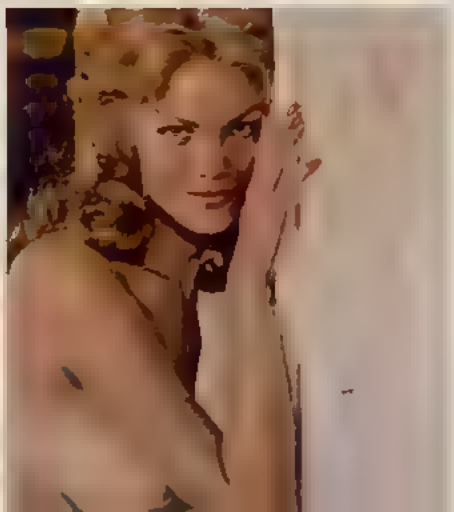
Paris proved to be not as hospitable as Berlin. Wilder scrounged, living off German expatriates who had money to lend, enduring the days in a sour little hotel. Presently he got a job as director on the first film to star Danielle Darrieux, *Mauvaise Graine* — another small classic — and that brought him to the attention of an American film executive then in Paris, Joe May, who liked an original screen treatment Wilder had written, *Pam-Pam*. May took it to Hollywood, where it was bought by Paramount. The money transported Wilder

(continued on page 145)

FIVE FAVORITE CHRISTMAS PLAYMATES

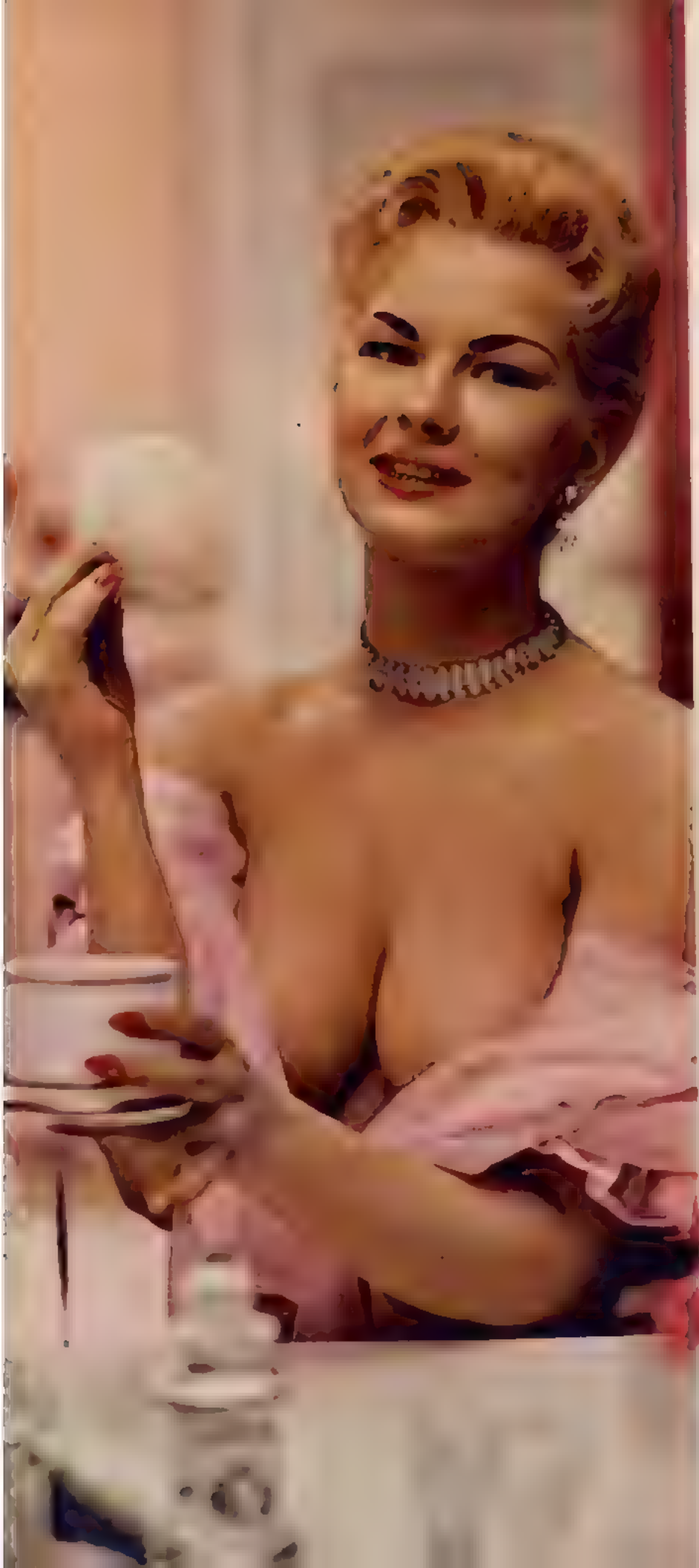
[a repeat performance of the misses december in a special yuletide package]

For your Yuletide delectation, we can think of few offerings as enticing as this fivesome of favorite December Playmates herewith unwrapped. Miss Ellen Stratton, who reads 35-20-35 from either direction, was a legal secretary on the Coast when she was first discovered by a PLAYBOY *photog, and remains so today. Ellen wants to be a lady lawyer, studies at night, and earned part of her tuition through her Playmate appearance a year ago this month, a move that younger members of the California bar have unanimously endorsed.*

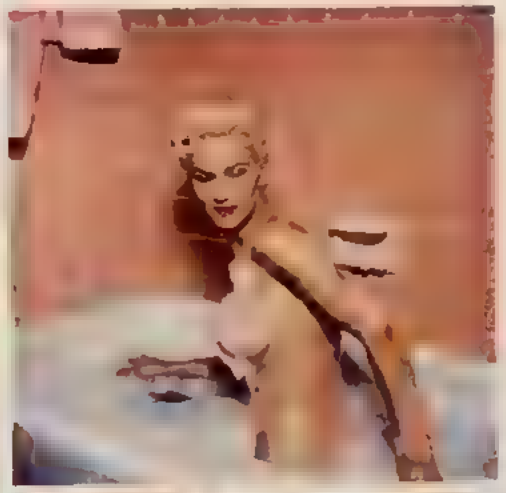


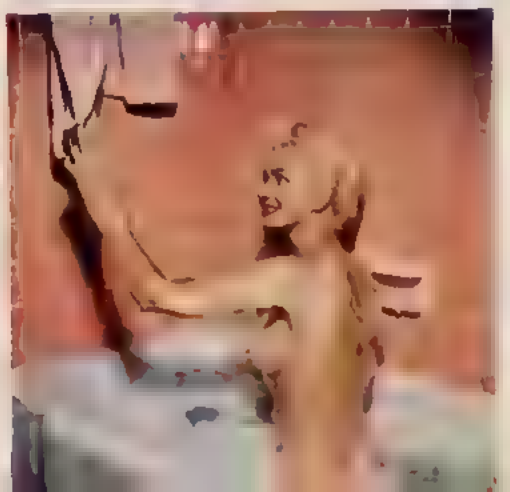
Adorned in soap bubbles or negligee, sloe-eyed, sexy Linda Vargas comes on with the look of a young Ava Gardner. We first spotted her in Chicago, were impressed by her sensuously feline qualities, and promptly named her our December 1957 Playmate. She's since moved to Hollywood, been put under contract to Jerry Wald and appeared in several films, including "The Best of Everything." For us, Linda's allure is more than face and figure (35-21-35); it depends very much on the way she moves and the intense and sensual fashion in which she reacts to everything around her.

Soft-voiced, shy Lisa Winters was discovered waiting for a bus on a Miami street corner by photographer Bunny Yeager, and has become one of the magazine's all-time favorites following her appearance as Miss December of 1956. Petite and perfectly proportioned, Lisa was born and raised in Florida, but moved to the West Coast and now lives just outside of Hollywood. Knowledgeable filmland connoisseurs made Lisa several movie offers after her Playmate debut, but this retiring miss said no to a movie career.



PLAYBOY's Janet Pilgrim was our first Subscription Manager way back when that department consisted of two, our entire staff of less than ten Janet's popularity as Playmate in December 1955 prompted our placing this multilinear miss into promotion instead. Janet blonde, bouncy, beautiful — now heads up our Reader Service, which answers all questions concerning the contents of the magazine.





Joyce Nizzari — another Miami miss — is wild about Sinatra, sports cars and snoozing till noon, donned our Miss December's crown in 1958, and was the most popular Playmate of that year. When we found Joyce, she was devoting her time to modeling, water skiing, bowling and keeping her trim figure in shape. Her Playmate appearance led to a role in "Hole in the Head," alongside her favorite Frankie. Parts in other movies and TV shows followed, but Joyce still makes her home in Miami with her parents, does modeling and promotional work for PLAYBOY.

VERY LATE *(continued from page 57)*

comes due when you're twenty-one from some duke or king!"

"Don't say that!" he shouted, jumping up.

"Why not!?" I said angrily. "Why do you come around here? You can't play this, can't play that, can't do nothing, what *good* are you? She says, she does. I know *her!* She hangs upside down from the ceiling in her black clothes in her bedroom at midnight!"

"Don't say that!" His face was frightened and pale.

"Why not say it!"

"Because," he bleated, "it's true."

And he was out the door and running.

I didn't see him again until the next summer. And then only once, briefly, when I took some clean linen down to their cottage.

The summer when we were both twelve was the summer that for a time I didn't hate him.

He called my name outside the pavilion screen door and when I looked out he said, very quietly, "Anna Marie, when I am twenty and you are twenty, I'm going to marry you."

"Who's going to let you?" I asked.

"*I'm* going to let me," he said. "You just remember, Anna Marie. You wait for me. Promise?"

I could only nod. "But what about ——"

"She'll be dead by then," he said, very gravely. "She's old. She's *old*."

And then he turned and went away.

The next summer they did not come to the resort at all. I heard she was sick. I prayed every night that she would die.

But two years later they were back, and the year after the year after that, until Roger was nineteen and I was nineteen, and then at last we had reached and touched twenty, and for one of the few times in all the years, they came into the pavilion together, she in her wheelchair now, deeper in her furs than ever before, her face a gathering of white dust and folded parchment.

She eyed me as I set her ice cream sundae down before her, and eyed Roger as he said, "Mother, I want you to meet ——"

"I do not meet girls who wait on public tables," she said. "I acknowledge they exist, work, and are paid. But I immediately forget their names."

She touched and nibbled her ice cream, touched and nibbled her ice cream, while Roger sat not touching his at all.

They left a day earlier than usual that year. I saw Roger as he paid the bill, in the hotel lobby. He shook my hand to say good-bye and I could not help but say:

"You've forgotten."

He took a half step back, then looked around, patting his coat pockets.

"Luggage, bills paid, wallet, no, I seem to have everything," he said.

"A long time ago," I said, "you made a promise."

He was silent.

"Roger," I said, "I'm twenty now. And so are you."

He seized my hand again, swiftly, as if he were falling over the side of a ship and it was me going away, leaving him to drown forever beyond help.

"One more year, Anna! Two, three, at the most!"

"Oh, no," I said, forlornly.

"Four years at the outside! The doctors say ——"

"The doctors don't know what I know, Roger. She'll live forever. She'll bury you and me and drink wine at our funerals."

"She's a sick woman, Anna! My God, she *can't* survive!"

"She will, because we give her strength. She knows we want her dead. That really gives her the power to go on."

"I can't talk this way, I can't!" Seizing his luggage, he started down the hall!

"I won't wait, Roger," I said.

He turned at the door and looked at me so helplessly, so palely, like a moth pinned to the wall, that I could not say it again.

The door slammed shut.

The summer was over.

The next year, Roger came directly to the soda fountain where he said, "Is it true? Who is he?"

"Paul," I said. "You know Paul. He'll manage the hotel someday. We'll marry this fall."

"That doesn't give me much time," said Roger

"It's too late," I said. "I've already promised."

"Promised, hell! You don't love him!"

"I think I do."

"Think, hell! Thinking's one thing, knowing's another. You *know* you love me!"

"Do I, Roger?"

"Stop relishing the damn business so much! You know you do! Oh, Anna, you'll be miserable!"

"I'm miserable now," I said.

"Oh, Anna, Anna, wait!"

"I have waited, most of my life. But I know what will happen."

"Anna!" He blurted it out as if it had come to him suddenly. "What if — what if she died *this* summer?"

"She won't."

"But if she did, if she took a turn for the worse, I mean, in the next two months —" He searched my face. He shortened it. "— the next month, Anna, two weeks, listen, if she died in two short weeks, would you wait that long, would you marry me, *then?!*"

I began to cry. "Oh, Roger, we've never even kissed. This is ridiculous."

"Answer me, if she died one week, seven days from now ——" He grabbed my arms.

"But how can you be sure ——?"

"I'll *make* myself sure! I swear, she'll be dead a week from now, or I'll never bother you again with this!"

And he flung the screen doors wide, hurrying off into the day that was suddenly too bright.

"Roger, don't ——" I cried.

But my mind thought, Roger *do*, do something, anything, to start it all or end it all.

That night in bed I thought, what ways are there for murder that no one could know? Is Roger, a hundred yards away, this moment, thinking the same? Will he search the woods tomorrow for toadstools resembling mushrooms, or drive the car too fast and fling her door wide on a curve? I saw the wax-dummy-witch fly through the air in a lovely soaring arc to break like ridiculous peanut-brittle on an oak, an elm, a maple. I sat up in bed. I laughed until I wept. I wept until I laughed again. No, no, I thought, he'll find a better way. A night burglar will shock her heart into her throat. Once in her throat, he will not let it go down again, she'll choke on her own panic.

And then the oldest, the darkest most childish thought of all. There's only one way to finish a woman whose mouth is the color of blood. Being what she is, no relative, not an aunt nor a great grandmother, surprise her with a stake driven through her heart!

I heard her scream. It was so loud, all the night birds jumped from the trees to cover the stars.

I lay back down. Dear Christian Anna Marie, I thought, what's this? Do you want to kill? Yes, for why not kill a killer, a woman who strangled her child in his crib and has not loosened the throttling cord since? He is so pale, poor man, because he has not breathed free air, all of his life.

And at last I slept, hoping for the dawn, and good and final news.

The next day I saw him pushing her along the pier and thought, yes, that's it! she'll vanish and be found, a week from now, on the shore, like a sea monster floating, all face and no body.

That day passed. Well, surely, I thought, tomorrow . . .

The second day of the week, the third, the fourth and then the fifth and sixth passed, and on the seventh day, one of the maids came running up the path, shrieking

"Oh, it's terrible, terrible!"

"Mrs. Harrison?" I cried. I felt a terrible and quite uncontrollable smile on my face. *(continued on page 132)*

the tangible symbols for barter are many, from cowrie shells to the good long green

A SHORT HISTORY OF MONEY

article By WILLIAM IVERSEN

MONEY IS UNDOUBTEDLY the most popular of all ancient conveniences. Whether we consider it to be the root of all evil, or the source of all that is jolly and good, there's no denying the advantages that money has over earlier systems of swap and barter. Anyone can readily imagine the difficulties that might arise in trying to get a cab driver to make change for an ox – to say nothing of having to compute a tip in terms of broccoli and rhubarb.

Applied to modern urban living, such a system would prove both unwieldy and absurd. But no more absurd, perhaps, than some of the peculiar forms of money that men have been known to hoard and fret about: shells, feathers, beads, stones, elephant tails, whales' teeth, beetles' legs, iron bars, and bits of tufted string made from the fur of a fruit-eating bat.

Our own money seems to be somewhat more sensibly based, and has its origins in such age-old objects of desire as gold and silver and girls and cows. The words "capital" and "chattel" are derived from the same word as "cattle." Our "pecuniary" interests were once vested in *pecus*, the Latin term for cows. Today's "fee" stems from the Old Norse *fê*, meaning cattle, and our modern coins have "heads" and "tails."

The Homeric Greeks, for example, computed prices in terms of the ox standard, and to all intents and purposes oxen were considered money. As prizes for a wrestling match, Achilles offered the winner "a large tripod to stand on the fire, which the spectators valued at twelve oxen. For the loser, he brought out a woman well skilled in women's work, valued at four oxen."

"Hard was the struggle for that fine tripod," Homer reports in the *Iliad*, leaving posterity to infer that the woman was no bargain, even at four oxen. And no wonder. Shopping around in the *Odyssey*, we learn that twenty oxen was the going price for a really first-class slave girl, for such was the price Laertes paid for Eurycléa, "when she was in her first youth."

While the early Greeks computed the price of slave girls in terms of cattle currency, the ancient Irish figured the price of cattle, chariots and everything else in terms of slave girls, or *kumals*. According to the *Tain*, the oldest epic poem in Western literature, the Brown Bull of Cuailnge was purchased for a chariot "worth three times seven bondsmaids." Included in the Irish King of Leinster's tax to Rome in 106 A.D. were 150 *kumals*, 150 cows, 150 swine and the king's daughter – which not only reduced the hapless monarch's capital assets, but left him with one less dependent to claim for the year 107.

Though gold and silver ornaments were often used as money, the *kumal* was so popular a currency that she was considered both legal and tender as late as the Middle Ages. Easily the liveliest loot of all time, the *kumal* was valued at three cows, with sheep, heifers and bags of grain serving as small change.

Grain was also a common currency in the agrarian economy of ancient Egypt. Taxes were paid in cereals, and granaries served as banks, on which the privileged and the wealthy could draw checks against their grain deposits. Gold was mined mainly for export, and was measured in "grains" that corresponded to the weight of a grain of wheat, just as it was later measured in "carats" to the weight of a carat seed.

In similar manner, the Babylonian *shekel* was 180 grains of barley, and offered a uniform standard by which to weigh a lump of silver in 3000 B.C. Though the Lydians are generally credited with minting the first small coins in the Seventh Century B.C., the earlier Babylonians issued silver ingots stamped with the images of gods, who supposedly guaranteed the weight and purity of the metal. Gold and silver were stored in temples, where they would receive divine protection, and in Judea, Greece and Rome coins were minted in temples. The words "money" and "mint" are but borrowings from the Latin *Moneta*, "a surname of Juno, in whose temple at Rome money was coined."

No one seems to be certain why Juno's temple was chosen to serve as the Roman mint, but a theory might be based on the fact that she was the protectress of cattle and women – both chattels and tokens of wealth. In Greece and early Rome, upper-class wives and consorts vied for the honor of posing for the goddesses depicted on coins, but the first woman to appear as herself was Cleopatra. Judging from her profile on the silver *tetradrachma*, the Siren of the Nile would have made a dubious booby-prize for a Greek wres-

(continued on page 122)

an imaginary menagerie

for children of all ages

SILVERSTEIN'S ZOO

PROLOGUE

Now the Bears and the Bees and the Chimpanzees
Are creatures with which we're familiar.
But what do we know of the Humplebacked Mo,
Or the ring-tailed breckspeckled Hillyar?
Or the tongue-twisted rubber-necked Bylliar?
Or the Gorp-eating Kallikozilliar?

satire **By SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

SOFT-SHELLED PHIZZINT

THE CONSIDERATE
SOFT SHELLED PHIZZINT

You'll never know an animal
more considerate of human feelings
than the Soft Shelled Phizzint.
Someone has mistaken this one
for a pincushion
and he's too polite to say he isn't.

FLYING FESTOON

THE FLYING FESTOON AND I

I am going to ride on the Flying Festoon,
I'll jump on his back and I'll whistle a tune,
And we'll fly to the outermost tip of the moon,
The Flying Festoon and I.

Oh, I'm taking some crackers, a ball and a prune.
And we're leaving this evening precisely at noon,
For I'm going to fly with the Flying Festoon,
Just as soon as he learns how to fly.

TWENTY-EIGHT-TON GHELI

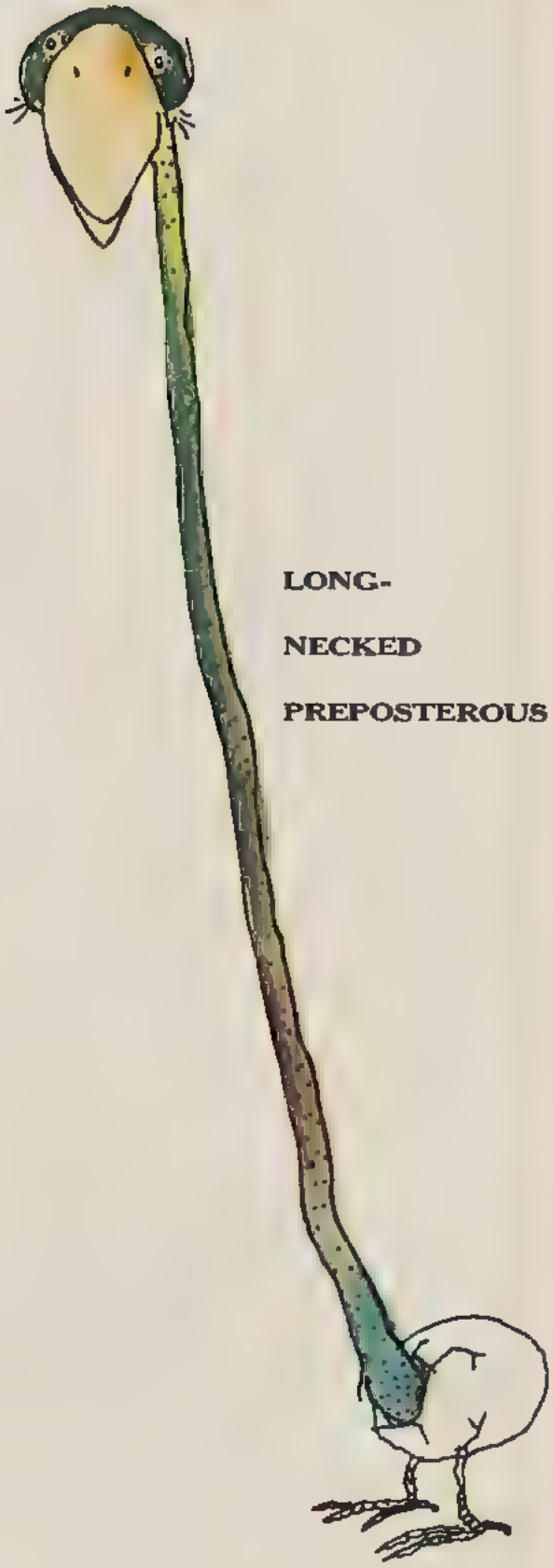
THE GHELI

See the twenty-eight-ton Gheli.
He'd love for you to scratch his belly.

MAN-EATING FULLIT

THE TAIL OF THE FULLIT

This is the tail of the
Man-Eating Fullit.
Let's not pull it.



LONG-

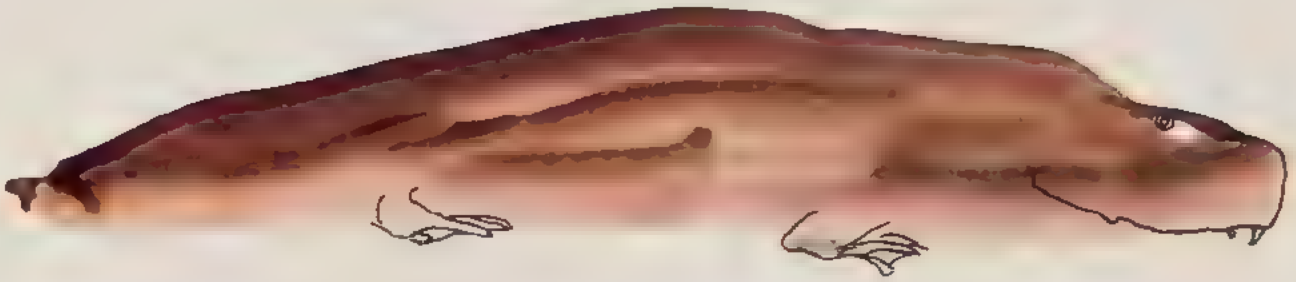
NECKED

PREPOSTEROUS

DONALD

This is Donald,
A Long-Necked Preposterous,
Looking around for a female
Long-Necked Preposterous.
But there aren't any.

SLITHERGADEE



NOT ME

The Slithergadee has crawled out of the sea.
He may catch all the others, but he won't catch me.
No you won't catch me, old Slithergadee,
You may catch all the others, but you wo

GRAVEYARK

THE GRAVEYARK

See the Graveyark in his cage,
His claws are sharp, his teeth are double.
Thank heaven he's locked up safe inside,
Or we'd all be in terrible trouble!

GRU

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE GRU

Don't pooh pooh the Gru,
For if you do,
He'll bite you through,
And chomp and chew,
And swallow you.
But if you don't,
Don't think he won't.

ZUMBY

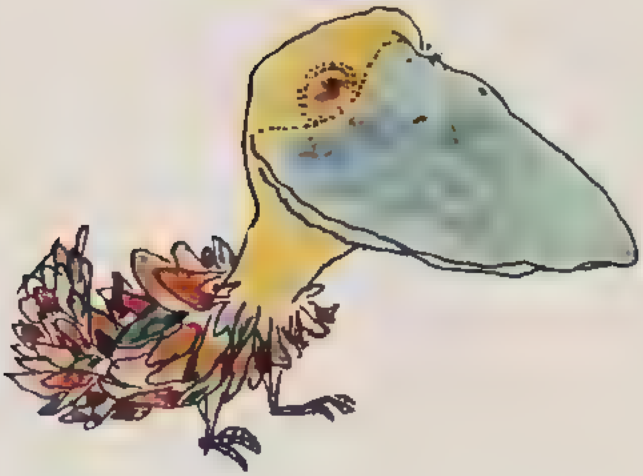
THE ZUMBIES

The Ostrich is known to bury his head.
The Zumby, so much more discreetly,
At the very first inkling of danger or dread,
Will bury himself most completely.

If he catches the sound or the odor of man,
He envisions a horrible death,
So he burrows himself deep down into the sand,
And sits there, just holding his breath.

So the next time you're down to the beach at the strand,
So sunny and splashy and gay,
Remember, the Zumbies sit under the sand,
Just waiting for you to go 'way.

GURSDEE



DOES ANYONE HERE TALK GURSDEE TALK?

Does anyone here talk Gursdee talk?
Do you know how to say "good-bye"?
For I'd like the Gursdee to leave next Thursday,
And all I can say is "Hi"!

GLUMP

A WARNING FOR THOSE WHO CHANCE TO MEET A WILD GLUMP COMING HOME LATE AT NIGHT, DOWN A DARK STREET, PAST A GRAVEYARD, ALL ALONE IN A STORM

Don't bump
The Glump.

"Please stop staring.
When I blush,
I blush all over."

article By ERIC BENTLEY

Letter to a would-be playwright

the nation's foremost drama critic delineates the crucial differences between writing and wrighting, craft and art, fulfillment and success

Author's Note: One does not write on theatre without receiving letters from playwrights. There is the playwright who tells me I have all the right ideas about drama and he has put all these ideas into a play — will I read it? There is the playwright who gets his attorney to write me demanding that every copy of my review of his play be removed forthwith from the market or he will sue me. Most ingratiating of all is the playwright who hasn't yet written a play and wants to know how to write one. I always feel that, if I really knew the answer, I would myself be the author of a list of plays at least as good as "Oedipus Rex," "King Lear" and "Phèdre." But one such "playwright" recently raised questions I can at least begin to answer — as follows.

Dear X:

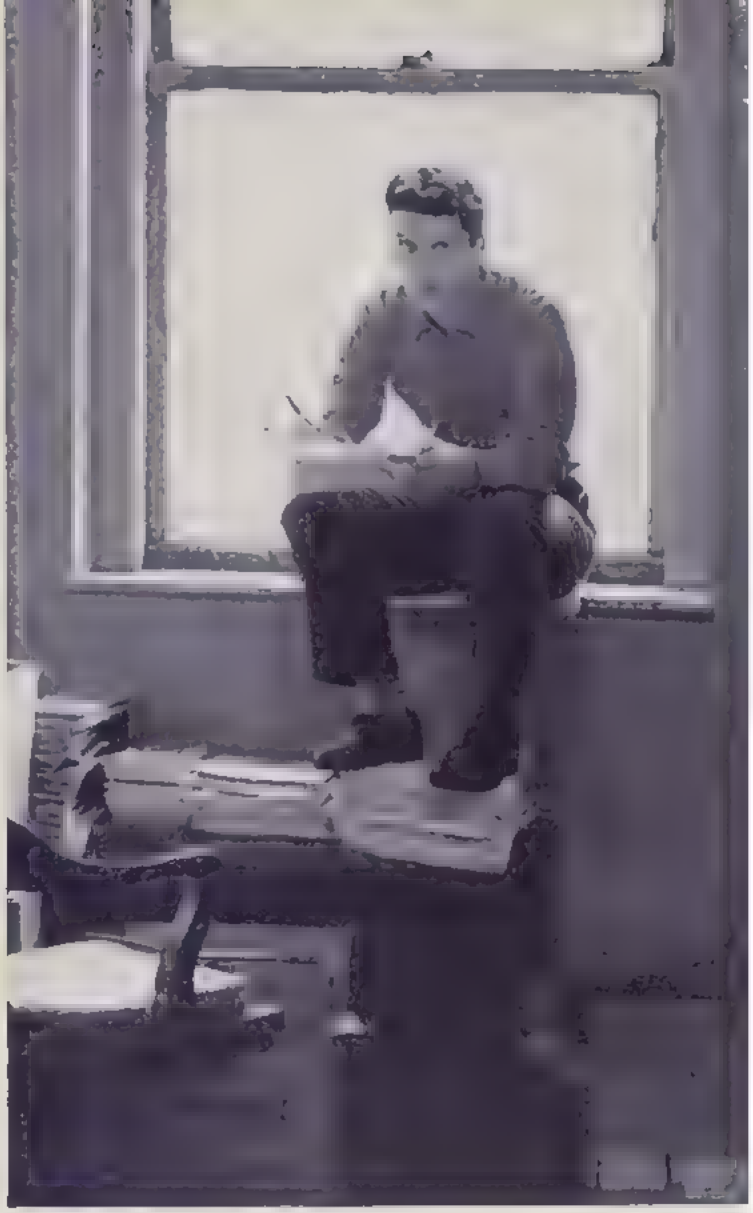
So you have not yet written a play. One could wish some of our other dramatists had shown such restraint. But then, you tell me, you are still quite young. The temptation to write a play may well be on the point of becoming irresistible. Once it does so, all anyone can do is try to keep you from writing a bad play. It will not be easy. Many bad plays find favor in the great heart of the public, and most of them find favor in the heart, great or small, of their authors.

If you insist on writing a play, nothing can stop you from writing a bad one except the act of writing a good one. Can you learn to do this? Or, to give the question its classic form: can playwriting be taught? *(continued on page 106)*

ON THE SCENE

HANNA & BARBERA: *the thinking man's disney*

IN A TV WORLD MIRED IN MEDIOCRITY, one large blessing counted by audiences and critics alike has been the work of two happy voyagers on the Hollywood cartoon treadmill, Bill Hanna (above, right) and Joe Barbera. From their first series, *Ruff 'n Reddy*, angled at the oatmeal set, through the cartoon hoss-opera, *Quick Draw McGraw*, on through the fabulously successful and extremely hip *Huckleberry Hound*, their recently launched company, Hanna Barbera Productions, has prospered. Its newest and most adult-pitched effort to date, a stone-age situation comedy called *The Flintstones*, has been unique in a field not particularly noted for stimulating entertainment. Damon Hanna and Pythias Barbera have been together for twenty-three years, a score of them in the purlieus of MGM animation. During that prolonged tour of duty they managed to turn out some two hundred *Tom and Jerry* cartoons for MGM, accumulating seven Oscars in the process. Western-born, ex-engineer Hanna and New York City–boy, ex-accountant Barbera, who happily abandoned slide rules and tax forms for the animation biz, are well on their way to becoming cartoon colossi. In three whirlwind years since H-B severed the silver cord from the Metro lion, it has grown from a staff of two to a crew of 130. H-B's main preoccupation these days (aside from planning a whole new series of cartoons under a five-year contract from Columbia Pictures) is exploring the potent satiric possibilities inherent in *The Flintstones*. One slated for use: a tough, hard boozing prehistoric private eye named Peter Gunnite who drinks rocks on the rocks until, of course, he gets stoned.



RAY CHARLES: *shake that thing*

RAY CHARLES BELONGS TO THE BLUES and vice versa. At twenty-eight, the moaning, moving singer-pianist has a firm lock on what has come to be called "soul jazz"—a fervent, gospelish rendering of the blues according to St. Charles. Blind since the age of six ("I don't need to see to play or sing the way I feel") and an orphan since the age of fifteen, Charles has hewn his own path to the top, starting with his first professional stint as the leader of a trio in 1949. During that time, he chose to imitate the pretty piping style of Nat "King" Cole, then chucked it to concentrate on the grunts, shrieks and foot-stompin' earthiness that are his current trademarks. By 1957 he made it to Carnegie Hall, and his personal appearances have kicked up wild audience response ever since (Charles broke the house record at Hollywood's Palladium, drew over seven thousand fans at three dollars a head). His records—LPs and singles—are invariably top sellers, and he is a composer as well as a performer: his *I Got a Woman*, *A Fool for You*, *Hallelujah I Love Her So* and *What'd I Say*, among others, have been recorded by such as Peggy Lee, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Harry Belafonte. Charles' current troupe is made up of a seven-piece band plus a foursome of female chirpers known as the Raylettes, all devoted to the gospel of funk and frenzy, though Charles himself can croon a ballad with untutored tenderness when he wants to. "I try to put all of me into what I'm singing or playing, no matter what it is," Charles says. "If I don't believe it myself, I can't make anyone believe it." To that his legion of believers shouts "Amen."

PAUL KRASSNER: *butcher of sacred cows*

THERE IS IN NEW YORK CITY a young man who owns and operates a three-thousand-vote icon smasher. His name is Paul Krassner, and his icon smasher is a lively, witty and mordant little newspaper called *The Realist*, with a subscription list of three thousand. Its masthead proclaims its dedication to free thought, criticism and satire, and it lives up to its promises with front-page articles like *Let's Hate Veterans* and *Inside Norman Vincent Pollyanna*. *The Realist* also conducts Impolite Interviews with people like sick comic Lenny Bruce and psychotherapist Dr. Albert Ellis (who, among other things, plumps for the correct use of the most unprintable four-letter epithet in the English language); features irreverent definitions ("Yom Kippur: Instant Lent"); runs sardonic announcements ("Report obscene mail to your postmaster—he thrives on it"); and flays humorless, supersensitive Madison Avenue with, as an example, a ringing Krassner editorial urging readers to write letters to TV's innocuous *Masquerade Party* complaining about a non-existent "offensive" incident on one of the shows. (The result was all that could have been hoped for: puzzled, frightened producers and sponsors called letter writers long distance, begging for details of the supposed outrage.) Twenty-eight-year-old Editor Krassner, who is writing a novel and compiling *Realist* articles for a book (its dedication: "To Modess . . . because"), runs a one-man shop. His credo: "*The Realist* is unbiased by dogma or authority and is unafraid of what people might think, but hopeful that they *will* think for themselves."

Letter to a would-be playwright *(continued from page 103)*

You tell me a friend of yours says it can't. But you tell *me* this because you assume that I believe it can. But do I? Well, yes and no, and more particularly—while I am feeling needled by your reading of my mind—No! There is a lot to be said for the unteachability of *any* subject. As I calm down, though, I shall agree with you in seeing no reason why playwriting should be regarded as *less* teachable than other subjects. Oh yes, it is less teachable than reading, writing and 'rithmetic, but those are elementary subjects. Playwriting is an advanced subject, and at the advanced stage in any field a student has chiefly to work on his own. The point is that while the teacher, at this stage, may intervene less often, his intervention may still be valuable, even, in certain cases, essential. A coach of professional swimmers does not jump in the water and manipulate his men's limbs . . . A psychoanalyst does not interrupt his patient's every third word . . . In short, I would not exclude the possibility that a teacher might be useful to a playwright.

You tell me that even your friend who believes that playwriting *can* be taught adds that in practice it never is. Here my quarrel would only be with the word "never." I will grant you that most teaching of playwriting is ineffectual if you will grant me that most teaching of everything else is ineffectual. Nature is said to be wasteful, but if the art of education is anything to go by, art is even more wasteful. All these man-hours in classrooms—for nothing—possibly for that worse than nothing which is miseducation—the kind that has to be unlearned later, if indeed it still can be! And the pity of it, considering that the children being miseducated are not idiots! The energy of youth passes through our schools like so much unused water power. The years of opportunity between ten and twenty are thrown away on mere sociability, and of late, sociability has led through boredom to unsociability, otherwise known as crime. How can anyone believe in Education, when the educators have provided nothing but awful examples of How Not To Do It?

But I hardly need to tell you what a mess education is, you are, after all, educated. Or does your being educated *prevent* you from seeing the facts of education as of everything else? How *have* you spent the last ten years? On higher things, I should judge, for your letter bears witness to your neglect of lower things, notably grammar, syntax, diction, not to speak of style. You cannot write English. You propose to write plays, but you cannot write English, and presumably you see no great contradiction here. You will tell me that English could always be learned if absolutely necessary but that, firstly, plays aren't written in the language of Shakespeare, they are written in that of the gutter and, secondly, plays aren't properly said to be written at all, they are constructed, a Wright not being a Writer but an artificer, artisan, or fixer.

The *reason* you will tell me this is that you know I don't agree. You want to hear what I will say because you smell a rat: you yourself don't believe the stuff you are parroting. After all, you have not yet taken that course in playwriting, and so you are as yet incompletely indoctrinated with the antiliterary philosophy of its teachers. I will let you into the secret that underlies this philosophy—a secret deduction which perhaps those initiates don't even confess to themselves. It is this, because what is good as literature may be bad as theatre, it follows that bad writing is the first step to what is good in theatre. That is not undemocratic, you will admit, for such a first step can be taken by any citizen of whatever color, creed or nation. Some citizens are even willing to pay tuition for the privilege.

Why not learn the tricks of a trade that is nothing but tricks? Well, there *is* a reason why not, and it is that the path of foolishness isn't always simple. Bad taste has its pitfalls, just like good. For that matter, who has the courage of his puerility? The fool must perforce deny being a fool. It is even true, despite Machiavelli, that the knave must deny—even to himself—being a knave. Conscious knavery such as Machiavelli recommended is as much of a strain as virtue. For the price, one might just as well be good . . .

The teacher of play*wrighting* (despite Webster, it should be spelled that way) can start out cheerily enough with the declaration that the box office never lies, etcetera. The purpose of art is to please, etcetera. We aren't a lot of snobs, are we, etcetera. Just look what awful plays those highbrows write, etcetera. Shakespeare, on the other hand, is one of us, he took a course in playwriting from the horses outside the Globe Theatre, etcetera. Oh, those awful literati, those coteries, those cliques, I wrote a book once, and you know what was done to me by those awful literati, those coteries, those cliques, etcetera? In short, what we believe in *is* Democracy, and the people's choice is made known to eight newsmen at eleven-thirty every evening by a process which may be mystic but which is no less Real. Etcetera.

When the tumult and shouting die, you realize, I hope, that, of all the gods, the public is only a goddess and a bitch at that. *La donna è mobile*. If the public really ever had an opinion and stuck to it, one might at least be able to pay attention. But what is the public's decision on *Abie's Irish Rose*? As of *now*, total indifference. As of thirty-five years ago, ecstatic approval. Now tell me—and don't use your head, use your public—is that a good play or isn't it? Don't bother to answer, just draw this moral: teachers who wish to teach the successful formulas are faced with the disturbing fact that the successful formulas change. It would even seem that a pattern sometimes fails precisely by becoming a formula, and has at that point to be replaced by another pattern, which in turn fails when it becomes a formula, and so on.

There is a bag of tricks in any profession, and young people will always learn the tricks, may often be the better for learning them, and may never be the worse for learning them—provided they accept them at no more than their actual value. I am attacking—yes, now you have brought out the aggressor in me—the notion that a play differs from a poem or a picture precisely in being all tricks. No one ever put that notion forward, you say. Perhaps not, I reply, but the teachers imply its truth and not once or twice but all the time. Upon that sand they have built their theatres. Upon pure philistinism. Upon hostility to sensibility and imagination, not to mention thought.

This is the real reason why the books on How To Write A Play are so depressing. In many of them there's a lot of shrewd observation. What worked last time is offered to the tyro as what is likely to work next time and a thousand times thereafter. A list of the things that worked last time—this kind of exposition, this kind of curtain line, this kind of leading character, this kind of ending—is known as Dramatic Technique, is known as How To Write A Play.

In time the books on How To Write A Play became a joke. It was then that the total unteachability of playwriting began to be talked about. No one can help you because playwriting proceeds upon no principles! With the silly simple rules of the how-to books, these counter-revolutionaries throw out critical understanding altogether, falling back upon an extreme relativism: so many plays, so many rules—and an extreme subjectivism—each playwright a law unto himself. This philosophy, whatever its truth, is likely to be just as cramping as the how-to books themselves, for it gives the playwright nothing to lean on but Inspiration, a creature far too whimsical and elusive to keep him from the bottle.

Those who hold this view make the same mistake as those who hold the opposite: they conceive of playwriting as a thing apart, an art somehow exempt from the normal obligations of art. I want to start at the other end. The playwright is, first, an artist and secondly, he

(continued on page 112)

THE FOOTPRINT OF A LION

A newly translated tale from the Spanish *El Libro de los Engannos*

Ribald Classic

IT IS RELATED that a certain king was mad for beautiful women and that this was his only failing. One day as he was gazing from the palace roof, he saw in a nearby garden a woman bathing. She was so beautiful that the king instantly fell in love with her and sent a message asking her to receive him that night in her house.

The woman sent word back that this could not be, since her husband, a soldier, was in the city and would be home that evening. Therefore the king signed an order having the soldier sent to the wars, but the order went astray.

When the king entered the soldier's house, the beautiful wife bowed low before him, led him to the bedroom, and said: "Sire, behold your slave who desires whatever you desire. But first I must go and bathe."

She handed him a book. "Read this, sire," she said, "and as you read I shall make myself beautiful for you."

Now as the king read, he grew ashamed of what he planned to do, for the book told how adulterous women should be mocked by all society. Laying the book on the floor beside the bed, he arose and in his haste to quit the house, he forgot his sandals which remained beneath the bed.

When the husband returned and found the golden sandals of the king he was terrified, for he suspected that the amorous and jealous king had made his wife royal property. For this reason he ceased going to bed with her himself.

After a time, the wife went to her parents and told them of her husband's coldness, and they called him and asked him why he had turned away from his wife. "I found the king's sandals under the bed," he told them, "and therefore I do not dare to sleep with her."

"Let us go to the king and speak in parable," said his wife's kinsmen.

They went straightway to the palace, obtained audience, and said. "Sire, we gave a field to this young man so that he could cultivate it and enjoy the fruits thereof. Now, he worked this field for a good season and then forsook it."

The king looked at the soldier and said: "How say you, young man?"

"Sire, it is true that they entrusted to me this field and that I worked it faithfully and joyfully until one day as I walked over it I found the footprint of a lion. I went there no more after that, for I feared that the lion might come and devour me. For this reason I gave up tilling that land."

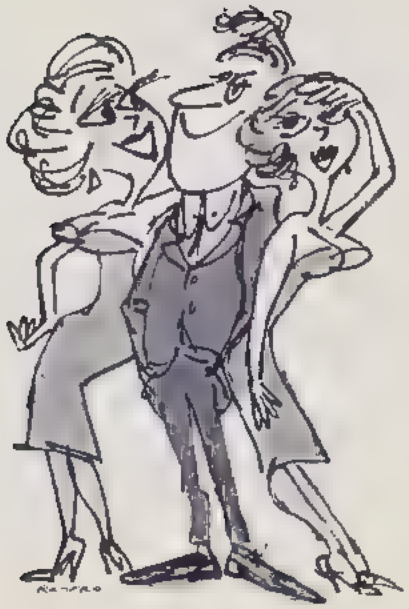
The king stroked his beard and smiled. Then he spoke. "Verily, the lion walked in your garden and he left his footprint there, but he did nothing to harm you, nor did he commit any evil while he walked there. I advise you, therefore, to return to your garden and to cultivate it as it deserves."

And the soldier went happily back to his wife.

— Translated by J. A. Gato

LASTEST WITH THE LEASTEST *the true-life story of how one impractical, awkward, undependable, illogical, dopey, inept, kookie, rash, clumsy, foolhardy, thoughtless, fumbling genius makes out just dandy*

humor **By ROBERT FONTAINE**



ANYONE CAN BE IMPRACTICAL, no matter how practical he was born and brought up. As a child I was trained to save string and horseshoe nails, shut the windows when it rained, keep the crusts for bread pudding, turn off all the faucets tightly, and tell the bus driver I was under twelve when I wasn't. Yet with the passing years I have succeeded, after a hard struggle, in becoming impractical.

Why, I hear you ask, should anyone want to be impractical? The answer is: practical people get all the dirty work to do because they're so good at it! Practical people are given dull, routine jobs where they can be trusted. Practical people cook the steaks while others sit around sipping juleps and comparing golf scores. Practical bachelors are fair game for women who adore practical men for husbands because they can be trusted to go down in the middle of the night and fix the oil-burner or nail up new shingles in the midst of a cloudburst.

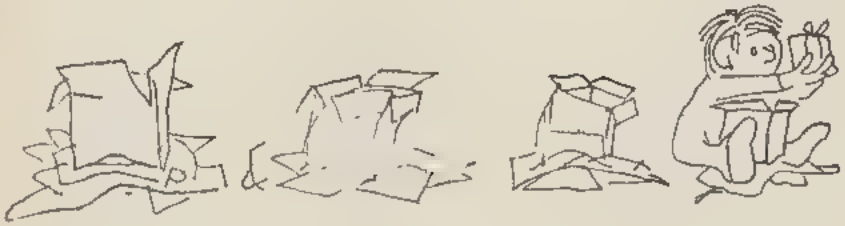
I can remember when I was in school I began to get an uneasy feeling that I was being taken because I was so dependable. Above all others I was chosen to stay after school to clean the blackboards and bang the erasers together, getting chalk dust in my lungs and missing baseball practice. Miss Calkins used to say, "You're a good boy, Robert. I can depend on you to do all the chores." She never said she could depend on me to go out there in the clutch and hit a home run with the bases loaded in the ninth. You do not use practical people for that sort of thing. You use glamorous, unpredictable pinch hitters.

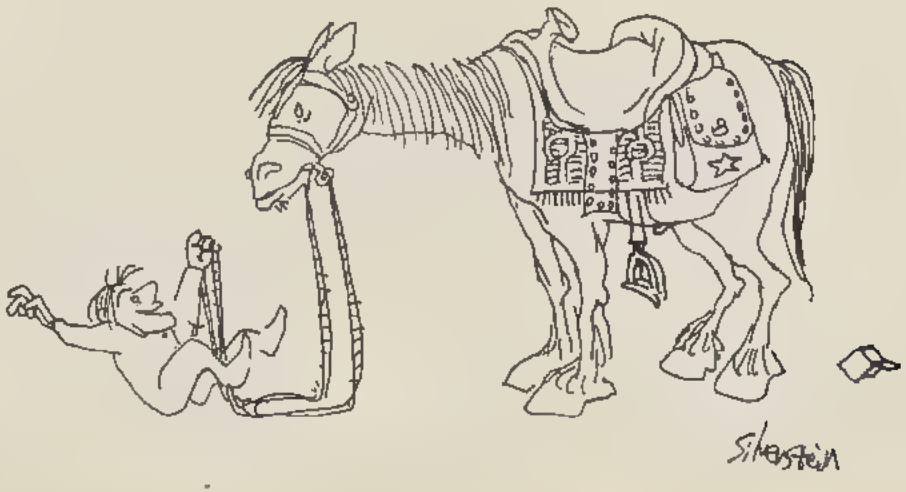
I recall that as a youth I worked in a Wall Street broker's office where my job consisted mainly of keeping the flowers fresh, emptying the ashtrays and doing some of the accounting. There was a fellow there who was always considered quite eccentric. My boss, Getson, of Getson & Stayz, said to me one day, "There's Perky, George Perky. You never know what he's going to do. Used to be a bookkeeper but got to drawing cartoons in the ledgers. Made him a customer's man and now he makes thirty thousand a year. People find him refreshing."

Once I was a salesman for a book publishing firm. I made a very poor living, but a character named O'Mara Riley, who continually told risqué jokes, was the top salesman. Riley was undependable. He would sell less than fifty books to a big bookstore and then end up selling three thousand to a fellow he met in a bar. To make it worse, Riley was impractical about his expense accounts and he lived an exquisite life charging up truffles, limousines and beautiful female assistants to the company. On the other hand, the boss used to call *me* in and snarl, "How come you used so *(continued on page 118)*

"We're here, Harry."

THE BIG SURPRISE




Silverstein

Letter to a would-be playwright

(continued from page 106)

is a particular kind of artist—a writer. This would be an utterly uncalled-for formulation, were it not more and more assumed that the playwright is neither a writer nor an artist but only a manipulator.

Not long ago a playwright was summoned to the hotel room of a producer. The producer had read the script, and was proceeding not only to talk about it but to rewrite it as he paced the carpet. He redid the first scene on his feet, reciting all the roles. "You aren't taking it down," he then said to the playwright. "No," said the playwright, "I'm taking it in. I go home. I let all this rest in my mind. What I can't absorb evaporates. What remains gets into the play later—if I like it and know how to work it in. The play needs time for the absorption of the new ideas, the new material. These things must happen organically, sir." That playwright spoke as an artist and a writer. That producer spoke as a charlatan, not to say an egomaniac. The producer dropped the play on the grounds that the playwright didn't know his business. He meant, of course, that he didn't know his place. That place was the place of a stenographer—or shall we say an echo chamber for His Master's Voice? Anyhow, it isn't egomania I want to call your attention to but the failure to cope with the psychology of the artist.

The artist has learned his craft but is never content to be a craftsman. The craft serves the art or, as Goethe put it, one only writes out of personal necessity. The endings of plays, for example, are not a gamble on the audience's response. They are a matter of what the playwright feels to be necessary. They cannot be open to discussion. Discussion with whom anyway? A work of art springs from its author's nature. No one can tell him what that is. Nor can he guarantee that any play he is working on will turn out well. That is where he differs from the craftsman. Craftsmanship can be perfected.

Consider what is happening when we take a work of art with a bad ending and stick on a good ending supplied to us by a craftsman or play-doctor. It can be true that we are perfecting the imperfect. I imagine a good craftsman could improve on the ending of Chekhov's *Ivanov*. However, from an artistic point of view, Chekhov's bad ending is necessary. The play could be fixed up externally with an ending that is neater and more logical, yet I don't think anyone could find a new ending that would grow organically from the three preceding acts. If anyone could, he would be Chekhov's true collaborator—Beaumont to his Fletcher—and not a mere mechanic. It seems more likely that *Ivanov* is an impasse that can never become a thoroughfare. In *Ivanov* we have three superb acts from which there is no way out. When this sort of thing happens an author writes another play. As for the public, it must settle for three great acts and accept one act that is less than great.

If you have ever wondered why the newspaper critics often have more to say against the great writers than against the currently fashionable craftsmen, the example of *Ivanov* may make the reason clear. A craftsman can achieve perfection because his work is the rearrangement of known elements—the solution of jigsaw puzzles. The artist's material is that greatest of mysteries, human nature. He feels his way in the dark. In philistines such things create anxiety and defensive resentment, but for anyone in the audience who has an inkling of what art is about, and an ounce of sympathy for it, there is more enjoyment in the imperfection of an *Ivanov* than in the bright, shallow perfection of the craftsmen.

Yet mustn't I get to know the theatre, you ask, grease paint and gelatines, spots and teasers, flats and wings—that celebrated other world behind the footlights which is so notoriously "not literature"? I think you must. Or I *would* think you must if your own letter did not suggest that you already know that other world better than this one. You certainly know more of theatre practice than of literary practice. I think you should be urged to restore the balance.

"Shakespeare and Molière—" you begin to retort. I know. I have reason to know because I've been told so often: Shakespeare and Molière were actors. Molière was even a good actor. May *I* tell *you* something about them which I can guarantee you have not heard a thousand times before? They both managed somehow to see a lot of the world outside the theatre—of the two worlds outside the theatre, in fact, the direct experience they had of human living and the indirect experience of it that is acquired through reading. Molière learned a lot not only from clowns but from Jesuits.

We have no certain knowledge of what Shakespeare was doing in the crucial decade of young manhood, his twenties. There is an old tradition to the effect that he was a teacher, though not of playwriting. This tradition has been discounted only because people haven't wished to believe in a possibly erudite Shakespeare. Yet the plays themselves prove that he had studied and absorbed the whole culture of his day. He was steeped in the thought of his time as Thomas Mann, say, was steeped in Freud. Freud, you tell me, is known on Broadway too; he's even the only thinker who

is. Ah yes, but to be steeped in Freud, as Mann was, is one thing, and to have dabbled a little in Freudianism is to have acquired the little knowledge that is worse than none.

Is there time, you ask, is there time to read more than a little? Life is real, life is earnest, and one ought to be seen a good deal at the Algonquin and the Plaza. The smoke-filled room cannot also be thought-filled,

For at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near . . .

And *Time* is as nothing compared to *The New York Times*. The young playwright will be glad of the help of more practical heads (arms, legs?) from the Theatre. They can rewrite him, right there in the hotel—in various hotels, changing with the stage scenery, New Haven, Boston, Philadelphia . . .

To this, the answer is that more time would be left, if less time were wasted. Every time-saving device from the telephone to the airplane ends up as a time-wasting device. The speeding-up of playwriting that takes place in hotels is a slowing-down of playwriting—in fact a complete stoppage. Of course it is true that playwrights must learn the art of the theatre, and above all its central art that of acting. I would complain that most of them don't learn *enough* of it, partly because acting is a hard thing to learn about and very few people are specially sensitive to it, partly because the theatrical life generally consists in anything but the pursuit of essential theatre. It will be time to tell you to spend your days and nights with theatre people when theatre people spend their days or nights with the theatre art. At present, the injunction to be practical and get to know the working theatre is an injunction to squander the best years of your life in agents' offices, producers' offices, hotels, the right restaurants—or anywhere else in telephonic communication with these places.

We hear of the playwright's need of the theatre, but what of his need, equally real, to keep his distance? Henrik Ibsen "got to know the working theatre" as a young man, and that sufficed. To write plays he went away from the theatre, nor did he return to see them through rehearsal. The most eminent of American playwrights, Eugene O'Neill, got his bellyful of theatre in childhood (maybe that's the best time), and considerably before middle age he felt the need to put a healthy distance between him and the gentlemen who know all about it. Even Bernard Shaw, who was sociable, and who liked to direct his own plays, took up residence, as soon as he could, out of reach of bus and train. Every morning, as long as he could walk, he went down to his garden hut. To write. In solitude.

Does that sound rather grim? If you think it does, then we are making an interesting discovery: that you are not a writer. You may want "the theatre," but what you do not want is to write. Either it must be some other theatrical job you are cut out for, or it is not even theatre you want: it is prominence or parties or *la vie de Bohème*.

A writer *qua* writer, does not "need the theatre." He only needs a typewriter, a table, a chair, and, surrounding these objects, four walls and a door that locks. Even a hotel room will do, if the lock is a strong one and the phone is out of order.

Lonely? But isn't loneliness the modern writer's favorite subject? Should he defy its importance? Then again, what about "the lonely crowd"? It is visible enough on Times Square, and in all public buildings adjacent thereto. Solitude in fact can be borne only by those who suffer least from loneliness, or at any rate by those who feel that their solitude is amply peopled. Writers are such persons. Their philosophy is that of Pirandello: people exist for you insofar as they have been taken into your thoughts and feelings. These thoughts and feelings stay on after the "people" leave the room. Amazing to think how crowded was the solitude of a Tolstoy or a Dickens! At the opposite pole, we have people whose solitude is a terrifying emptiness: it even hurts them that Sardi's is closed on Sunday.

Think about this when next you hear that some so-called writer is a "real man of the theatre." He may just be gregarious; solitary work makes demands and he cannot meet them. Doubtless you remember Shaw's quip: those who can, do, those who cannot, teach. It requires but slight adjustment to our theme: those who can, write; those who cannot, write plays.

And those who cannot write plays, write television plays. The writer who cannot write is an institution nowadays, and makes more money than the writer who can write. Otherwise, why would he devote so much time to his non-writing?

Do you want money? No, don't say anything. It really doesn't matter what a person *says* to that question . . . There are few persons who cannot be tempted by money. A poet is only a person whose temptation to go after money is swamped by the temptation to write poetry. The poet has a simpler time of it than the dramatist: he makes a vow of poverty and leaves it at that. The dramatist never knows what will happen next. He may suddenly find himself as rich as the rich, but he cannot count on it. The situation is not easy on the nerves. Could *your* nerves stand it? And, if you did get rich, would you survive the experience *as an artist*? I am not assuming that you would

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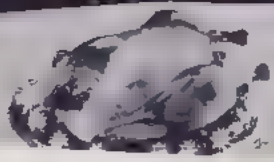

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wish to join the international set. I am thinking (among other things) of the following archetypal experience in Twentieth Century America.

A man is born in the slums of Brooklyn or the Bronx. His writing is his response to that milieu. Broadway and Hollywood enable him to move to the East Sixties. It's only half an hour by cab from where the folks live, but, humanly speaking, it might as well be in outer space. His small-time wife has to be replaced by a wife in the big time. His small-time *life* is replaced by a life in the big time. After all, he has achieved Success . . . Perhaps guilty conscience dictates a play saying how awful are the inhabitants of the East Sixties? But this play is not a good play. None of his plays are good plays any more. The theatre is now "hailing" a goodish play by a younger man — from Brooklyn or the Bronx — who is already in the taxi moving to the East Sixties . . .

I am (yes, you're right) only saying that, if you're going to be a writer, you will need a sense of identity. A firm one. Otherwise, "that undisturbed, innocent, somnambulatory process by which alone anything great can thrive is no longer possible." I am quoting a writer. He continues. "Our talents today lie exposed to public view. Daily criticisms, which appear in fifty different places, and the gossip that is provoked by them among the public, hamper the production of anything that is really sound . . . He who does not keep aloof from all this and isolate himself by main force is lost." The author of *Egmont* and *Faust* is describing what would later be called the alienation of the intellectual in modern society. The creative process, he is saying, must not be disturbed, must not be *deflowered*. It must be a form of sleepwalking. Now Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was as worldly as any poet could afford to be. He spent much time on love affairs, and probably even more on affairs of state. But as for the world of the press agents and the press, he says: keep aloof or you will be lost.

Perhaps you are a stronger man than Goethe?

Let's assume you are strong enough to be a writer. That lonely room to which you are strong enough, and interested enough, to commit yourself, must not be peopled exclusively with your personal memories. Young as you are, you must not sit down and go to work without more ado on The Great American Play. Many have. And some of them have made a lot of money. What they have not made is The Great American Play.

In addition to memories you need culture, all art being a crystallization of personal experience and second-hand experience. America is probably the only country in the world where a young person who wants to write a play (poem, novel) can imagine he is all set to go ahead on the basis of personal experience alone. (How many American short stories are but slightly more sophisticated renderings of the high school theme, written in the autumn: Something That Happened To Me This Summer.) Everywhere else there is Culture, which at its worst means: find out how it was done a hundred years ago and do it again, but at its best means: a sense of tradition.

A sense of tradition implies respect for the Masters. When the French actor Jean Vilar spoke in New York recently many were surprised at his repeated allusions to "our fathers" and what they have left us. Where many Americans think they can "do it themselves" and deserve praise for trying to, your Frenchman unashamedly lives on inherited cultural wealth — without necessarily omitting to invest it properly and add the fruits of his own enterprise. Other Americans spend a good deal of emotional energy envying France. There is no need to: the Masters belong to all mankind. Among musicians, even in America, that fact is admitted. In the drama, as in all literature, there are language barriers. Yet have these stopped Balzac and Tolstoy being an inspiration to novelists? *Per contra*, drama written in English by Shakespeare — has inspired writers all over the world.

Why do the classics matter? They certainly do not perform all the noble and world-bettering functions that people have been pleased to assign to them. One could easily defend the thesis: The Classics Don't Work. They are nothing, or they are a fount of inspiration especially to artists.

A few of the classics at a time, that is. For the artist is seldom a man of catholic tastes. Indeed it is doubtful if anyone really has the kind of taste which Higher Education supposes that he has: equally receptive to all kinds of greatness. If you are looking one way, you cannot be looking the other way; and a proper education would just help you to see, without claiming to give you eyes in the back of your head. To the artist, anyhow, the Masters are not a row of marble statues of equal size and ranged in unalterable formation. Groupings and relationships change. Sometimes the artist must rebel against a particular Master as the son against the father. There was Shaw's long campaign against Shakespeare. What one would deplore in a playwright would be indifference to Shakespeare, not hostility to him. (In any case, Shaw was really attacking the public's attitude to Shakespeare rather than the man himself.) Brecht later had to fight Goethe and Schiller. All that these things prove is that you can't have healthy religion without a certain amount of blasphemy.

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The playwright's interest in the Masters is different from the scholar's interest. The scholar is concerned to place and appraise them. The artist is concerned only with what he can get out of them for his own practical purposes. His disrespect for information about them puts him at the opposite end of the scale from performers on a quiz program. But his need of the Masters is greater than anyone else's. They are his food. Goethe revealed to Eckermann that he could not let a year go by without reading some Moliere.

It is hard, I think, for the aspiring American playwright to acquire such an attitude. I call your own letter to witness. "How," you rhetorically ask, "can one possibly imitate the classics today?" Who asked you to? Why so defensive? Stravinsky doesn't imitate earlier music. He makes legitimate use of it. And you might give a little thought to Bertolt Brecht's use of *The Beggar's Opera*—except that it is not so much the direct exploitation of classics that you need to know about at present as their subtle, indirect, pervasive, fructifying force.

It is not just a matter of the Masters. It is a matter of the relation between the playwright and the whole past of the art he serves. That relationship is always important and in our time has become even more so.

The last hundred years have seen the attempt to create a new kind of theatre that is the reverse of classic in any of the accepted senses of the term. The aim of the new, nonclassic theatre has been to present on the stage the illusion of ordinary life. The audience looks through a keyhole at the private life of its neighbors. A play is praised for the accuracy of its reporting and photography—"accuracy" here meaning the absence of exaggeration, interpretation, or even accent. Sometimes the severity of this formula has been relaxed, and a little democratic good will or Christian sentiment was admitted. I am speaking, as I trust you recognize, of the naturalistic play, still very much with us in the form of what Boris Aronson calls "the play about one's relations." At the time when I was reviewing Broadway plays and saw them all, I was surprised if I ever got to see anything on stage besides the middle-class American home. An American designer only needs one set for his whole repertoire. It consists of an American house, shown inside and out, and possibly upstairs and down. Such is the richness and variety of naturalistic design. What is called in this country The Method in acting is largely devoted to creating on stage the illusion of ordinary behavior. And the word "ordinary" receives a push downwards. According to this philosophy, a belch would always seem more real than a song. Such is the richness and variety of naturalistic acting.

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But mark this paradox. Although naturalism is the dominant mode of modern drama all the leading modern dramatists have tried to get away from it. They have one and all tried to get back to that classic theatre in which the figures are larger or smaller than life but never of average size. For the classic theatre does not present the illusion of ordinary life; it presents a vision of life both better and worse than the ordinary. Life is caught at its magnificent and its terrible moments, and so we are taken out of the banal moment in which we find ourselves, caught in a swifter rhythm, a heightened mode of existence. We do not go to the classic theatre in order to recognize the familiar—"just what my uncle George always says"—but to be astonished at revelations of the unsuspected. And though it is a long way from Uncle George's frame house to Macbeth's blasted heath, a classic drama could be set in Uncle George's frame house if the playwright were able to see through the familiar to the unfamiliar, beyond the cliché to the archetype. . .

There is no important modern dramatist who has not tried to do this, and it is surprising how many of them, in their search for the classic, have hit upon the classical in its historical sense—the Greek. What is attempted in *Mourning Becomes Electra* is not, it seems to me, entirely achieved, but the nature of the attempt is clear and right. It is an attempt to remove the clutter of naturalistic irrelevance and get down to a classic base. In order to arrive at a classic drama of American life, O'Neill used a classical Greek story. In that instance, I believe, the Greek cargo was too heavy for the ship, and the vessel sank, yet it sank nobly, with all on board singing an older and finer song than *Rock of Ages*.

A more recent case is Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*. The play was improved by the removal of explicitly Greek elements. Greece remains the inspiration of the play or, rather, Greece is what helped Mr. Miller several steps along the road from naturalism to classic drama.

Even the so-called "masterpieces of naturalism" turn out when looked at more closely to be departures from naturalism. Take Strindberg's *The Father*, a play usually assigned an important part in the naturalistic movement. The fact is that Strindberg had been pondering the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus, and had come across the theory that it reflects the struggles leading to the creation of the patriarchal family. In *The Father* he had in mind the breakup of the patriarchal family and the threatened return of matriarchy. He thought of *The Father* as his *Agamemnon*. Here is another play that is not only classic but classical.

Even the man who made the word Naturalism heard all over the world—Emile Zola—did not champion the tame version of it that has been its main manifestation, nor did he let his own theories limit his creative writing. It was his pleasure to invoke science. Nonetheless, when he uses the idea of heredity, we are less close to any scientific genetics than we are to Moira, the Greek Fate. From Zola's hereditary criminal of *La Bête Humaine*, it is only a step to hereditary disease as treated by Ibsen in his *Ghosts*; for although critics bred in the naturalistic tradition continue to speak of syphilis as the subject of this play, and some even add that the play is obsolete now that syphilis can be cured, the real subject is the curse on the house of Alving. It is not accidental that in approaching a Sophoclean subject, Ibsen resorts to Sophoclean technique, the truth is forced out in a swift series of catastrophic discoveries.

In comedy there is a similar story to tell. Our only great modern master of comedy, Bernard Shaw, always described himself as an old-fashioned playwright, explaining that he went back over the heads of his contemporaries to Dickens, Fielding, Molière, the *commedia dell'arte*, for his methods. Though he belonged to the same generation as Stanislavsky, and had in his friend and colleague Granville Barker a champion of naturalistic staging, he himself reserved his praises for what he called the classical actor. And he maintained that only classical actors could do his plays, because he had revived in them so many features of the classic theatre, and notably the tirade or long, set speech which the actor has to articulate for us with the cool clarity of a musician performing a Bach suite.

By about 1920 the permanent crisis of the modern theatre reached a new stage. What Ibsen had done to the naturalistic theatre might be called boring from within. He had accepted its conventions and its stage. The generation of 1920 refused these concessions. The work of Cocteau, Brecht, Meyerhold, meant the rejection of the established type of theatre altogether. A new start was proposed. From zero, one is sometimes told. Yet no movement ever goes back *that* far, because—as I was saying—no artist draws solely on his own experience: he always asks some support from tradition. And when one tradition lets him down, or he chooses to reject a tradition, he does not—whatever he may say—operate without tradition. He falls back on some other tradition. Even painters who have rejected all Western history end up, not as "original" in the sense which the man in the street gives to the word, but as neo-African and the like. Rejection of tradition usually implies nothing more than the rejection of recent traditions in favor of earlier ones.

In the more interesting drama of the Twenties we find that, while the naturalistic approach of the immediate past is taboo, every other avenue is open. Brecht explored the Spaniards of the golden age, the English Elizabethans, even the Oriental theatre. It was again a search for the classic in dramatic art, and again the Greek note was most often struck. I've mentioned O'Neill. I'm thinking also of Cocteau's *Antigone* and *Orpheus*.

With all this goes a technical change that some people think the most important change of all. The dramatists are no longer writing for a box-set hidden behind a proscenium arch. The proscenium arch may still be there, because the buildings can't be made over in a hurry, but it is ignored, canceled out, defied. The box-set has been carted off stage forever. What the new generation clamors for is some sort of Open Stage, possibly Elizabethan, possibly also a Roman circus or a Greek arena. Whether such a physical change is the most important change or not it is one that implies the others. The different shape and functioning of such a stage implies a fundamentally different technique of drama and, with that, a different view of art and life. Take one feature alone, the relation of the action to the eye of the spectator. In the Nineteenth Century theatre, the spectator is asked to peep through a little door, like Alice, into an illuminated garden; in the Twentieth Century theatre, the actors are brought out to him. In the one, the spectator is a voyeur; in the other, the actor is an exhibitionist. Here too, in the demands they make on the physique of the stage, the more alert modern playwrights have been searching for the classic theatre. The naturalistic theatre offered a peep through the keyhole into the room across the way. The classic theatre provides a parade ground for passions and thoughts and for the human beings above or below life size who experience them.

Since this is what has been going on, you would, from the artistic point of view, be wasting your time to write the kind of play that one generally sees on Broadway. If you have talent, you should join that pursuit of the classic theatre which is, paradoxically, the search for a truly modern theatre. A great future will be born, if at all, from the fruitful union of our present with such a past.

What do you want, actually? It's your wishes that carry the weight. Not what you tell your friends are your wishes. Not what you sometimes think are your wishes. Not what you habitually assume are your wishes. But what you finally find to be your wishes. Your real wishes.

Emerson warned us against wishing—really wishing, for things—because one is likely to get them. If your real wish

(concluded on page 120)

"Back home right now, they're probably lighting up the old Christmas tree!"

LASTEST WITH THE LEASTEST *(continued from page 108)*

many bus tokens in Duluth? Can't you walk? It's good for you."

As I have said, it is only in recent years that I have learned the value of being undependable, unpredictable, untrustworthy and, in some cases, having to be "looked after like a child."

It was sort of an accident at first. I was going around with a lovely girl who had a posh apartment on East 63rd Street, and one evening when she was preparing dinner for me the garbage disposal unit in the sink went out of whack and she asked me to fix it. When I got through, instead of everything going down and disappearing, the thing shot a jet three feet in the air. I tried again, and this time when you turned on the unit the doorbell rang and the lights went out in the kitchen. After that my girl said, "I'll never ask you to fix anything again. I'll call the janitor. You can't be trusted with practical repairs. That's for sure."

Another girl I knew asked me to fix her shower because she couldn't get hold of a plumber right then. I monkeyed around with the thing and finally had the water coming out with such force it knocked my girl (who was a petite creature) down. Being a gentleman, I had to pick her up. This girl was a little more difficult to convince, because shortly after that she asked me to take her dog for a walk while she prepared the cherries jubilee.

Unhappily, I got into one of those Park Avenue flaps where three or four different dogs and masters get their leashes entwined, and I returned to the apartment with a Skye terrier when I had gone out with an Afghan. There was a hell of a lot of nervous scurrying around to get the original dog back. When we had succeeded my girl said, "I can see you're a pretty wild-eyed dreamer. I don't think I can trust you with a dog."

I got involved with another girl who had both a French car and a French poodle. I drove the dog to Central Park in the car and then led the animal around to perform his small duties. Later I drove him back. It so happened this car had front seats that would go back and join the back seats, forming a sort of divan. Accidentally, because the levers had not been carefully secured, I fell back at the driver's seat and drove up in front of her hotel-apartment flat on my back, cloud gazing (the car had an open sun roof, too). To add to the confusion, the pooch had jumped over on top of my belt and had two paws on the wheel. My girl, who was standing under the canopy waiting, nearly swooned. She said, "Anyone who drives a car on his back should never be permitted at the wheel." Now she drives me all over while I stretch out luxuriously and smoke panatelas.

All these misadventures got me off the hook as far as practical mechanical chores went, and my reputation has spread so that I hardly ever meet a girl who will even let me so much as flip a phonograph record.

Now and then, though, there is a lovely who suggests I help her with dinner. The most recent one decided I wasn't safe in the kitchen when I added kerosene to the cognac on a plum pudding, and we not only had the pudding flaming, we had the apartment flaming. It was a cheerful sight but my girl felt it was rather destructive and impractical. Now, while this girl is preparing the food alone, I stretch happily out on the divan listening to *The Faithful Hussar* or something equally gay.

Of course, I have been speaking about the sweet uses of awkwardness and impracticality on women one has known some time but some of the most brilliant examples of this dodge can be witnessed on the first evening I am invited to a new beauty's apartment. The practical man would here use flowers, furs, candy and possibly ply the young lady and himself with liquor, hoping for a quick conquest that is seldom successful and even when successful rarely filled with any sort of sense of real accomplishment.

In my impractical way, I usually keep the liquor within bounds, bring few and simple gifts, one of them being a dance record. Nothing seems more harmless than trying out a new record and, being inept at dancing, there is no difficulty at all in stumbling so that I have, in time, caught the young lady in a tight embrace, chuckling awkwardly and gazing into her eyes. The logical man would now say something nice about the girl's orbs or her warmth, but in my unstudied way, what I do is press my thigh against hers and then, grasping her thigh firmly with my fingers, mutter heatedly, "God! What firm, magnificent thighs!" The average beautiful woman is shaken by this sort of unexpected and impolitic thing from a man she has known maybe forty-eight hours.

"How old you are," she is likely to say, "and how interesting!"

Once again, the practical man will move on from there to win the girl's heart, et cetera, promptly, but the inept character like myself does no such thing. "Magnificent thighs," I repeat softly, grasping one again. From this develops a certain amount of kissing of the ear, cheek, eyelids and lips.

Here I stop, snapping my fingers and remembering, suddenly, that I have an engagement at nine-thirty, of all hours, to talk to a big soap man about switching his account. I bow out hastily, seeming, for the time being, like a dope, and an awkward dope at that. Not so. All truly warm and beautiful women have enormous opportunities for love-making, but only a sense of confusion and frustration will truly arouse them to the depths.

The next day, instead of calling and renewing the battle, I dial the girl and, if her name is, say, Eve, I ask, "Hi! This you, Blanche?"

There is a moment's irked silence and then, "No. This is *not* Blanche. You must have the wrong number. Isn't this Bob?"

"Yeah."

"This is Eve."

"Well, what do you know! I dialed your number by mistake. You must have been thinking of me. Ha-ha."

Well, it is unnecessary to go into the details that will have you over at Eve's in a few hours and have Eve (taking no chances) greeting you in a shimmering negligee.

There are, of course, some odd ladies who seem born to honestly resist the most imaginative sort of chap, no matter what ruses he employs. Here, near-superhuman impracticality is called for.

It was only the night before last, as I recall, that I was sitting in the Sutton Place apartment of a bafflingly delicious redhead with all the attributes of loving, solacing womanhood, except the common sense to be femininely yielding. When I saw the situation I decided foolhardiness was called for. It was snowing fiercely out and a biting wind was blowing. Suddenly I announced I had to dash out for cigarettes.

"Take an umbrella and put on your coat," my hostess urged.

I laughed lightly. "I'll only be a moment."

In a few minutes I was back, snow encrusted in my hair, my face scarlet from exposure, my teeth chattering and my terrifying cough rending the air. Only a very impractical man would dash out thus into the snow. Only a very impractical man would have the girl say to him, at last, "I simply can't let you go out again. You're coming down with pneumonia. You better get into bed and I'll fix you some hot buttered rum. I won't have you going home alone with those chills and that terrible cough." And only a very impractical man would be completely cured the next morning!

Right here and now I would like to emphasize that awkwardness and fumbling is an acquired art. However, anyone can learn it and can achieve a warmer, happier and more carefree life thereby. It must be understood, though, that it *is* an art and that the born-clumsy clod will simply not do. The natural dope, using his stupidity without wit or charm, is soon discovered for what he is. As in all art, one must first know the rules before being qualified to abandon them, and it is the basically sane, practical intelligent man alone

who is capable of building a reputation for impracticality and then being able to use it to his advantage at the right time and in the right place

Once you have the reputation for awkwardness, you have it made. You can use it when and where it does the most good. A girl I have been squiring recently is fond of buying heavy loads of groceries and having someone carry them for her. When she shops with me, though, she says, "I'll carry them myself I know *you*! You'll trip over something and fall flat on the camembert."

Promotion, because of my new reputation, has been rapid in the publicity firm for which I work. A few years ago, during my plodding, matter-of-fact days, I was a dull writer of dull press releases. The moment I confusedly filled the water cooler with five gallons of Cordon Rouge, 1949, the boss said, "Fonty, I'm going to put you in Promotion With your imagination and the screwball reputation you're earning, you must have all sorts of cockeyed ideas. Your salary goes up to twenty-five thousand as a starter."

Of course, it wasn't just the champagne incident that did it. A deer, for example, escaped from the zoo and wandered down Madison Avenue where I found it nuzzling beer cans in the trash back of our office building. I immediately brought the deer up the freight elevator to show the boss how friendly deer can be. This impractical and tender gesture hit the front pages:

INTREPID PR MAN SNARES BUCK
IN MIDTOWN FREIGHT ELEVATOR

(Pictures on Page 3.)

The accrued benefits of impracticality don't stop there. The Internal Revenue Service doesn't expect you to remember all your income, the bank has enormous patience when you overdraw (that crazy guy can't even add!), your current love never worries if you flirt with other women at a party (he's affectionate with everyone, the dear, confused lug!), and no one at the office would ever dream of asking you for help. Best of all, beautiful women succumb to you with ease because they haven't the slightest idea of what you're getting at, the awkward way you go about things.

And, finally, the airlines hold their planes for you. How nice to linger with some suddenly-found feminine companion in the coolth of the airport bar and hear, filtering dreamily through the PA system, "Mr. Fontaine, they are holding flight 17 to Tokyo for you!" Could a man ask for anything that makes him more of an individual and less of a sheep? But remember, like an actor or an artist, keep your awkwardness under careful control and the world is your oyster. What's more, you'll probably have no trouble getting someone else to open it for you

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Playwright

(continued from page 116)

is to become a prostitute, you will become one; in the theatre, it will be quite easy; and you will never live to regret it; even your old age will be provided for in articles you can write on What Made Me What I Am Today. Your letter to me suggests, rather, that you wish to be a dramatist. If you do, you will have to try it and find out. Time will show if you really are one. Meanwhile, see yourself as a writer and, hence, an artist.

Even if you *are* a dramatist, you may not "succeed." That will hurt your feelings very much, especially when you see your non-dramatist friend becoming The Successful Dramatist. An artist wants success. He does not, however, insist on it. His failure to insist on it, though a source of glee among those who exploit him, stems from strength in the artist himself: success is something he can do without, if with difficulty. His pride clamors for satisfaction even more than his vanity; he is a serious chap; he will buy lasting reputation even at the price of immediate fame.

As for you, young sir, if you find you are not a dramatist, and Broadway agrees with you, you will try something else willy-nilly; if there are agonies, they will not be agonies of choice. If you find you are not a dramatist, but Broadway finds you *are* one, the inducement will be considerable to change your mind and become convinced of what you know is not true — a common type of conviction nowadays, and one which is the tie that binds the two most famous streets in America: Broadway and Madison Avenue. If you find you are a dramatist, and Broadway agrees, try to *stay* a dramatist; it will not be easy. If you find you are a dramatist, and Broadway doesn't agree, that will not be easy either; but you *will* stay a dramatist, you won't be able to help it.

Can playwriting be taught? You have just been the would-be playwright and I have been the would-be teacher. Have you learned anything? Not anything, certainly, that comes between the rise and fall of the curtain. We have stood all this time outside the theatre wondering whether to go in, and I have said: "Do you wish to enter? Then enter—tentatively. Do you have talent? When you know, decide whether to stay." Which is all very preliminary. But then you are barely of age. And I have met "students of playwriting." Their average age seems about ninety and probably is over twenty-five. Few have explored their wishes (or notable lack of wishes), their talent (or remarkable lack of talent). So perhaps they missed that first lesson, which had for theme: To wright or not to wright? You have just had it.

Sincerely yours,
Eric Bentley

VISITING FIREMAN

(continued from page 89)

can get a table.)

• • •

At the Tour d'Argent restaurant:

BUCHWALD
Well, how about this? Great view of Notre Dame, eh?
(The Top o' the Mark should have such a view.)

CAEN
Sheer heaven. I could sit here all night looking at it.
(Big deal. An old church. When I think of how this guy bum-rapped the Top o' the Mark . . .)

BUCHWALD
Here are the menus—got any ideas?
(He'll probably insist on the pressed duck. All the tourists do.)

CAEN
Now *this* is what I call a menu.
(If he suggests the pressed duck I think I'm going to throw up.)

BUCHWALD
I know what you might like—the pressed duck.
(I might as well get it over with fast or he'll be studying the menu all night, pretending he can read French.)

CAEN
Great idea! I've heard so much about it.
(I'll make believe I'm eating it and grab a sandwich back at the hotel.)

BUCHWALD
And with the duck, how about a red wine?
(I'll pick the cheapest wine on the card. He doesn't know the difference.)

CAEN
You're the expert. Anything you say.
(He'll probably pick a Mouton Rothschild '45—much too light with duck. I'd prefer a Corton myself.)

BUCHWALD
I've got it. A carafe of Beaujolais.
(Who cares, the way he's belting that Scotch.)

CAEN
Splendid. Not too much, not too little. Just right.
(So he's trying to save money. I'll bet he doesn't make half as much as "Time" said.)

BUCHWALD
Well, that certainly was a great meal, eh, Herb? I'll call for the check. Oh, *garçon, l'addition, s'il vous plait.*
(He'll probably let me take it, too. They all think I have an unlimited expense account.)

CAEN
No, let me take it, Art. I'll charge it to the *Chronicle.*
(How can a guy speak such bad French after twelve years here? And I hope he remembers I took him to lunch in San Francisco.)

BUCHWALD
No, come on now, this is *my* dinner. After all, you took me to lunch in San Francisco.

(I took him to dinner afterward, but he's probably forgotten.)

CAEN

You must be driven crazy by visitors all year long. Please let me take the check
(Maybe I'm sounding too insistent.)

BUCHWALD

Sure, a lot of people come through, but this is different. After all, *you're* a friend
(I better watch out or I will get stuck.)

CAEN

I've got an idea. Let's split it—half on the *Trib*, half on the *Chronicle*.
(What the heck, I can always tell the paper I picked up the whole thing.)

BUCHWALD

Well, I think it's a silly idea, but seeing as how you insist.
(I might make a couple of bucks on this after all.)

CAEN

Y'know, Art, I think I'll pass up the nightclub tour and hit the hotel. I've got a column to write anyway.
(I'll ditch him and go over to the Epi Club. I hear they've got nothin' but chicks there.)

BUCHWALD

Anything you say, Herb. I've got a little work to do, too.
(Here's a cube for you. Comes to Paris for a few nights and spends 'em in his hotel room.)

CAEN

I knew I could come right out and tell you this because you know what it's like to pound out a column every day
(If I don't have any luck at the Epi I'll go over to the Calavados. There must be some action somewhere in this town.)

BUCHWALD

Indeed I do understand. Sometimes it's a real drag. And anyway, we can do the pub crawl some other night.
(I think I'll go to Germany tomorrow for a few days.)

CAEN

Right. I'll call you tomorrow for sure.
(I'll tell him I didn't know how to use the Paris phones.)

BUCHWALD

It's been great seeing you—and remember, anything you want in Paris is yours.
(I'll get him twenty percent off on perfume and that's all I'll do for him.)

CAEN

It was wonderful of you to spend so much time with me. If I don't see you, it just isn't Paris.
(I wonder what time the Epi Club closes.)

CAEN

(To his cab driver) Epi Club
(Boy, I thought he'd never leave. That Buchwald. I'll bet he never even heard of the Epi.)

BUCHWALD

(To his cab driver) Epi Club.
(Might as well have a few laughs before I go home—and no sense telling Caen about the Epi. We Parisians have to keep a couple of places for ourselves.)

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MONEY

(continued from page 97)

tling match. Alexander, the first male monarch to be immortalized on money, looks just Great, however, despite the fact that he had been dead for almost a year when the coin was minted.

Ptolemy I of Egypt was the first living ruler to put his own face on a coin, but the despot with the greatest affection for his own portrait was Nero, who used Roman coins as though they were publicity photos. On one series we find Nero the Warrior. Another hails Nero the lyre-strumming Singer and Actor. On still another, Nero the speed-demon Charioteer appears with his hair crimped in the style of a hot-shot Circus driver. Then came Nero the Man of Peace, followed by Nero the Ruler Who Rebuilt Rome after the famous fire.

Under pretense of making the coinage more durable, Nero reduced its silver content by ten percent, and pocketed the profit to support his expensive tastes. Future emperors continued the process of debasement until the proportion of pure silver was less than two percent. The costs of Roman high-life soared. The infamous Emperor Caracalla ran through his entire inheritance in one day, and the teenage tyrant, Heliogabalus, spent close to half a million dollars on one orgiastic feast. The depleted Roman treasury issued thinly-plated coins, so valueless they had to be traded by the sackful, and the army was given salt in lieu of its traditional "salt money," or *salarium*—from whence cometh our "salary."

As Rome quietly crumbled, prudent men-of-affairs retreated to remote castles with such precious metals as they could hoard, gathering their retainers about them in anticipation of the feudal period to come. Byzantium prospered with Rome's decline, and Constantine issued a solid gold *solidus* to his troops, who became so identified with the coin that later generations of military men were called "soldiers."

In Britain, Gaul and Scandinavia cattle still comprised a currency that even a Caesar couldn't counterfeit. The wily barbarians, never too impressed by coinage, preferred to deal in metals by weight. The Norsemen used a cow's ear, or *öre*, as a standard for weighing rings and coins, which they treated as bulk metal. The Roman *libra pondo*, or pound, was the unit of weight used by the British, and £, for *libra*, still serves as the symbol for the English pound note. The shilling was a *scilling*, or "a piece cut off" and tossed into the scales, while a coin was a *cuneus*, or wedge, cut from a piece of metal money as a means of making change.

Among the earliest British coins were silver pennies minted during the hesitant reign of Aethelred the Unready, who used them to buy off the marauding Vikings. These coins were known by the Latin name of *denarii*, and *d.* still stands for pence in British currency. Crude by machine-age standards, the hand-stamped coins of the Middle Ages were seldom perfectly round. Irregular shapes were expected, and the unscrupulous were able to clip and file the edges of coins, and assemble hoards of silver. Though the culprit, when caught, had his right hand cut off in punishment, clipping became a favorite Medieval hobby. By the 1300s money metal was so scarce that kings were forced to borrow from Italian bankers, who charged an interest of 260 percent.

For many years, Italian bankers charged no interest at all on domestic loans to merchants, but penalties for failing to keep a due-date were so high that debtors often announced that they were "bench-broken," or bankrupt. As Voltaire explained it: "Every merchant had his bench (*banco*) in the place of exchange; and when he had conducted his business badly, declared himself *fallito*, and abandoned his property to his creditors with the proviso that he retain a good part of it for himself . . . There was nothing to be said to him, and his bench was broken, *banco rotto*, *banca rotta*; he could even, in certain towns, keep all his property and balk his creditors, provided he seated himself bare-bottomed on a stone in the presence of all the merchants. This was a mild deviation of the old Roman proverb . . . to pay either with one's money or one's skin."

Kings were not inclined to seek relief from debt by public display of the royal posterior, however. Threatened with financial embarrassment, Henry VIII took his cue from the Romans and slyly issued silver-plated shillings. The coins, on which the much married monarch was depicted in full face, were mostly copper, and constant circulation soon wore the plating off Henry's proud proboscis, earning him the unregal nickname of "Old Coppernose."

During the reign of Henry's daughter, Elizabeth, England's coins were once again restored to proper weight and value. With the rise of the merchant class and the growing sophistication of the cities, the common man's interest in currency increased by leaps and pounds sterling. "Get money; still get money, boy," Ben Jonson urged, while Shakespeare reflected an English attitude as well as a Paduan, when he observed that the worldly-wise Petruchio would willingly marry "an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses," providing she had money.

In 1663, the Guinea coast of Africa provided the gold for a new coin that was logically called a "guinea." But European money was of little help to

the adventurers and trading companies that began to exploit the Dark Continent for its ivory, slaves and precious metals. Even today, cattle, camels, sheep and goats are primary stores of wealth amongst many tribes of North, East and South Africa, and currency is based on a cattle standard similar to that of the ancient Greeks.

Like most primitive peoples, the cattle-keeping Africans originally had but two uses for money—to pay a debt of "blood money" to one's victims, or to purchase wives. A girl in the medium-price range went for three cows and a bull, though most fathers were open to any reasonable deal, and prices were scaled to the year and the model. Since no clear distinctions were made between women and cattle, a man who preferred girls to cows could invest his wealth in wives, and count himself fairly successful when he had between six and ten.

The profit motive in marriage has seldom been more blatantly expressed than amongst the Bateteia of Equatorial Africa, whose currency was copper rods. The young man opened negotiations with a simple declaration of love. The girl then replied, "All right, bring the money," and the traditional down payment was made—a dog and eight copper rods, followed by later payments of more dogs, more rods, and chickens. Since installments often lagged over a long period of time, a favorite local taunt was that a man still owed for his grandmother.

The chief Slave Coast currency used by early Portuguese and Spanish traders was the copper or brass *manilla*—a round bar bent in the general shape of a horseshoe. But the most universally accepted metal was iron, which the natives used to make weapons and tools. These hand-fashioned implements passed as currency, and in time became non-functional tokens. Iron hoes evolved into thin, twisted bars with flattened ends, and became the "Kissi Pennies" of Sierra Leone and Liberia. Axes, spears and lethal throwing knives lost their cutting edges and degenerated into harmless currency, which scholars compare to the mysteriously non-functional swords and axes that have been found in the prehistoric barrows of Britain and the Continent.

Mysterious, too, are the origins of African mosaic trade beads, which the natives believe grew out of the ground. But beads, copper and iron were minor currencies compared to cowry shells, the most widely-distributed money the world has ever known. These small, tiger-striped shells were familiar to Phoenician traders, and are believed to have been used as Roman fertility symbols. Vaginal in appearance, and impossible to counterfeit, cowries were standard currency in Africa, India, the Pacific Islands and ancient China. Chinese word characters for "riches," "prices," "buying" and "selling" all contain the early symbol for "shell," and cowries were in daily use until the close of the Second Century B.C., when the first Sublime Emperor outlawed them in favor of round brass coins with square holes in the center.

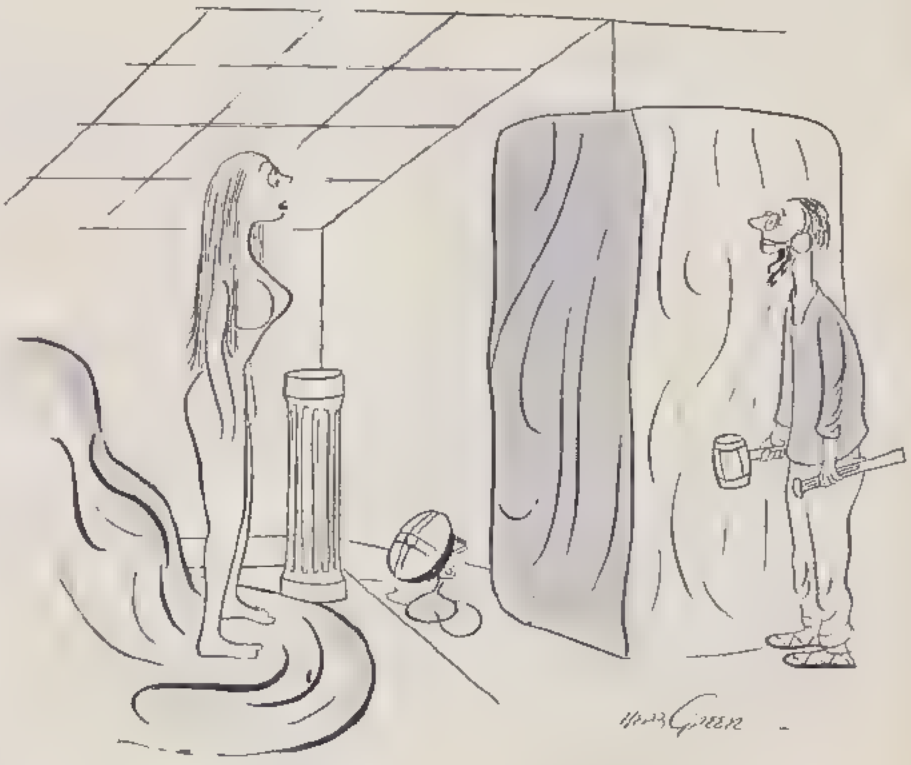
Since Chinese coins were cast rather than stamped, counterfeiting was easy, and 100,000 forgers were nabbed in one year alone. Hoping to foil the free-lance money artists, Wang Mang the Usurper called in all existing currency in 10 A.D., and issued a whole new set of coins valued as Wee, Small, Young, Next, Almost, Middle, Mature, Approximate, Second-best and Largest. When even this failed, Wang sought to abandon all metal currency and bring back the more reliable cowry—a remarkably sensible reform, for which he was quite naturally murdered.

Because of the cowry's inherent soundness, Africans usually preferred the shell to European coins. The first coin to really catch the native fancy was the Austrian *taler* of 1780, which bore the bosomy portrait of Empress Maria Theresa. The demand for this silver coin was so great that it was reissued throughout the Nineteenth Century, and the British Royal Mint had to strike off 150,000 for trade purposes in 1936—all with Maria Theresa's bust, and still dated 1780.

Coins bearing the well-upholstered image of Queen Victoria were also highly regarded, though her currency was no longer accepted after her death. According to native belief, when the Queen died, her money died too, and was therefore without value. A notable exception existed in Tibet, however, where the Queen's crown was mistaken for the headgear of a mendicant Buddhist monk, and Victoria was known as the Vagabond Lama.

Crowns and queenly bosoms notwithstanding, coins of any sort were lackluster loot compared to the exotic currencies traders encountered in the Pacific. In Borneo, for example, currency was based on old brass cannons. Values were established in terms of imaginary units of cannon, known as *pikuls*, which were applied to such routine mediums of exchange as buffaloes, beeswax and brass gongs. Farther south, on the tiny island of Alor, a more complex system was founded on the natives' single-minded devotion to the accumulation and investment of gongs, drums and pigs.

The gongs were seldom struck, the drums were never played, and the pigs were roasted and eaten only at feasts—which were usually scheduled to coincide with the death of a pig. Borrowing and lending drums and gongs was the sole male occupation, while the women provided for food and shelter. Since a feast was the only occasion when a man could be forced to pay his debts, it was con-



"I'm not sure how to get started — how about with a couple martinis?"

sidered sound business practice for a creditor to shoot a debtor's pig and force him to give a feast.

Drums and gongs were spent only for the purchase of wives or pigs. The same sort of bills were paid with dogs' teeth in the Admiralty Islands, while strings of shells and arm rings procured a young girl-mate in Bougainville.

"Buy me with arm rings," the native siren sang to her lover, and an old Melanesian ballad has the boy giving a familiar blues treatment to such lyrics as:

If you did not want me,
Why did you tell me to give you a string of red shell-money?
Your father demanded two hundred fathoms of red shell-money;
That was your price,
You unwashed old scarecrow.
You are as old as an opossum.

In equally romantic New Britain, the bride price was roughly that of a used canoe, payable in shells. In other parts of the polygamous Pacific, wives were bought and magicians' fees were paid with boars' tusks, hand-woven mats, small feathers plucked from around the eyes of fowls, flying-fox fur, and discs of polished turtleshell that bore the remorseful-sounding name of *alas*.

The Pacific is also the home of the biggest money in the world—the Great Stone Money of the Island of Yap. The larger denominations of this cumbersome currency stand twelve feet high, weigh over a ton, and are cut in the shape of huge millstones. A hole in the center permits the native Yappers to trundle the smaller pieces of change around by means of stout wooden axles, but the really big money is kept on display outside the houses of the original owners. Title to a stone may be transferred by means of an inscription, and physical possession is not essential to ownership. One family traded for years on the hidden value of a huge wheel that had sunk into the sea while being transported from a Pelew stone quarry, four hundred miles away.

In the Pelews, where it is abundant, the stone holds no monetary interest for the natives, who are too busy keeping track of their *kluks*, *adeloboks* and other bead money, which comes in more denominations than any other currency on earth. Both the Yappers and the Pelew Islanders were inclined to view each other's currency with tolerant amusement, until the United States Navy came along with the funniest money either had ever seen—paper!

Considering that they had already learned to mistrust the trade coinage of Spain, Germany and Japan, the islanders accepted our World War II military dollars with commendable faith—far more, in fact, than Americans themselves displayed when the Continental Congress issued its paper currency in 1775. Despite threats of imprisonment and "loss of both ears," the sons and daughters of the Revolution valiantly refused to honor the scrip, and "not worth a Continental" became a folk-phrase for worthlessness.

But money troubles were nothing new in the thirteen original colonies. The first New England settlers had landed on Plymouth Rock with less cash than Junior takes away to camp. High in hopes and low in funds, the Pilgrims made out as best they could by bartering corn, musket bullets and fish.

Contrary to popular belief, it was the pence-poor Pilgrims who introduced wampum to the local Indians, who had never seen bead money before. The first strings were purchased from a Dutch ship's captain, who had learned of its uses while trafficking with tribes along the Hudson River. Though the polished shell beads bore a disturbing resemblance to sinful ornaments, the Pilgrims tried them out on the Indians, who eagerly bought them in exchange for beaver skins that could be sold in England.

Because of tight money conditions in England, only a trickle of British currency circulated in the colonies. Minting was prohibited in America by royal edict, and the settlers took such coin as they could get—Dutch *guilders*, Swedish *dalers*, French *louis's*, and silver pieces-of-eight from Spanish mints in Mexico. It's from the use of Spanish coins that we get our oldest American money term, "two bits," which dates back to the early settlers. "Bit" was the English name for the Spanish *reale*, or one eighth of a piece-of-eight. "Two bits" were a fourth of this popular silver

dollar, and quite properly came to apply to our quarter

The first American coins worthy of the name were Willow-Tree shillings, which, along with Oak- and Pine-Tree shillings, were minted without royal permission in 1652. But it wasn't until after the Revolution that Americans began to coin money on a wholesale basis. Under the Articles of Confederation coinage powers were granted to the States, who, in turn, granted minting patents to individuals. A man named Mould made copper pennies for New Jersey. Ephraim Brasher issued his own doubloons in New York, where even the John Street Theatre circulated its own privately minted pennies. Citizens of the little community of Castorland, N.Y., proudly flipped Paris-made half dollars bearing the thunderous motto, "Hail, Thou Mighty Mother of Production," while the Federal Congress authorized the minting of copper cents featuring a sundial symbol of Time. "I Fly," Time prudently warned. "Mind Your Business."

In the heady atmosphere of freshly won freedom, minting and counterfeiting proceeded apace until the Constitution was ratified, reserving all powers of coinage to the Federal government. At Alexander Hamilton's suggestion, a dollar "unit" based on the Spanish peso was adopted, but the United States Mint didn't start coining money until 1792. Situated on the site of an old distillery in Philadelphia, the mint opened with a stock of six pounds of used copper, and melted down some of George Washington's table silver to strike off a handful of "half-dismes," which were presented to Martha Washington—possibly in memory of her forks and spoons.

"There has also been a small beginning in the coinage of half-dismes," Washington was able to report at the next session of Congress, "the want of small coins calling first attention to them."

With the mint slowly stamping out coppers and dimes, trade was conducted largely with Spanish dollars, and accounts were kept in a confusion of pesos, shillings and pence. The dollar sign, $, is supposed to have evolved from a bookkeeper's shorthand version of PS, for peso, and the American dollar was hardly more than a theoretical unit used to evaluate other currency, much as Borneo's *pikuls* of cannon were used to evaluate beeswax and gongs.

During the War of 1812, all coin payments were suspended, and banks issued paper currency that was limited only by the availability of printing presses and the supply of ink. Private banks with wilderness addresses sprang up in the West, and issued "wildcat" notes. In Michigan, where banks were required to back their paper currency with thirty percent in specie, the same bags of coins were hustled from bank to bank, one step ahead of the inspectors. As one official described it: "Gold and silver flew about the country with the celerity of magic; its sound was heard in the depths of the forest, yet like the wind, one knew not whence it came or whither it was going."

In 1834, a "hard money" bloc in Congress pushed for a reform measure that favored a gold dollar. A new mint that operated on live horsepower was set up two years later, and with the discovery of gold in California, the production of gold coins increased to the point where the minting of cents and dimes fell off, and no one had any change. After discussing the crisis for two years, Congress swung into action and authorized a new series of coins in the now-familiar five-to-fifty-cent denominations. The mint worked on a twenty-four-hour schedule, new coins poured into circulation, and America had enough currency to cover its needs for the first time in history.

Pockets jingled but briefly, however. With the outbreak of the Civil War, coin metal became so scarce that paper Greenbacks were declared legal tender. In addition to Federal notes, seven thousand different bank issues were in circulation, together with five thousand odd lots of passable counterfeits. Before the war ended, one third of the money in the country was counterfeit, and in the final days of the Confederacy bogus bills bearing the names of Northern banks were more negotiable than Southern "shinplasters." Out of this near-catastrophic muddle, the legislation essential to a sound currency was born.

Vital as these matters are to our present security, the details are as yawn-inspiring as a good girl's diary—a compendium of dull dates and ever-increasing restraints. This is not to say that emotions never ran high, or that all decisions were the wisest. As a result of William Jennings Bryan's breast beating on behalf of inflationary Free Silver, and the common man's sentimental support of the underdog metal, thirty-five million unused silver dollars are currently creating a storage problem for the Denver mint. Only four hundred thousand are in circulation, mostly in Las Vegas, where they are fed to slot machines, and in parts of Texas, where—it is sometimes alleged—they serve as nickels and dimes. Nevada, scene of the big Nineteenth Century silver diggings, has always been partial to the king-size coins. When the Comstock Lode was struck, the bullion happy citizens sang:

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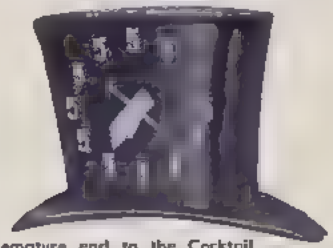

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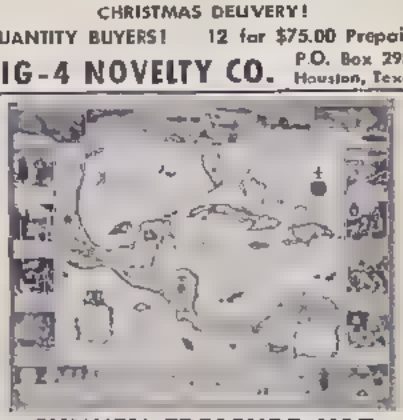

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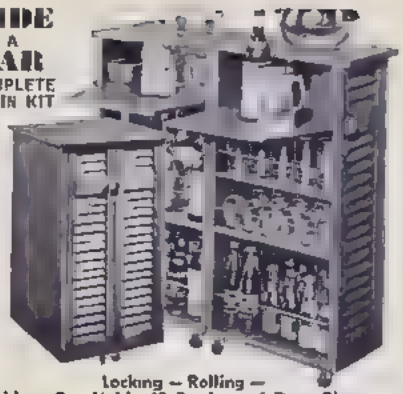

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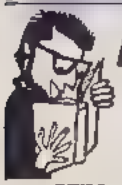

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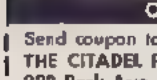

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The metallic worth of all these coins is considerably less than their face value. A meager twelve cents' worth of metal is required to make a dollar's worth of nickels, for instance, and Treasury officials estimate the annual profit from minting to be in the neighborhood of forty million dollars. At least part of the profit is attributable to a law that makes it illegal to change the design of a given coin more than once in twenty-five years, plus the fact that the outlay for models' fees has been practically nil. Legend has it that when the eagle was selected as our national emblem, the Philadelphia mint adopted a live specimen named Peter, who posed for several early coins, until he got tangled up in the mint's machinery. As a result of his injuries, Peter died, but retained his Civil Service status through the thoughtfulness of fellow-employees, who had the bald bird stuffed.

Though the mint was not on a first-name basis with the bison who posed for the buffalo nickel, the Indian was long thought to be a chap named Two Guns Whitecalf. According to designer James Earle Fraser, however, the portrait was a composite of three other braves — Iron-tail, Two Moons, and a taciturn type with long braids, who never did give his name.

The Indian on the old penny was a pale-face squaw, Sarah Longacre, daughter of a mint official, while the Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson and Roosevelt coins were all done from portraits. When designer John Sinnock added his initials to the Roosevelt dime in 1946, word spread among the benighted that the tiny "J. S." stood for Joseph Stalin, and was the work of subversives boring from within the mint. Assigned to design the Franklin half dollar in 1948, Sinnock therefore took the precaution of adding his middle initial, "R." This merely touched off a new rumor — the mint's subversives had become so entrenched, they were boldly defacing our coinage with Stalin's middle initial.

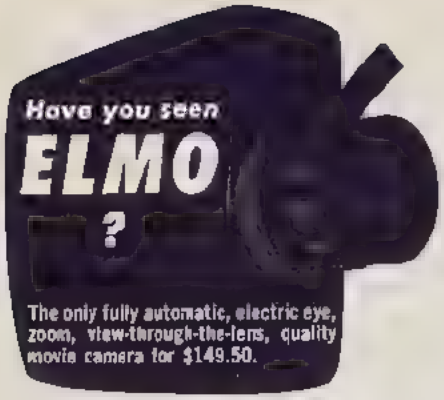
As might be expected, the intrinsic value of our paper money is even less than that of coin. It costs only thirty cents to run off a thousand bills, whether their face value is one dollar or ten thousand dollars, and changes in design are much less frequent. The biggest change in the appearance of paper money was its reduction in size, in 1929. A less obvious but more momentous change occurred in 1933-1934, when the dollar went off the gold standard, and paper currency was no longer redeemable in gold coin.

To even venture a summary of the significance of this change is to become involved in a maelstrom of economic theories. Reading the fine print on the engravings in our billfold, however, we find that a ten-dollar Federal Reserve note is "legal tender for all debts, public and private, and is redeemable in lawful money at the United States Treasury, or at any Federal Reserve Bank." The large type, above and below Jefferson's portrait, billboards the comforting guarantee that "The United States of America will pay to the bearer on demand Ten Dollars" — which means that a ten-dollar bill will get you two paper fives, ten paper ones, or a clutch of ten silver dollars. The clinker is that even ten silver dollars will leave you a good deal short of ten dollars' worth of intrinsic value, since the silver dollar contains less than 372 grains of silver, and a full 480-grain ounce is price-pegged at approximately ninety-two cents.

It would appear, therefore, that we are presently trading in government tokens, similar to the debased coinage of Imperial Rome and the Continental paper of Revolutionary America. Actually, no such comparisons can be made. Our modern currency does not pretend to derive its value from the amount it represents in static metal. It is based on the purchasing power of a "commodity dollar," and is more realistically rooted in the nation's capacity to produce and reproduce a wealth of goods and services — a concept which often seems nebulous to minds still operating on the gold standard, but one that would be beautifully clear to the earlier herdsmen, whose cattle wealth reproduced itself time and again through the ages.

But, we recall, it is gold ingots and not "commodity dollars" that the government keeps locked up in the vault at Fort Knox, Kentucky. Surely this would seem to suggest that old-fashioned gold has some uses beyond that of making dental inlays — and it does. Though the huge pile of glittering bricks buried in the mausoleum at the corner of Dixie Highway and Bullion Boulevard may seem as remote from our daily money operations as a twelve-foot stone on the Island of Yap, it is essential to the prestige and support of the American dollar abroad. Gold is still the international medium of exchange, and is needed to cover situations where American goods and services will not immediately suffice.

So important is gold's world function that every major power hoards its reserves with the greed of a lifelong miser. While it is assumed that the United States holds some fifty percent of the total supply, an unknown — though admittedly enormous — reserve is believed



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to be building up in the Soviet Union. Unlike most of the world's gold, which still includes metal originally mined by the ancient Egyptians, Soviet bullion is largely new metal, which has been blasted and dug from the ore-rich Siberian tundra in a massive mining effort reported to involve a labor force of 500,000.

To what purpose have the Russians initiated this Twentieth Century gold rush? At the moment, it's impossible to say. When the subject of gold was broached during Khrushchev's visit to France in March 1960, the Premier playfully begged the question: "Gold we have, but we save it. Why? I don't really know. Lenin said the day would come when gold would serve to coat the walls and floors of public toilets. When the Communist society is built, we must certainly accomplish Lenin's wish."

No one is so naive as to believe that the Soviet is hoarding gold for the purpose of beautifying Russian rest rooms, however. Gold is a valuable weapon to any nation seeking world supremacy. In an all-out economic cold war, its power could be as decisive as that of nuclear weapons in a war that was military and hot. Indeed, the secret stockpiling of gold and weapons invites the speculation that bombs and bullion may be more alike than we had reason to suspect. In view of this similarity, and previously noted instances of weapons evolving into harmless currency, the student of money is prompted to offer the suggestion that a nuclear war might well be averted by simply switching the international monetary base from gold to H-bombs. Since nations are notably reluctant to part with their monetary treasure, the new nuclear wealth would be considered too precious to waste in waging war. It would be kept in vaults and cherished, as gold is cherished today, while money values might be measured in *pikuls* of non-functional H-bombs, redeemable for the joys of peace.

The more immediate question, however, is not whether dollars and rubles will ever be based on a Nuclear Standard, but whether the whole idea of money might not be on the way out. With the growing popularity of credit cards, one can foresee the possibility of currency gradually disappearing into one vast system of credit. Swindlers and forgers are already switching to counterfeit credit cards.

But the men who know money best are still far from alarmed, and currency buffs stoutly insist that money will never die. As one veteran mazuma hunter put it in an interview, conducted outside the loan department of a large Manhattan bank: "Lissen, if anybody seriously thinks that money is going out of style, all he has to do is to take Benjamin Franklin's advice, and just try to *borrow* some!"

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father brother *(continued from page 64)*

Father says Sure. How was he to know what kind of a nut he was?

He gets one of the original cabins that some chicks had just cut out of, and he offers to give Father Brother some *rent*. This should have been a tip-off, but Father says he sort of liked this cat. What was to like? He was a sawed-off creep with no chin and a high, nervous sort of voice.

That afternoon he moves in with his wife who is wearing a little nowhere blue dress and a white hat—and their seven-year-old kid. Then that afternoon, just as everybody is getting up, here comes this van and two moving cats get out and carry in a bed and a sofa and some boxes and, so help me, a television.

Well, at first we figure it's some kind of a gag. But it turns out that this Smith has a *job* in Santa Ana. He's an accountant. The only reason he takes the pad is because he can't find anyplace else to live that he can afford. You see, he's trying to save enough loot to open up his own business.

The next morning at eight A.M. it starts. Smith is up with his television turned on as loud as possible. His kid is out hollering around the other pads waking everybody up. He leaves for work and his nowhere wife is banging and hammering around all morning putting up little taffeta curtains.

That's just the beginning. It turns out that two or three days a week Smith brings work home. He sits out in front of his cabin with a white shirt and a necktie on going over balance sheets and writing figures down in account books. And when the tourists come by and see him sitting there with his haircut and shoeshine and necktie, well, it looks awful. We try to explain that he's some sort of far-out eccentric, but you can see it doesn't sit well with them.

Finally we get up a deputation and go see Father Brother and demand that he get rid of this Smith. It's not that we're prejudiced. A cat can be a little peculiar, but after all, we have to have some kind of standards. Anyway, what was this Smith trying to prove?

Father says he understands the problem and he agrees to ask Smith to move. But Smith says he's sorry, he doesn't have any place to move to. And he offers to pay rent again.

So Father says what can he do? He can't throw them out. That'd be an act of hostility and would set his Zen discipline back five years. Besides, Smith told him that if he tries to evict him he'll hire a lawyer and if anyone gets tough he'll call the cops. He says he is a legal tenant because he has possession and has offered to pay any rent the state commission might find suitable.

In fact, before Father leaves, Smith puts in a few knocks about the pad and asks when he's going to get a paint job.

Some of us were pretty sore, but right there is where Phil Botkin had to stick his nose into it and talk us out of it. Phil said that we should live and let live, you know, like in a state of coexistence with the Smiths. Phil even tried to make friends with them. He'd send his chick over with some Demerol, or he'd stop Smith on the street and offer to give him bongo lessons or invite him to a blast at the poetry hall but Smith just says, "No, thank you," sort of nasty and marches off. He wasn't having any coexistence. A real weirdo.

He keeps playing his television night and day and it seems every time sightseers go by, he's always out in front of his pad watering some miserable little geraniums he's planted or marking down figures in his books, wearing his necktie, reading the *Reader's Digest*. The Smiths don't even smell good. Every time they go by you get this odor of soap. Everyone is just generally getting bugged.

But what really set everything off was his kid. One evening Sydney Wax makes it into the hall, but *really* bugged, like the most. It seems Smith's kid has been teaching Sydney's kids to play baseball. And you know what a thing like *that* can lead to! First it's baseball. Then it's trying to make the team. Next it's trying to make good grades in school and by the time the kid is grown up—what's he fit for? A job, the suburbs, a barbecue, candles on the dining room table, insurance, and finally a Buick and a fourteen-hundred-dollar funeral.

"He's like a threat to our way of life!" Sydney yells real inflammatory, waving his arms. "He's putting it down, man. We're pioneers here and we got an interest in the bit. Are we gonna stand for this troublemaker coming in and trying to poison our children's minds? If he can't make the scene, let him go back where he came from!"

There's a big cheer here, and the Gypsy jumps up. "Hey, there's no place for his kind here," she yells. "Hey, let's like burn down his whole pad. Who'd know? It'd be, hey, like an accident, man!" The Gypsy is always big with violence, and if Danny hadn't of grabbed her she would've run out and barbecued the whole damn Smith family.

"Cool it," Danny says. "We don't want any state law down here."

But by this time a lot of cats are steamed, and a couple of motorcycle types who are visiting Duke Wadek start hollering, "Let's get 'em! Let's get 'em." Those leather-jacket kids are always wanting to "get" somebody. It's a stage of development they go through. They keep screaming "Let's get 'em" and in no time the whole mob has marched down to Smith's pad and are standing out front muttering. They're in an ugly mood.

At first no one does anything. Then Honey Henley's little sister ran up and drew a big square with a black crayon on the front door.

No one laughed though, and then someone, I don't know who, threw a rock. Then a couple more rocks hit the house and one went through the little window with the taffeta curtain and the glass busted all over. That sort of shocked the crowd. They were quiet like waiting for something to happen. In a minute the door opened and this George Smith comes out on the porch. You could see he was scared, but I got to give him credit. He came right out and faced them.

"You people go away," he says. "I have a right to live here. It's a free country."

The crowd sort of moves forward, but before anything can happen Phil Botkin jumps up on the porch beside Smith and waves his arms and yells "Cool it. Cool it!" until he gets attention.

"Fourscore and twenty weeks ago," Phil says to the crowd, "like we came to this place and made a large hip scene so that swingers from all over could have a big mother pad, and we could meditate our rebellion and not be bugged by cops or landladies. These are the times that try cats' souls. The summer goof-off will, in these put-down times, get out of orbit. But we dig these truths to be cool. That all men are created hip and have the right to go, go, go, to get their kicks and to dig everything the most in their private way, so that the hip scene, for the hip and by the hip, shall not cut out."

Phil was really turned on. As he went on with this speech Carlo starts chording some blues on the guitar behind him and Shelley Kahn and Little Bird start playing the bongos and it builds to a real swinging finish, and you sort of feel he's cooled everything. But just then Smith has to open his mouth.

You can tell he hasn't dug anything that Phil has said. All he knows is rocks were hitting his house and Phil was making a speech.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," he says to Phil. "All you people should be ashamed of yourselves. You're nothing but a bunch of good-for-nothing loafers. You should go out and get jobs."

Well! This is not a thing to say, especially at such a time. It starts everybody up again.

"Split, square!" someone hollers and then everyone is yelling.

"Cut out!"

"Get analyzed, man."

"Make it someplace else, creep."

"Like vanish, Dad!"

By this time Smith's nowhere wife has come out on the porch and is trying to drag him back inside, but he won't go. Then another rock hits the roof and one of the motorcycle kids comes up

"Hurry up — I haven't got all night!"

and shoves Smith in the chest.

Smith gives him a big wallop right on the nose. The bike kid falls backwards and right away he's screaming for everyone to "get him." A real rumble is starting. Phil is trying to quiet everyone. Duke and the leather jackets are taking off their belts. The Gypsy is in back of the cabin shoving newspapers under it and trying to get her lighter to work.

Right then we hear the sirens. Some of the tourists up front had heard the racket and an old chuck had pushed the panic button and phoned the cops. This was just what the state law had been waiting for, and there were three squad cars there in nothing flat, and troopers are all over shoving everyone and yelling, "All right, break it up! Break it up!" like they hear cops say on the movies.

They charge right in and, naturally, the first one they grab is Smith. He's right in the center of all the shoving and yelling. Then one big trooper grabs Smith's wife and that sets him off. He jerks loose and goes for this trooper, but the trooper just bats him aside and the wife screams and that's when old Phil, who has no business being within a mile of this kind of action, jumps on the big trooper's back and starts in hitting him on the head and yelling terrible square things like "Unhand that woman!" I swear that's what he said. "Unhand that woman, you Cossack!"

This "Cossack" must be a dirty word in Irish because the trooper throws Phil over his head and when Phil jumps up and rushes him he gives him about four real, no-fooling-around belts. And who can blame him? I thought Phil had flipped.

Anyway, they carry Phil off and round up me and Danny and about ten others as "Ringleaders" and drag us up to headquarters in Long Beach, and we spend the night in the tank.

The next day the judge gives us a long, dumb lecture. You can see he's aching to put us all away for a million years, but there's no complaint against us. The old chuck who phoned the law isn't there, and we all say we were just having a peaceful birthday party. The only charge they can figure out is against Smith for resisting arrest. But the judge can see Smith is an oddball, and he calls Smith's boss on the phone, and the boss says Smith is the most, so after the judge runs out of lecture, we get dismissed.

The newspapers, of course, had big page-one headlines about the no-good beatniks and the awful "riot" that was caused by free love — so by the time we get back to the settlement, cars are parked for a mile along the highway in each direction. You never saw such crowds. I heard later it was the first day since it opened that Disneyland ran in the red. And only six people saw the trained whales.

Well, the next morning the motorcycle kids have cut out, and we all feel sort of ashamed. When Smith comes outside everyone looks away, but he goes right up to Father Brother and says he has taken the day off from work and is going to the county hospital to visit Phil and will drive anyone else who wants to come. Five of us pile in with him and off we go.

Phil has a busted nose and a cracked rib and looks awful. But this Smith makes a real un-cool speech about how he appreciates Phil's protecting Gladys (that's his wife's name) and says he admires Phil's courage and character.

In a week Phil is back, and from then on he and this Smith get real buddy-buddy. Smith is teed off at the locals anyway for pushing him around, and pretty soon he and Gladys are showing up at the poetry readings and the jazz sessions. He sits up front on a little folding camp stool and snaps his fingers on the downbeat and shouts things like, "Get hot!" and "Get out of this world, fella!" which is pretty embarrassing, but evidently not to him.

But you can't put down anyone who tries, right? He's still with the haircut and white-shirt bit, but he gets rid of the necktie and carries around a book on Zen. He has a lot of talks with Father too, and finally, as a favor to Father, he makes a survey of the "operation" as he calls it.

It turns out that Smith has come up with a lot of ideas for running the "operation" more efficiently, and Father makes him sort of a general manager.

First thing he does is buy a mimeograph machine and put up a big bulletin board. Then he puts up "assignments" on the bulletin board. Father Brother explains that it is for the common good and will mean, in the long run, more extra time for us all to meditate our rebellion against the lack of spirituality in society. Regular guides are assigned for certain hours, like they have to be there exactly when it says. Smith has them memorize a set speech to give to the tourists (Father has started calling them "our guests"), and every morning before the guides go out he would inspect them to make sure their hair wasn't combed and their jeans were dirty enough.

Then Smith figures out that it'll give us all more free time if the painters show up one afternoon a week to paint the garbage cans and another afternoon to work on little pictures, like on an assembly line. Each cat puts on one color, and then the chicks sell them out on the road as "genuine beatnik oils" for twenty-five dollars. He organizes the Mexican cigarette bit and gets packages wholesale with "Hippies, the Real Cool Smoke" printed on them, and we have to put in one day a week filling up the packages.

And that's just a start. Smith puts up a Jack Kerouac museum (admission ten cents) and he has Johnny Otawari giving his Zen lecture every hour on the hour. He puts up another building and calls it an "Authentic Buddhist Yabyum Parlor" and hires a stripper from Gardena to do a cooch dance four or five times a day.

His wife, Gladys, is around organizing guitar classes for the chicks and teaching them to bake cookies. Cookies! Everything seems to be sort of different. Whenever we see Smith on the street he calls us by our first name and says godawful things.

"Like man, Rog," he says, "our gross is like up seven percent over August. It's like crazy." Or, "It's cool the way our new deferred tax setup scene allows us like to make the amortization bit with the wholesale raw materials jazz, man."

What really started to bug us was when he put up on the bulletin board that everyone should grow beards. A beard is a personal thing and if you

"I say, that is good!"

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don't dig beards, what the hell. The whole bit is getting to be a drag. Whenever you don't show up for an assignment on time Father Brother comes around (Father is having his gunnysack robes made by a tailor in Long Beach now and has a different color for each day) and gives you a big talk about inner discipline and our responsibility to the protest movement, and it is just getting to be too much. Who needs it?

But what was like the real final put down was the sign. Smith talked Father into putting up this big, new sign over the coffee house, which had been rebuilt to include a cocktail lounge with booths all decorated in chrome and imitation leather with fake patches on it. It had plastic cobwebs in the corners and mice painted on the walls and signs all around saying: TRY OUR NON-CONFORMIST HAMBURGERS, and, OUR WAITRESSES ARE BEAT, BUT NOT OUR STEAKS, and, EVERYTHING IS COOL, MAN — BUT OUR SOUP. Out front there was a shop selling "Beatnik Sandals," "Beatnik Orange Marmalade" and "Beatnik Spray Net (to give your hair that chic tangled look)" and Beatnik souvenir ashtrays and pennants.

But like I said, the sign was what did it. It was about three stories high with BEATNIKVILLE spelled out in neon and at the bottom there was a picture of Father Brother. That was creepy enough, but right under the picture it said, "Approved by California Junior Chamber of Commerce – Member of the Diners' Club."

When they got it up everyone stood around looking at it for a long time. No one said anything, but Danny and Lenny stayed up all that night working over their MG and next morning they took Arlene and Harry Fagin and cut out for Acapulco.

It turned out that the waitress chicks had been holding out pretty good on the tips and that afternoon Paint Girl and Julie Chapek bought a second-hand Porsche 190 and headed for Chicago and a bunch of the L.A. cats caught the four o'clock bus. After dinner the Gypsy started talking about the Village and next day she chipped in with Lou Annie Ryan on a '56 Chevy and four days later we were sitting in the Rigoletto on MacDougal street.

Within a week most of the cats who would normally be around the Village were back. It didn't bother Father Brother or Smith much though. They just hired a gang of high school kids and some movie extras to take over, and last I heard they were even advertising on television.

Too bad, because for a while, until that George Smith showed up, La Pluma was like we really had it made. I mean, it just goes to show, like they say, that one rotten apple can spoil the whole barrel.

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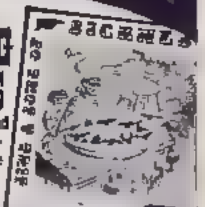

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VERY LATE *(continued from page 96)*

"No, no, her *son!* He's hung himself!"

"Hung himself?" I said, ridiculously, and found myself, stunned, explaining to her. "Oh, no, it wasn't *him* was going to die it was —" I babbled. I stopped, for the maid was clutching, pulling my arm.

"We cut him down, oh God, he's still alive, quick!"

Still alive? He still breathed, yes, and walked around through the other years, yes, but alive? No.

It was *she* who gained strength and lived through his attempt to escape her. She never forgave his trying to run off

"What do you mean by that, what do you mean?!" I remember her screaming at him as he lay feeling his throat, in the cottage, his eyes shut, wilted, as I hurried in the door. "What do you mean doing that, what, what!!"

And looking at him there I knew he had tried to run away from both of us, we were both impossible to him. I did not forgive him that either, for a while. But I did feel my old hatred of him become something else, a kind of dull pain, as I turned and went back for a doctor.

"What do you mean, you silly boy!" she cried.

• • •

I married Paul that autumn.

After that, the years poured through the glass swiftly. Once each year, Roger led himself into the pavilion to sit eating lemon ice with his limp hands like empty gloves, but he never called me by my name again, nor did he mention the old promise.

Here and there in the hundreds of months that passed I thought, for his own sake now, for no one else, sometime somehow he must simply up and destroy the dragon with the hideous bellows face. For Roger and only for Roger, Roger must do it.

"Surely *this* year," I thought, when he was fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two. Between seasons I caught myself examining occasional Chicago papers, hoping to find a picture of her lying slit like a monstrous yellow chicken. But no, but no, but no . . .

I'd almost forgotten them when they returned this morning. He's very old now, more like a doddering husband than a son. Baked gray clay he is, with milky blue eyes, a toothless mouth, and manicured fingernails which seem stronger because the flesh has baked away.

At noon today, after a moment of standing out, a lone gray wingless hawk staring at a sky in which he had never soared or flown, he came inside and spoke to me, his voice rising.

"Why didn't you tell me!"

"Tell you what?" I said, scooping out his ice cream before he asked for it.

"One of the maids just mentioned, your husband died five years ago! You should have told me!"

"Well, now you know," I said.

He sat down slowly. "Lord," he said, tasting the ice cream and savoring it, eyes shut. "This is bitter . . ." Then a long time later he said, "Anna, I never asked. Were there ever any children?"

"No," I said. "And I don't know why. I guess I'll never know why."

I left him sitting there and went to wash the dishes.

At nine tonight I heard someone laughing by the lake. I hadn't heard Roger laugh since he was a child, so I didn't think it was him until the doors burst wide and he entered, flinging his arms about unable to control his almost weeping hilarity.

"Roger!" I asked. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing! Oh, nothing!" he cried. "Everything's lovely! A root beer, Anna! Take one yourself! Drink with me!"

We drank together, he laughed, winked, then got immensely calm. Still smiling, though, he looked suddenly, beautifully young.

"Anna," he whispered intensely, leaning forward. "Guess what? I'm flying to China tomorrow! Then India! Then London, Madrid, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Mexico City!"

"*You* are, Roger?"

"I, I, I, not we, we, we! but I, Roger Bidwell Harrison, I, I, *I!*"

I stared at him and he gazed quietly back at me, and I must have gasped. For then I knew what he had finally done

"I think he's beginning to suspect we're not just scanning the horizon for ships."

tonight, this hour, within the last few minutes.

Oh, no, my lips must have said.

Oh, but yes, yes, his eyes upon me replied, incredible miracle of miracles, after all these waiting years, tonight at last. Tonight

I let him talk. After Mexico City it was Rio and after Rio, New Orleans, oh he'd saved millions of schedules, flight charts, hotel bulletins for forty years. he knew the moons and tides, the goings and comings of everything on the seas and in the skies.

"But, best of all," he said at last, 'Anna, will you come along with me? I've lots of money put away. Anna, tell me, *will* you?"

I came around the counter slowly, and saw myse.f in the mirror, a woman in her seventieth year going to a party half a century late

I sat down beside him and shook my head.

'Oh, but Anna, why not, there's no reason why!"

"There is a reason," I said. "You."

"Me, but I don't count!"

"That's just it, Roger, you do."

"Anna, we could have a wonderful time ——"

"I dare say. But, Roger, you've *been* married for seventy years. Now, for the first time, you're not married. You don't want to turn around and get married again right off, do you?"

"*Don't* I?" he asked, blinking.

"You don't, you really don't. You deserve a little while, at least, off by yourself, to see the world, to know who Roger Harrison is. A little while away from women. Then, when you've gone around the world and come back is time to think of other things."

"If you *say* so ——"

"No. It mustn't be anything I say or know or tell you to do. Right now it must be you telling yourself what to know and see and do. Go have a grand time. If you can – be happy."

'Will you be here waiting for me when I come back?"

"I haven't it in me anymore to wait, but I'll be here."

He moved toward the door, then stopped and looked at me as if surprised by some new question that had come into his mind.

"Anna," he said, "if all this had happened forty, fifty years ago, would you have gone away with me then? Would you really have married me?"

I did not answer.

"Anna?" he asked.

After a long while I said, "There are some questions that should never be asked."

Because, I went on, thinking, there can be no answers. Looking down the years toward the lake, I could not remember, so I could not say, whether we could have ever been happy Perhaps even as a child, sensing the impossible in Roger, I had clutched the impossible, and therefore the rare, to my heart, simply because it was impossible and rare. He was a sprig of farewell summer pressed in an old book, to be taken out, turned over, admired, once a year, but more than that? who could say? surely not I, so long so late in the day. Life is questions, not answers.

Roger had come very close to read my face, my mind, while I thought all this. What he saw there made him look away, close his eyes, then take my hand and press it to his cheek.

"I'll be back. I swear I will!"

Outside the door he stood bewildered for a moment in the moonlight, looking at the world and all its directions, east, west, north, south, like a child out of school for his first summer not knowing which way to go first, just breathing, just listening, just seeing.

"Don't hurry!" I said, fervently. "Oh, God, whatever you do, please, enjoy yourself, don't hurry!"

I saw him run off toward the limousine near the cottage where I was supposed to rap in the morning and where I would get no answer. But I knew that I would not go to the cottage and that I'd keep the maids from going there because the old lady had given orders not to be bothered. That would give Roger the chance, the start he needed. In a week or two or three, I might call the police. Then if they met Roger coming back on the boat from all those wild places, it wouldn't matter.

Police? Perhaps not even them. Perhaps she died of a heart attack and poor Roger only thinks he killed her and now proudly sails off into the world, his pride not allowing him to know that only her own self made death released him

But then again, if at last all the murder he had put away for seventy years had forced him tonight to lay hands on and kill the hideous turkey, I could not find it in my heart to weep for her but only for the great time it had taken to act out the sentence.

The road is silent. An hour has passed since the limousine roared away down the road.

Now, I have just put out the lights and stand alone in the pavilion looking out at the shining lake where in another century, under another sun, a small boy with an old face was first touched to play tag with me and who now, very late, had tagged me back. had kissed my hand and run away, and this time myself, stunned, not following.

Many things I do not know, tonight

But one thing I'm sure of.

I do not hate Roger Harrison, any more.

V

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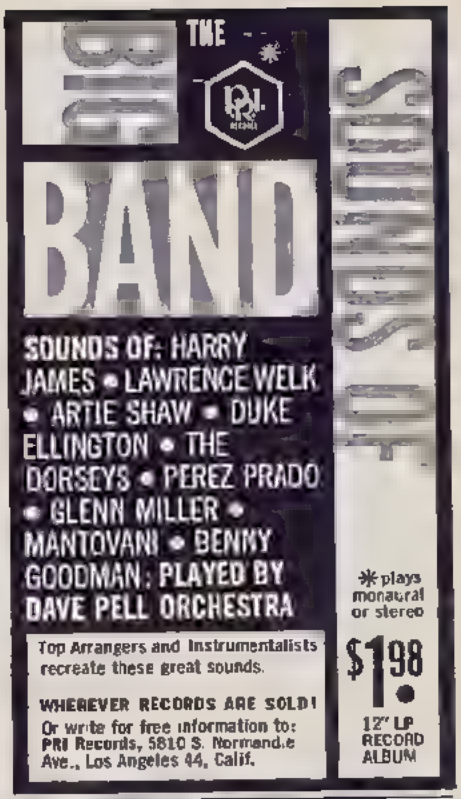

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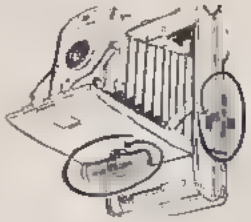

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OALÁMAÓA

(continued from page 52)

contempt! But look—there's your precious Gauguin in every stroke, every line, every vulgar splash of eye-catching color. It was to have been a variation on one of that ham-fisted stockbroker's Polynesian themes. I was going to call it *Oalámaóa*."

"Meaning?" I asked.

"Meaning simply *Oalámaóa*—men, pigs, women, hibiscus and bananas. What else is there in the Pacific?"

I looked closely and long. And it was then that my scheme sprouted, swelled, and blossomed to perfection in my head like one of those Japanese paper flowers in warm water. Now, as I was about to speak, Molosso's wife came in, carrying a package of groceries and three bottles of wine. He did not even say "hello" to her—simply jerked a thumb in her direction and said to me, "That's Lucille, the cross I have to bear."

I said, "Madame, I am most impressed by your husband's work, and propose to offer him a commission worthy of his brush."

"What does she know?" cried Molosso. "She sews buttons on rich women's drawers in a lingerie shop in the Rue de Miromesnil. But are you serious, sir? A commission?"

"If you are free," I said.

"Free! I wish I were!" said Molosso, with a bitter look at his nice little wife. "But sir, I'd do anything in the world rather than continue to paint sickening cherubs and nauseating roses for Minard's Hand-Painted Greeting Cards."

"Work for me for six months, then," I said, "and I will pay you one thousand dollars American every month. All your expenses will be paid. At the end of our association, I will pay you thirty thousand dollars in cash. Well?"

Well! So began what must be the neatest piece of polite skulduggery that even the rare picture business has ever known. And these, my friend, are very strong words indeed.

• • •

So. A few months later I called on no less a person than Mr. Egon Mollock, in his suite at the Crillon. He had come to Paris for his usual annual visit, seeking what he might devour, for he was a multimillionaire and a collector. Of what? Of anything that nobody else had, of anything any other collector would give his ears for. He was not a lover of beauty; only of rarity. If wart hogs had been scarce he would have collected wart hogs. As it was, he went after original works of art, which he kept locked up in his mansion in Connecticut.

To this loveless jailer of the beautiful, I said, "I have news for you, in confidence, Mr. Mollock. Imogene Gribble wants to sell a Gauguin."

"Very likely," said he. "But I happen

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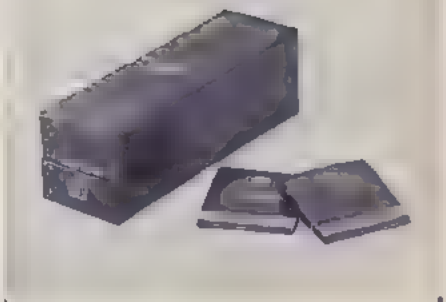

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to know that the Gobseck Collection is entailed."

"Exactly. That is why I am empowered to speak to you — in the strictest confidence."

I should explain, here, that Lucien Gobseck was one of those mystery men of money whose histories always have to be hushed up. He came up overnight like a toadstool, and helped to finance Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, had a long, murky career as company promoter, moneylender, and unofficial pawnbroker to the great, and died in 1899, leaving a colossal fortune and an art collection which hardly anyone has ever been allowed to look at. The collection is entailed — in other words, it is an heirloom; it may be inherited, but never sold. And such an inheritance, nowadays, is the legatee's nightmare. There is many a proud inheritor who, ruined by death taxes and insurance premiums, prays day and night for a good hot fire fanned by a hard dry wind.

Gobseck's only child, a girl, reversed the accepted order of things. Generally, it is an American heiress who marries a penniless Frenchman. She married a cowhand out of Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show, named Boscobel, said to be the most optimistic poker-player on earth. But even so, their daughter Imogene brought a large fortune to her husband, a Bostonian named Gribble, who abhorred gambling and invested only in sure things at twelve-and-a-half percent. Thus, when he passed on — Bostonians never die, they simply pass on — Imogene was left with only about twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and this incubus of a Gobseck Collection to keep up and pay insurance on.

I said, "The Tonkin Necklace has been broken up and replaced with a paste replica these five years. So has the Isabella Tiara. Morally, Imogene Gribble is justified; in law, she is culpable. I feel that I am no more a purveyor of stolen property in offering *Oalámaoa*, than you would be a receiver of it if you bought it. This kind of technically illicit deal is less reprehensible than, say, smuggling a bottle of cognac. Nobody is the loser, but everyone gains. A copy of *Oalámaóa* moulders in the dark instead of the beautiful original; Mrs. Gribble has some money, which she needs; I draw my commission; and you have the joy of possession —"

— *Oalámaoa?* I never heard of it," he said.

"Neither had I until I first saw it." I told him. "It is possible that old Gobseck foresaw Gauguin's value, and bought some unheard-of canvases. Who knows?"

"I have met Imogene Gribble," said Mollock, looking at me with that unpleasant smile of his, which has been so aptly likened to a tired earthworm trying to bite its other end. "What is to prevent my dealing with her directly?"

"If the lady chose to deal directly, I imagine she would not have employed me as a go-between," I said, with some coldness. "Mrs. Gribble mentioned three of her acquaintances whom I might approach in this matter: Karyatidis the shipowner, Gregor Dreidl the theatrical man, and your good self."

"Why did you come to me first — if you did come to me first?"

"Because," I said, with a shrug, "Karyatidis is on his yacht, Dreidl is in New York, and you happen to be in Paris."

"Well," he said, grudgingly, "I'll look at the picture."

I had it with me. Mollock, who had done so much under the counter buying in his time, remarked on the fact that the canvas was still stretched in its framework. He had rather expected it to be rolled up in a cardboard tube. I reminded him, "This is not a stolen canvas, my dear sir, cut from its framework with a razor-blade. Why mar it even that little, therefore?"

"This is no Nineteenth Century canvas," he said.

"Of course not. It is very much older. The art-dealer, Père Tanguy, from whom most Parisian artists of Gauguin's time got their supplies, had a considerable stock of perfectly good canvases painted by unheard-of mediocrities of every century. The pictures were worthless; the canvases were excellent. So impecunious painters often bought them for a few francs, cleaned them, and painted over them. This you must know. Ah . . ." I said with a sigh, ". . . whoever sold Gauguin that bit of canvas is still whistling for his money, I'll wager, wherever he is!"

"But what a blaze of color!" he exclaimed.

So it was. There was something stunning in the impact of the color of *Oalámaóa* as it hit your eye. Little Molosso, in his vanity and his spite, had out-Gauguined Gauguin, so to speak. The central figure was a golden-skinned woman, nude, walking as if under a spell, followed by a group of young men wearing lava-lavas of different tints but all marked with the same meandering tantalizing design. They were coming out of a jungle flaring with flowers. To the right, in the foreground, a black-and-white pig rooted among the shrubs.

I said, "He must have enjoyed himself, that man, painting this picture."

Mollock nodded. "I wonder what that pattern means, there on the cloth."

"Some Polynesian ideograph, no doubt," I said.

"And how much does Imogene Gribble want for this?" he asked.

"One hundred and fifty thousand dollars," I said.

"Like hell she does," said he. "Do you realize that if I don't buy, a word dropped by me will make the sale of this picture to anybody else absolutely impossible?"

"Yes, that's the chef's special. He's having one of his bad days"

"Oh, dear!"

"Sir," said I, "in naming you, Karyatidis and Dreidl, Mrs. Imogene Gribble referred only to the three most respectable of her list of potential buyers."

I will not bore you with an account of the negotiations that followed. They started before lunch, and ended at cocktail-time. Mollock wheedled me, Mollock tempted me, and at last I fell. With an air of shame I accepted $105,000 as the "official" price paid for *Oalámaóa* in this highly unofficial deal, and an extra fifteen thousand dollars strictly off the record as my price for underselling my employer. Mollock was very good at figures. He put it to me, "Say I pay a hundred and thirty-five thousand for *Oalámaóa*. Your dealer's commission, twenty percent, amounts to twenty-seven thousand dollars, and that is that. But say I pay only a hundred and five thousand, and give you a private honorarium of fifteen thousand, you make thirty-six thousand and I save fifteen."

You can't argue with arithmetic. An expert having, after a secret examination of the picture, pronounced it "The Gauguin to end all Gauguins," I took my money and Mollock sailed for America. My little game was well begun.

. . . Yes, you heard me correctly—*begun*. Do you think a man like me expends such creative planning and precise administrative work for a wretched $120,000? Do you take me for a common crook?

To proceed: as soon as he got home, Mollock had his new acquisition suitably framed and lighted, and gave a select little dinner for a few of the collectors he hated most, and *Oalámaóa* was unveiled. The effect was all he had hoped it might be; Mollock savored to the full the joy of seeing the unfeigned admiration of his guests for the picture, and their ill-disguised envy and loathing for himself. Dreidl, the theatrical man, offered him $180,000 for the picture, on the spot. This finagler had turned himself into something called a Fine Arts Development Corporation, among other slippery things, and could somehow elude the tax-collectors in his artistic sidelines by pretending to be a dealer. But our Mr. Mollock would not sell. He wanted to gloat. *Oalámaóa* was his alone, for the price of a few limousines!

I let him wallow in his base triumph for several days. Then I sent one of my friends to Mollock in the guise of a visiting French expert. This reliable man, whom I had most thoroughly drilled in his role, looked at the picture, did what the theatrical people call a double-take, and burst out laughing. "Why!" he cried. "Bless my soul, but what a clever little rascal Molosso turned out to be, after all! I never thought he had it in him to stick to one thing for so long, though."

"What are you talking about? And who is Molosso?"

"A painter of greeting cards for Minard, in Paris. You have probably seen his signature on the more expensive kinds of birthday felicitations, wedding congratulations, etcetera, etcetera. You may certainly see his highly noticeable signature (he is a vain little fellow) in all its glory on this excellent fake. Why, the rogue has had the consummate impudence to paint his name openly—but openly—all over it!"

And he pointed out that interesting meandering design on the men's draperies in the picture—the very design Mollock had been the first to point out, and which I had said might be some Polynesian ideograph.

"See, sir—you need no magnifying glass—this is simply Molosso's regular signature over and over again. See? *Molossomolossomolosso*, with the loops filled in. But oh, what a beautiful joke!"

I need scarcely tell you that Mollock failed to see the beauty of it. But he was a hard man, and a ruthless man, and a quick-thinking and a persuasive man. He talked to my friend the "expert"; he wheedled him, he tempted him, and, like me, my friend fell. He agreed, for a consideration—five thousand dollars down, and five thousand more on completion of the deal—to sell *Oalámaóa* to the Greek magnate Karyatidis.

First, Mollock let it be rumored that, on account of some unfortunate speculations in Africa, he might be compelled to sell part of his collection. It was not true, of course—the man was a born liar. And then Karyatidis was delicately approached in the matter of the *Oalámaóa*. Mollock knew his brother art-graspers: if he owned a picture and Dreidl desired it, then Karyatidis would stop at nothing to get it. Then he wrote us an ambiguously-worded authority to act for him in the sale of his recently-acquired canvas, *Oalámaóa*. "Gauguin never painted better," he said in the note. But he did not say that Gauguin had painted *Oalámaóa*.

And Karyatidis bought the picture for $210,000, to hang in the saloon of his yacht. Of this not untidily round sum, I sent Mollock not one penny. And when he began to act in a generally offensive, resentful manner, I took little Molosso to see Karyatidis and I said, "M. Karyatidis, you have nothing to fear from Mollock. His hands are tied and his lips are sealed. You have only to threaten him with criminal proceedings for trying to sell you a fake Gauguin."

"What fake Gauguin?"

I pointed out the cunning device of Molosso's signature. I presented Molosso, saying, "Here is the man who painted the picture entitled *Oalámaóa*, which now adorns your saloon."

Karyatidis had not risen from fig-packer to multimillionaire by being easily surprised. He rubbed his chin, and looked me up and down, and said, "What's your angle? Make it good."

"Why," I said, "M. Molosso was employed to paint over the original Gauguin, so that the canvas might not fall into enemy hands during the war. The true *Oalámaóa* is underneath the one you see. Cry 'Fake!' and Mr. Mollock will cut his imagined losses, and keep quiet. M. Molosso will clean the canvas, and you will be the possessor of the original after all. Only Mollock will be out of pocket. I, sir, am the thief here, and nobody else."

"And what is the subject of the picture underneath?" asked Karyatidis.

"*Oalámaóa*," I said, "but without Molosso's signature on the draperies."

"All right," said Karyatidis. Then he went on to indicate, in a soothing voice, that if I double-crossed him I would soon wish I had never been born: the ocean beds, from Alexandretta to Caracas, were white with the bones of men who had tried to double-cross Karyatidis. It was not the money, he said, but the principle of the thing. I told him point-blank that I had double-crossed better men than he when he was unhygienically boxing figs for his living in Istanbul. "I know," he said. "You must have something up your sleeve, or why come to me at this point when you could be far away with two hundred and ten thousand of my money? You must know you'll never get another penny out of me."

"Perhaps you will get a penny out of me," I said. "I mean, at the expense of someone you don't like."

"Ah, that! An enemy's penny brings good luck," he said. "I like you. I could use a man like you in my business."

"Compliment for compliment. I could use a man like you in mine," I told him.

Well, then Molosso went to work, off came *Oalámaóa*'s top coat, and there was a similar picture underneath; only, as I had said, the pattern of the embroidery was different, on the men's garments. Molosso's signature was gone.

"The difference is obvious, now," said Karyatidis.

"Isn't it?" I said. "And here is your enemy's penny." I gave him an envelope. "This," I told him, "contains a sheet of white paper bearing a perfect impression of Molosso's right thumb in ivory black. Look carefully at the lower-right-hand corner of *Oalámaóa*, and you will see, deep in the original paint, an identical thumbprint."

"Are you telling me *this* is a fake, too?"

"Absolutely. But wait. You do not like Mr. Dreidl, I believe? Well, he will come to you and beg you to sell this *Oalámaóa*, and you will let him have it at a profit. And I will take dealer's commission."

With this, I left him, absolutely bewildered, perhaps for the first time in his life.

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So I went to visit Gregor Dreidl in his indecently voluptuous office, and I told him, as one crook might tell another, of the whole affair, and he was tremendously amused. But he stopped laughing when I said, "The cream of the jest is, that underneath this second *Oalámaóa*—THERE IS A THIRD! And this one at the bottom is the genuine one!"

And after so much tedious palaver that to give you a mere précis of it would make me so hoarse that I should be compelled to ask you for more coffee, Dreidl went to Karyatidis and bought *Oalámaóa* for $225,000 and one cent. The Greek insisted on that penny; had to have it brand-new, too. Later, I heard, he had it mounted in diamonds and used it for a scarf-pin.

I took my twenty percent, and, having grown bored with the affair, concluded it in the following manner:

I went to Mollock, who, to put it mildly, upbraided me. That *Oalámaóa* he had paid good money for was a fake, he cried. I said yes, I know, and I was much to blame; for the fake had been deliberately overpainted on the original. But this, I said, was not the worst of it. *Paul Gauguin himself had perpetrated a kind of fake!*

"I mean," I said, "that Gauguin was paid to disguise an immensely valuable old master with a comparatively worthless original of his own—oh Mr. Mollock, Mr. Mollock—that *Oalámaóa* was painted over *The Stoning of St. Stephen* by El Greco, and I would give my right arm to get it back!"

Dazed he said, ". . . Somebody painted a fake Gauguin over a real Gauguin, who painted over a genuine El Greco?"

"Yes, yes! The existence of the Gauguin was known, and it was covered with a replica of itself, it seems. But nobody knew until now that Gauguin himself had been hired by Gobseck to cover the *St. Stephen*. Here is a letter to prove it. It was written in Paris after Gaugum's last exhibition there in 1893 at Durand-Ruel's. To old Camille Pissarro, who wanted money. Look!"

It was a rambling letter, written in that violet ink which, with the pinpoint pen-nib, used to be at the service of the patrons of most French cafés. It was a very good letter—the man I paid to write it could copy a twenty dollar bill line-for-line in five hours with pen and brush. The cogent passage, freely translated, ran:

. . . The exhibition at Durand-Ruel was a bloody fiasco, a catastrophe. Bah! To the critics I say, "Shut your mausoleums, you penny-a-liners—the bones stink!" As for money, what does one use for it? How I hate Paris and the Parisians! I earned myself a species of dishonest penny the other day, and oh my friend, the irony of it! That bloated swine of a Lucien

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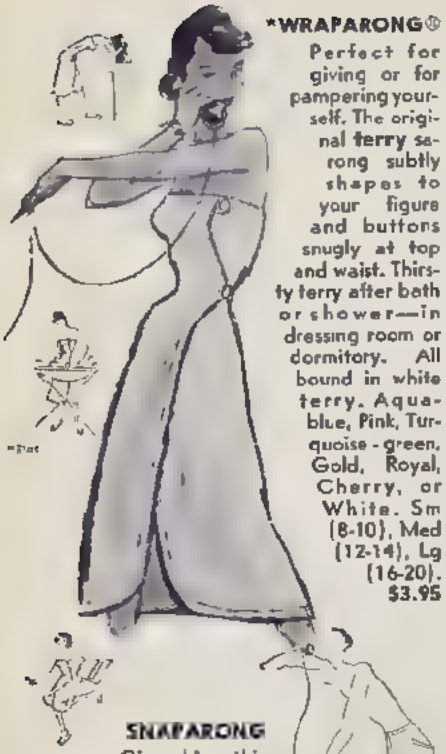

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Gobseck got hold of a daub by that maudlin skeleton man El Greco, of the Stoning of St Stephen—stolen, of course, from the Kuwalsky-Brzesky mansion And for 1500 francs I was commissioned secretly to paint "something of my own, just anything" over it. I must admit that it gave me a certain pleasure to smother one of Theotocopouli's maudlin Saints. And so my dreamy Oalámaóa's pagan nudity smothers the Cretan priest's boy's sheet tin-draped, angular, tubercular visions. There is a melancholy satisfaction in this . . .

"It breathes the very spirit of Gauguin," I said; and I should have known, for I composed it myself. "It was for a long time among Pissarro's papers Nobody seemed to know what Gauguin was talking about But now we know And here is the point—no El Greco is listed in the Gobseck inventory, so Imogene Gribble will be free to sell in the open market. Three hundred thousand dollars would not be too much for a new El Greco!"

"You did right to come to me first with this letter," said Mollock. "I take it as an act of good faith I hold you entirely innocent in that other unfortunate affair Let's talk about this . . ." He plied me with wine, he charmed me, he put the matter in a kaleidoscope of different colors and a conjurer's cabinet of angles, and at last he got that letter out of me for five thousand dollars down and a verbal promise of "a percentage of assessed values to be mutually agreed."

And after that, I suppose, he went to work on Dreidl· it must have been like an apache dance of mud-wrestlers. I simply disappeared. If anybody ever scraped the third *Oalámaóa* off that tormented canvas, I can tell you what they found· an execrably daubed *Cupid and Psyche*, painter unknown, dated 1610.

• • •

"What happened to Molosso and his wife?" I asked, as Karmesin casually pocketed my cigarettes.

"The inevitable. As soon as I paid him his ninety thousand dollars he ran away with a big blonde. I had saved ten thousand for his wife. She divorced him and married a man who has a restaurant at Nogent-sur-Marne. She is happy, and has two children. Molosso had to marry the big blonde, who beats him unmercifully whenever he misbehaves. My mission was accomplished."

"And Mollock was the main victim, really?"

"Yes. He was not a gentleman. He wounded my sensibilities. He tried to bribe and corrupt me," said Karmesin "Still, all weighed and paid, I suppose I cleared about two hundred thousand dollars, give or take a thousand."

And, having emptied the sugar bowl, he rose and left the café.

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Spécialités de la Maison

(continued from page 56)

lets and livers to pan, add wine, and simmer until wine is almost evaporated. Lightly grease four pieces of aluminum foil on one side. Place a portion of the veal cutlets on each piece of foil. Pour any remaining pan gravy over cutlets. Place the livers on the cutlets. Add a slice of ham, then a slice of cheese. Spoon the tomato mixture on top. Fold foil over to seal each portion. Bake in a moderate oven, 375°, 12 to 15 minutes.

• • •

Swiss cookery at its authentic best can be sampled at the *Zunfthaus zur Zimmerleuten*, or Guildhall of the Carpenters, in Zurich, on a site occupied by the guild since 1459. The Shah of Iran with his retinue, the King and Queen of Greece, the Austrian chancelor, Gloria Swanson, Maria Schell and countless other social lions and lionesses have purred over the food here. The Swiss have a way of taking a common dish and, with some artful variations, transforming it into something magnificently delicious. See how an ordinary grilled Swiss cheese sandwich is metamorphosed into a delightful delicacy.

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¼ cup melted butter
4 slices white bread
6 ozs. Swiss cheese, sliced thin
3 ozs. dry white wine
Paprika

Preheat oven to 350°. Heat the butter in a large pan but do not let it brown. Sauté the bread on both sides in the butter. Place the bread in a shallow casserole or glass pie plate. Place the cheese on the bread, pour the wine over the cheese, and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in the oven until cheese is soft and beginning to run. Don't use a hot oven, and don't place the cheese under the broiler or it will toughen. Serve this heavenly morsel with chilled Swiss Neuchatel wine.

• • •

It would be futile to attempt to find a single restaurant or inn that would represent the best of French provincial cookery for the simple reason that each province has what amounts to its own regional cuisine. But forced to make a choice, we selected the Providence at Jouy, resplendent with shiny copper ware, old pewter plates and antique chinaware. In the old stables which have been converted into small dining rooms, illustrious visitors from all over the world, including Harry Truman, Eleanor Roosevelt and Cardinal Spellman, have enjoyed the exquisite but simple cuisine. M. Luttenbacher, the owner, believes in uncomplicated recipes with straightforward names. Poached eggs with devil sauce as served here should be in every amateur chef's repertoire. The same sauce would be equally lip-smacking over fish, seafood, chicken or veal.

POACHED EGGS, DEVIL SAUCE
(Serves three)

2 tablespoons minced shallots or onions
1½ ozs. dry red wine
1½ ozs. red wine vinegar
10¾ oz. can beef gravy
¼ teaspoon freshly crushed whole pepper
¼ teaspoon tarragon
¼ cup canned tomato sauce
2 tablespoons heavy sweet cream
6 eggs
Butter
Salt, pepper
6 slices toast

Put the shallots, red wine and vinegar in a small saucepan. Simmer slowly until liquid has been reduced by half. Add the beef gravy, crushed whole pepper, tarragon and tomato sauce. Simmer sauce very slowly for about 20 minutes. Just before serving the sauce stir in the cream. At the Providence eggs are poached in molds, but the ordinary flat cups of a poached egg pan will do just as well. Bring water to a fast simmer. Butter each cup generously. Place an egg in each one. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Poach eggs until set on top but still soft inside. Place the eggs on toast. Pour the devil sauce over the eggs.

• • •

While it's true that a red carpet and plush furniture don't make a good restaurant, the *am Franziskanerplatz* in Vienna does provide all of that and—most important—it employs the very finest chefs. Facing a baroque cobblestone square, the restaurant was once the home of Austrian emperors. Its *Paprikahuhn* is just about the finest version of this dish extant, perfect with

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PAPRIKA CHICKEN
(Serves four)

3-lb. spring chicken, cut for frying
¼ cup butter
1 cup minced onion
¼ cup minced celery leaves
1 tablespoon Hungarian paprika
3 tablespoons flour
3 cups boiling water
3 chicken bouillon cubes
¼ cup salad oil
1 cup sour cream
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Salt, pepper

Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the onion and celery leaves. Saute until onion just begins to turn brown. Stir in the paprika and flour, mixing well. Add the water and bouillon cubes, mixing well. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer 20 minutes. Heat oil in an electric skillet set at 350°. Sauté the chicken until brown on both sides. Keep the skillet lid on to control sputtering fat. Remove chicken from pan. Throw off fat, but let brown drippings remain. Return chicken to skillet. Add sauce. Simmer slowly, stirring frequently, until chicken is tender, about ½ hour. Scald the sour cream; that is, heat it up to the boiling point, but do not boil. Add the sour cream to the skillet. Continue to simmer — don't boil — about 10 minutes longer. Add lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste. Strain sauce over chicken on platter. Serve with egg noodles.

• • •

The Fisherman's Cottage in Helsinki, Finland, provides an amusing irony for Americans: one of its dining rooms has an American Colonial section fitted with furniture appropriate to the 1700s and decorated with prints depicting life in the deep South. But on the menu of the Fisherman's Cottage you'll find the finest food in Finland, which is on a par with the most luscious offerings in the world. Besides roast saddle of reindeer, hot blinis stuffed with burbot roe and a rich salmon pie, the hot smoked whitefish cooked over charcoal is a classic specialty here. If you live in the warmer states where charcoal cookery continues unabated all year long, or if you have an indoor barbecue setup, you can prepare this dish right now. If not, save the recipe for summer. Your barbecue should be provided with a hood for best results.

HOT SMOKED WHITEFISH
(Serves three)

2-lb. fresh whitefish, whole, cleaned, head on
Salt, celery salt, pepper
Salad oil
Unsalted butter
Lemon

Wash the fish well. Sprinkle with salt,

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celery salt and pepper. Cut a piece of wide aluminum foil large enough to wrap the fish. Grease the foil with salad oil. Wrap the fish in the foil, then wrap the foil in two newspapers. Place the package on a grill over a charcoal fire, covered with a hood, at least six inches above the coals. When the newspaper is all burned away, let the fish remain on the fire about 20 minutes longer. Turn once during cooking. Remove foil, place the fish on a large platter and brush with butter and sprinkle with lemon juice. Serve with small boiled potatoes and buttered leaf spinach. Don't forget a chilled bottle of white wine.

• • •

A corner of Elizabethan England was restored in 1950 by two scholarly young Englishmen in search of a restaurant. In that year Robin Howard and Peter Herbert assumed proprietorship of the Gore Hotel in the gaslit street of Queens Gate, London, and proceeded to equip it with tapestries, tableware, tankards and everything else necessary to revive the eating and drinking habits of Englishmen four centuries ago. Here you can savor peacock, sturgeon, swans and lampreys known to Good King Henry and now served by charming wenches in low cut bodices. To vouchsafe the authenticity of their Elizabethan Room still further, its proprietors display a collection of historical documents, including a letter from Henry VIII thanking a contemporary beauty for "favors received in your bedchamber." The Gore is a must for touring epicures and, to complement its exemplary cuisine, its wine cellar boasts over six hundred bins. For PLAYBOY readers Peter Herbert recommended the superb Syllabub, once a drink of cream, fruit and wine, but now modernized as a delectable dessert.

SYLLABUB

(*Serves six*)

2 10-oz. packages frozen raspberries in syrup
1 cup heavy sweet cream
3 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
1½ ozs. madeira wine
12 lady fingers (optional)

Thaw the berries in a wire strainer over a bowl, letting them remain in the strainer until all the juice has drained into the bowl. In a deep bowl beat the cream until half whipped. Stir in the confectioners' sugar. In small batches add the raspberries to the cream, continuing to whip until all the berries have been added. Add the madeira to the raspberry syrup and pour the syrup into dessert dishes. Use the lady fingers, if you wish, to soak up the syrup. Ladle the thick raspberry mixture on top, and watch how quickly the lady's fingers reach for the dessert spoon.

CHARMING BILLY

(*continued from page 90*)

himself to Hollywood, but things were even tougher there than in Paris. He was reduced to living in a lavatory in a flea-bag actors' hotel on Sunset Strip until he bumped into Peter Lorre, an old friend from his Berlin days, and moved in with him. Lorre's room was not especially good either—it cost around five dollars a week—but it was a distinct improvement over his previous abode.

Meanwhile, he was learning English, mostly from the radio and American girls. Once able to communicate, his luck changed. His first break in Hollywood came in 1934, when Sam Briskin at Columbia hired him as a junior writer at $125 a week. He lasted six weeks. Then, in order to get his immigration status straightened out, he had to go to Mexico and re-enter the U.S. By the time he got back, Paramount was ready to take him on.

Manny Wolf, an executive there, called him in one day and introduced him to another writer, Charles Brackett. Brackett, who came from a blooded East Coast family, had been a lawyer in Saratoga Springs, New York, a part-time novelist, and drama critic of *The New Yorker* before he had been called to Hollywood. Now, acting on a hunch, Brackett paired with Wilder to do the screenplay for *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, to star Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert, and to be directed by the fabulous Ernst Lubitsch. It was a great hit and the writing team was made as a result of it. By 1945, they were rocketing toward legendary status: that year, their *Ninotchka* and *The Lost Weekend* made an all-but-clean sweep of the Academy Awards. (Wilder alone has been nominated for Oscars eighteen times, and has won three. "I was robbed fifteen times," he says. He was not robbed of approximately seventy other citations handed out by various foreign film festivals for his U.S. films. The walls of his office are covered with plaques, certificates and scrolls.)

Wilder and Brackett became legends in other ways. They were known for their ability to work anywhere—in barber chairs, while playing The Word Game or cribbage, or at parties. They were known for their no-nonsense attitude toward the industrialists who were in charge of the industry: where other writers acted like serfs, they stood up for their rights. Brackett, a most articulate and persuasive man, presently got them into the position where they not only wrote but also produced and directed their films, he doing the former and Wilder the latter. Eventually, they were regarded as a pair who could do no wrong. In addition to those films already mentioned, they made *Midnight*, *What a Life*, *Rhythm on the River*, *Arise, My Love*, *Hold Back the Dawn*, *Ball of Fire*, *The Major and the Minor*, *Five Graves to Cairo*, *The Emperor Waltz*, and others, the last named the only bomb they had. Their pictures had already grossed more than fifteen million dollars. Then they made *Sunset Boulevard*, one of their best. In 1950, at the peak of their partnership, they split up. The Happiest Couple in Hollywood, as writer Lincoln Barnett once called them, got a divorce. Neither will say exactly why.

Since the separation, Wilder has done much better than Brackett, but at first it did not look as though he would. His first film as a single was *Ace in the Hole*, in which Kirk Douglas played a hard-bitten, opportunistic newspaperman covering a mine disaster that attracted tremendous crowds hoping to be in on an authentic tragedy. It was panned in the U.S. on its first screening and was then tried with a new title (*The Big Carnival*), but not even that could save it. The critics said it was full of hatred for the human race, but it remained for Wilder's friend I.A.L. Diamond to make the definitive comment on it, as he did when we were talking: "Sure, they called it cynical." Diamond told me. "And then you see thousands and thousands of people turning up at Idlewild airport in New York to watch a plane coming down with a bad landing gear. People clog the runway waiting for it to crash—and you ask yourself how cynical *Ace in the Hole* really was."

Ace was the only American box-office flop Billy turned out alone, but it did well overseas and won a lot of awards. There followed *Stalag 17*, *Sabrina*, *The Seven Year Itch*, and all the rest. Wilder became an independent with a major financial interest in his own productions. On his two most recent films he worked with the Mirisch Brothers, who provided financing and distribution. The Mirisches are former popcorn concessionaires from Chicago who are delighted to let Wilder have his own way about everything.

This is good, for Wilder is in many ways as autocratic and imperious as was his old friend, the late Erich von Stroheim. He will listen to advice, but usually reject it. Yet this does not mean that he is a totalitarian martinet. He is, on the surface at any rate, the most amiable and easy-going of men.

This is true on the set and doubly true of his private and social life. His wife, Audrey, finds him a delightful combination of husband and mentor. They were married soon after he finished *The Lost Weekend*. In it, she played a check room girl who gave the drunk—Ray Milland—his hat as he was being hurled out of a bar. Wilder cut the scene so that only her forearm appeared and both Wilders agreed that the fore-

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arm gave a superb performance. Having achieved that triumph, Miss Young and her forearm retired from the screen for good.

The Wilders are great go-outers. They like to attend parties and they like to go to Las Vegas when Sinatra, Sammy Davis, Jr., Dean Martin and other members of The Clan are appearing there. They do not entertain much at home, but when they do, Wilder's idea of a fine evening is to play some bridge or chess with friends or to sit and stare at the Roller Derby on television. He is enchanted by the savagery exhibited by female roller skaters and wrestlers. Home to the Wilders, is an apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, consisting of a bedroom, a bath, a kitchen, and one huge room divided by furniture into living, dining and library areas, all lavishly strewn with proof of Wilder's unslakable passion for poking around art galleries and antique shops. The library section is distinguished by its lack of leather-bound copies of The Collected Works of Billy Wilder. Hollywood writers usually have their scripts bound in hand-tooled leather after they are completed, but Wilder says, "I don't believe in that crap."

He is unconcerned about the Hollywood heresy he commits by not maintaining an elaborate house, a swimming pool, a tennis court, and a huge staff of servants (the Wilders have one woman who comes in to help clean up after Audrey has cooked). "I am simplifying my life," he says. "It is important to simplify everything. Everything is too cluttered—everybody owns too many things." As though contradicting this, he goes on buying paintings, sculpture, *objets d'art* and bric-a-brac at a fast clip. The apartment now is one of the showplaces of Hollywood and people go to great lengths to get invited there. One person who was invited not long ago was Vladimir Nabokov, author of *Lolita*. Wilder loves to tell guests about Nabokov's visit. "Which of my paintings," he asks, "do you think Nabokov liked best?" And then he leads the way to the bedroom to display a painting by Balthus of a nymphet standing in her camisole. "That is the one he liked," he says.

Wilder seldom goes to bed before two A.M., but he is always in his office early the next morning. Often, even before he has finished a film, he starts work on a new one. When he is writing, he puts up a blackboard and scribbles on it key words that he and his collaborator use as guides. While working, he paces. More accurately, he lunges and flings himself back and forth across the room, into the Danish black leather chair behind his desk, out of it, into a nubby red Saarinen chair and out of that, down onto a long cream-colored couch and up from that too, pausing every now and then to

stop and stare at the pictures on the wall — a Ben Shahn, a Saul Steinberg — as though seeing them for the first time, all the while absent-mindedly flicking at his legs with one of a large collection of carved walking sticks and canes and umbrellas kept handy in an antique stand.

Wilder carries some supporting baton much of the time because he is subject to back pains especially when he is shooting a picture. His wife says, "It used to be headaches, then it was stomach trouble — now it's the back." Wilder says he has been to doctors everywhere for years and has decided simply to live with the back as comfortably as he can. "It is *not* psychosomatic," he says, flatly. "It goes back to my days in Vienna, where I got it making love to girls in doorways — and very often there were no girls, only doorways." His wife, who has picked up some of his caustic outlook, adds to that, "*I'm* paying for his youthful indiscretions."

One day recently Wilder invited me to his office for lunch. He told me at the time that he was thinking about doing *Irma La Douce*, the London musical now also on Broadway, and that he hoped to be able to convince the Mirisches to let him do it in black and white. "I hate color," he said, angrily. "Even words sound phony when the picture is in color. Everybody looks blue or red. It's like shooting a jukebox. Some of the colored films that the English and the Japanese have done are subtle, but the way we pour on that multicolored sherbet, it's nauseating." He lighted a cigarette. "I smoke too much," he observed (he puffs four packs a day, and once remarked that he would give it up, except that he might be hit by an automobile and he would hate lying in the gutter bleeding to death and thinking about all the fun he had missed).

He began pacing, as though he had something on his mind, which indeed he did, he always has something on his mind. I told him that I had enjoyed *The Apartment* and that I had been annoyed by critics who thought it something less than moral.

"In my opinion it is a highly moral picture," Wilder said. "I had to show two people who were being emancipated, and in order to do that I had to show what they were emancipated by."

"From," I said.

"With," he said, grinning. "Look here, my friend, I don't want to talk about Art. I am an artist but I am a man who makes motion pictures for a mass audience. I am making pictures on all levels. To be a mechanic working in a back-alley garage, tinkering away for years and coming out with one little automobile, that is one thing, but to work on an assembly line and come out with a Cadillac — that is something else. That is what I am trying to do here."

I asked him how he felt about arty camera angles, and he told me about what happened during the shooting of *Sunset Boulevard*. There was a scene in which Gloria Swanson and William Holden danced together in the dusty, deserted ballroom of her crumbling, once-elegant mansion. Willie Shore, Wilder's assistant producer, had gone up on the catwalk, high above the set, and looked down. "He urged me to photograph the scene from that vantage. I told him, 'It is very nice, very artistic, but who sees the scene from this angle?' Shore argued with me: 'What do you care who sees it? It's a great shot.'" As he was relating the incident, Wilder shook his head so violently the cigarette waggled in the corner of his mouth. "No," I told him, "It does not push the story along. We shoot only from the angles that help us tell the story. When somebody turns to his neighbor and says, 'My, that was beautifully directed,' we have proof it was not."

I then brought up the subject of Ingmar Bergman, and Wilder jumped to the bait. "Ingmar Bergman to me is very interesting, but only for a limited young audience. For me, his things are *déjà vu*, for we used every shot he does back in Berlin. To me, a director who uses phenomenal neck craning setups, beautiful pictures everywhere, isn't worth a damn. He isn't doing what he should be doing, telling the story." Such strict addiction to story-telling is part of what enables Wilder to shoot economically and to bring his pictures to completion on time and within his budget. "I do not believe in wasting money," Wilder said. "On the other hand, nobody is going to go and see a picture because it came in under its budget."

Wilder brandished a scarlet umbrella he had picked up. "I know what is going into my pictures before I start," he stated. "Once I said, 'When I am finished, there is nothing left on the cutting-room floor but cigarette butts, chewing gum wrappers and tears.' It is true. I could probably win any number of prizes, but prizes are of no interest to me. I could clean up in the film festivals — if I took $25,000 and made a picture about the sex life of fishermen in Sardinia, as long as it had a certain morbid message and was slightly out of focus. This is true, too — but I am not interested in that. I am interested in producing adult entertainment. What seems to make the European pictures more adult than ours is that we don't understand the dialog."

He paused, replaced the umbrella in the stand, then picked up a sword cane he had found in Berlin. "On the

". . . And if Amalgamated Fund consolidates with Petroleum Associates and turns over the 80,000 warrants from Artificial Gas without a beef from the S.E.C., the mink coat is yours."

other hand, I don't believe that people out here in this factory should pay too much attention to either the critics or the exhibitors. Neither of them knows much about the picture business. These days movies are longer than they used to be. The exhibitors complain about that, but I believe we should ignore them. An exhibitor complaining about length is like a motel manager telling his guests to get out before midnight.'

He threw the sword cane into the umbrella stand and took up a cane with a telescoped fishing rod inside it, a present William Holden sent him from Japan. Then he put that down and walked briskly to a niche in his office that contains a refrigerator, a stove and a sink. He mixed us each a martini, handed me mine, set his on his desk, and began to stride about again.

"Out here they are always talking about deals," he said, sighing. "I tell them, 'You spend a whole year making a deal — why don't you spend that time making a picture?' No, they are more interested in the deals. And the deals are for pictures in cycles. Western cycles, gangster cycles, all kinds of cycles. Now there is a cycle of Freudian pictures coming up. I would not be surprised if soon they make *Hopalong Oedipus, Frontier Mother Lover*."

As he paused again, putting down the fishing-rod cane and picking up a carved stick he had bought in London, I asked him if he had considered working in television. He looked as though he was positive I had lost my reason. "I wouldn't drink the water in television," he said. "No, my dear friend, I am too old, too tired, too rich — but I am delighted with that medium. I must say, because it used to be that we in films were in the eyes of the snobs the lowest art form. Now we have something to look down on. The whole thing is degrading to the performers. Imagine if you were a novelist and every fourteen pages the publisher stuck in a full-page advertisement. I must say some of the performers are not bad.

"No, seriously, I have no interest in television. Not for all the money, all the freedom, in the world. Somebody asked me once if I thought any of the television stories would be good on the big screen. I said I didn't think most of them were worth even the small screen."

While he continued to pace, I asked him if there were any of his films that were his special favorites. "There are some I loathe less than others," he said. "The worst was *The Spirit of St. Louis*. Some things I did make were copied in others — *Double Indemnity* set the pattern for a lot of things. I liked *Sunset Boulevard*. Nearly all of them have some pretty fine stretches and some boo-boos here and there, but I would go crazy if I woke up at night bathed in sweat and thought, *'This* is what I should have done.'" Now he was going back and forth across the room like a newly caged jaguar. "Don't make me think about the dogs I have committed," he said, setting down his empty martini glass. "Come, we go to lunch."

We walked down to the commissary. On the way, Wilder was stopped and buttonholed by three men who wanted his advice on various problems. He listened patiently to all. At lunch, producers, directors and actors kept stopping by his table, each with something to ask. Wilder was obviously enjoying himself. Yet, on the way back to his office he indicated the full measure of his dedication and his seriousness about his work with one significant remark which belied his relaxed and chatty outward manner. "Sometime," he said with the finality and intensity of the true artist, "I will make a picture a little less imperfect than all the rest."

23 PAT O'BRIEN MOVIES

(continued from page 82)

Florida," said the patrolman.

"And what are you going to do down there?" he asked. "Sit in a chair and hold your heart and wait for your son to come?"

"He'll come," said the patrolman.

"No he won't," said the young man.

"He will so," said the patrolman.

"The hell he will," said the young man.

The wind was chill now and had picked up in speed. The young man hugged himself and shifted from one foot to the other. The patrolman bent over, wiping his eyes, and the two were silent now, as though they were waiting for a bus. They stood that way for several minutes. Then the patrolman said "The day stinks" not lifting his head.

"It's cloudier than hell," said the young man.

"I really picked the right kind of thing to do," said the patrolman, "pulling guys off ledges."

"Oh yes," said the young man. "You picked something very cute."

The young man looked across the street and as he studied the clock the patrolman took off his jacket and put it down on the ledge next to him.

"What's the bit now?" asked the young man.

The patrolman rolled up his sleeves very neatly, and then, with a look at the sky as though checking the weather, threw his cap off the ledge and followed it executing, except for his legs, a perfect swan dive.

"Hey, I never saw that bit before," said the young man, coming out of his question mark to watch the patrolman as he neared the pavement and then went into it.

"What the hell do I do now?"

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Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your inquiry. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

WHEN THE LEAVES of the neem tree turn yellow and the warm night breeze carries the fragrance of yasmin and moolsari, then it's spring in India, time for the festivals of Basant and Holi in late February while the weather's still a sunny delight. This is the time, also, when the old, exotic culture of India is showcased in the main cities. The story-telling Kathakali Dancers of Kerala offer classic dance-drama in Bombay, and Vilayat Khan offers recitals on the classical sitar. Delhi, too, puts on festivals of music and dance, a month-long polo tournament (the game was created in India by the Moghul princes) and the annual Army Horse Show that draws the most elegant women from India's high society to the greensward beyond the moat of historic Red Fort.

You'll also want to do the standard sights in India—the Jain temples and bazaars of Calcutta, the Taj Mahal at Agra and the caves of Ajunta near Bombay. There's the smart, modern life to take in, too—among turbaned men and lovely sari-bright women at Firpo's or Prince's in Calcutta, the Rendezvous Room at the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay or at resorts like Gopalpur on Sea, south of Calcutta on the route of the Madras Mail.

The train trip itself is an adventure—riding overnight in your air-conditioned compartment past colorful hamlets you'd never reach by road and through countryside that still evokes memories of Kipling. You'll detrain at dawn at Berhampur, where a car's waiting to whisk you to Gopalpur's Palm Beach Hotel.

Between long, leisurely sessions of sand and surf or at the bar of the hotel, you'll have time to get to know India a little better than the rush-through tourist. You'll take a car out to Chilka Lake and the temples of the Sun God at Konarak, where every facet of the art of love-making is illustrated in a series of graven bas-reliefs. And as a Western-style aid in this same pursuit, you'll stop at the bazaar at Gopalpur to pick up Orissa-style saris in glittering colors for the girl back home. At $10 a day with meals here, it's no problem to slow down and enjoy India.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

NEXT MONTH:

PLAYBOY'S GALA HOLIDAY ISSUE

ANTON CHEKHOV—TWO NEW STORIES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH AND **"HEMINGWAY SPEAKS HIS MIND"**—A COMPILATION OF COMMENT FROM THE WORLD'S FOREMOST LIVING LITERARY FIGURE ON SUBJECTS RANGING FROM LOVE, SEX AND WAR TO ART AND DEATH. **"SARDONICUS"**—COMPELLING NEW FEATURE FICTION BY **RAY RUSSELL. "THE ODD BALL"**—A FULL-COLOR, FIVE-PAGE SATIRE BY **JULES FEIFFER.** AN **INGMAR BERGMAN** SATIRE BY **LARRY SIEGEL.** NOSTALGIC REMINISCENCES BY **CHARLES BEAUMONT, ROBERT PAUL SMITH.**

PLUS: CHAMPAGNE AND CAVIAR—A COUPLING OF FEATURES ON THE MOST SOPHISTICATED OF EDIBLES AND POTABLES BY **THOMAS MARIO** AND **LUDWIG BEMELMANS.** SIX FULL-COLOR PAGES ON **STEREO HI-FI. PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW,** WITH ALL THE PLAYMATES OF THE PAST YEAR.

COMING EARLY IN 1961: THE STRANGE POWERS OF HYPNOTISM—LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT THIS REMARKABLE PSYCHIC FORCE BY **KEN PURDY. "MONEY AND CONFORMITY"**—THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ANALYZING SUCCESS IN THE BUSINESS WORLD BY **J. PAUL GETTY,** THE WORLD'S RICHEST PRIVATE CITIZEN. NEW STORIES AND ARTICLES BY **RAY BRADBURY, BEN HECHT, GERALD KERSH, AL MORGAN, JOHN KEATS, WILLIAM IVERSEN, HERBERT GOLD.**

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4. THE PAJAMA GAME. Doris Day sings with John Raitt on this Original Soundtrack recording. Hernando's Hideaway; Hey There; Small Talk; Steam Heat. 9 more hitting tunes. "For sheer fun, this one is a knockout." — Motion Picture.

5. SING ALONG WITH MITCH. Mitch and the gang in sixteen all-time favorites. Down By the Old Mill Stream; You Are My Sunshine; That Old Gang of Mine; etc.

9. MORE SING ALONG WITH MITCH. Sixteen more familiar favorites including Be My Little Baby Bumble Bee; Pretty Baby; My Wild Irish Rose; Sweet Adeline; etc.

10. MITCH'S MARCHES. No one plays a march like Mitch — and here are twelve of them. Yellow Rose of Texas; Who Will Kiss Your Ruby Lips; March from "The River Kwai"; etc.

1. ELLA FITZGERALD SINGS THE GERSHWIN SONG BOOK (VOL. 1). Twelve wonderful Gershwin classics sung by the one-and-only Ella. Our Love Is Here To Stay; But Not For Me; Clap Yo' Hands; The Man I Love; Fascinatin' Rhythm; Nice Work If You Can Get It; Let's Call the Whole Thing Off; He Loves and She Loves; Lorelei; etc.

2. ELLA FITZGERALD SINGS THE RODGERS AND HART SONG BOOK (VOL. 1). Thou Swell; Spring Is Here; The Lady Is A Tramp; With A Song In My Heart; Manhattan; plus twelve more great standards superbly sung. "Whatever it is Ella does to my songs, they sound better." — Richard Rodgers.

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21. ANDRE KOSTELANETZ — STRAUSS WALTZES. 10 lilting waltzes. Blue Danube; etc.

22. ANDRE KOSTELANETZ — LORE OF PARADISE. Sweet Leilani; Bali Ha'i; 12 more hits.

23. ERROLL GARNER GEMS. Laura; Body and Soul; I'm in the Mood For Love. 9 more.

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53-M

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make the blue-glass test

It's an intriguing game—making the ***blue-glass test*** —and a wonderful conversation piece when you have guests. To play it, all you need are three different brands of Scotch whisky—a set of three blue glasses numbered 1, 2, 3, for each player—and one person to be the umpire.

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